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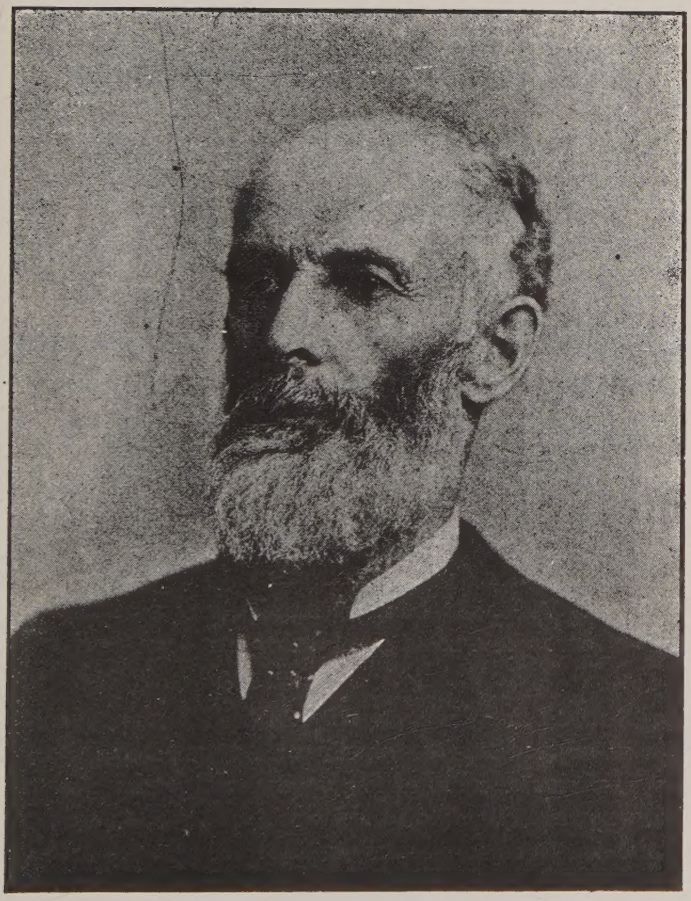
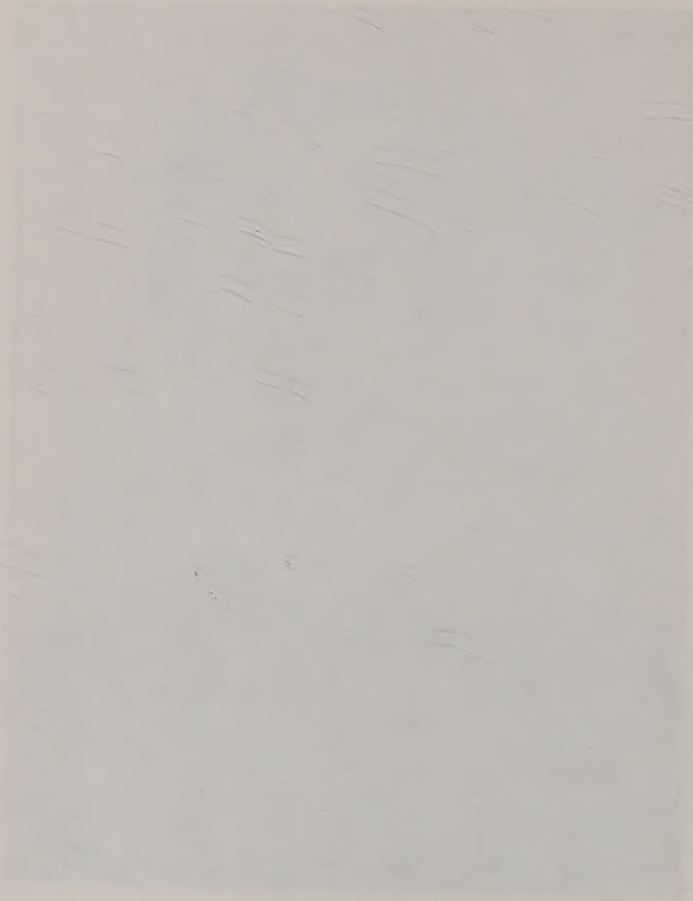


M. P. SARGENT.



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PIONEER SKETCHES:

SCENES AND INCIDENTS

—OF—

FORMER DAYS.

THRILLING SCENES AND INCIDENTS, FIERCE ENCOUNTERS WITH INDIANS AND WILD BEASTS, EARLY PRIVATIONS OF THE AMERICAN PIONEERS, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MANY EARLY SETTLERS.

BY M. P. SARGENT.

Illustrated by Goddard, under the personal supervision of the Author, from real life.

ERIE, PA.:
HERALD PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.
1891.

Property of the
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Society

Ed. by Barbara Graham

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The loan of an original book used in the reprinting was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Fox of Andover, Ohio.

We are grateful to Miss Minnie Salisbury of Ashtabula, Ohio, through whom we obtained copies of the family records appearing in the Sargent Family Bible now owned by Eva Sargent Hutcherson of Clinton, Missouri.

It is suggested that the researcher check several spellings of indexed names and support conflicting statements with documented proof whenever possible.

The Ashtabula County
Genealogical Society
P. O. Box 885
Ashtabula, Ohio 44004

THE SARGENT FAMILY BIBLE

Capt. Phineas Sargent - Born Nov. 20, 1770 in Worcester, Mass. Died Feb. 15, 1855 in Spring Township, Pa. Married Mary "Kingsbery" Sargent in 1792.

Mary "Kingsbery" Sargent (wife of Phineas), born 1763 in Worcester, Mass. Died May 11, 1850 in Spring Tps. Crawford Co., Pa.

They emigrated from Worcester, Mass. to Cincinnatus, Cortland Co., N. Y. in 1792. All their children were born in Cincinnatus, N. Y. They removed to Spring Tps., and settled on banks of Conneaut Creek March 7, 1818 where they remained till death.

Children of Phineas and Mary "Kingsbery" Sargent

Charles - born Oct. 23, 1795, in Cincinnatus, N. Y. Died in 1865 in Blackhawk Co., Iowa. Charles married Polly Woodward in 1814. Charles removed from ---- to town in 1854(?)

Nancy - born March 26, 1798 in Cincinnatus, N. Y. Married Ira Lock in 1836. Settled in Spring a few years later and removed to the town adjoining Elk Creek where they remained.

Anson D. - born Feb. 26, 1800 in Cincinnatus, N. Y. Died May 9, 1850. Anson lived and died in Spring.

Polly - born March 7, 1802.

Alfred Hooey - born March 13, 1804 in Cincinnatus, N. Y. Married Maria Phelps Oct. 20, 1831. Lived in Spring "till" his wife's death April 2, 1875 when he removed to Girard, Erie Co., Pa. with his daughter Addie Cheesman.

Betsy - born May 1807 in Cincinnatus, N. Y., died May 14, 1825. The first person buried in the old Herd Cemetery north of Spring Boro.

Birthplace, Age, and Residence of Four Generations
Sargeant Family

Alfred H. Sergeant
son of
Phinehas Sergeant
Worchester, Mass.

Born March 13th 1804 at Cincinnatus, Courtland, N. Y. Present address Miles Grove, Erie Co., Pa.

Martin P. Sergeant
son of
Alfred H. Sergeant

Born July 15th 1832 at Spring, Crawford Co., Penn. Present residence Ashtabula, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

James D. Sergeant
son of
Martin P. Sergeant

Born May 25, 1856 at Spring, Crawford Co., Penn. Present resident Painesville, Lake County, Ohio.

Fred W. Sergeant
son of
James D. Sergeant

Born Jan. 14, 1884 at Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio. Present address Painesville, Lake County, Ohio.

Family Record of Martin P. and Melvina Sargent

Martin P. Sargent - born July 15, 1832 - Spring Township Crawford County, Pa. Died January 30, 1896 of pneumonia
Age: 63 yrs., 6 mo., 16 days.

Melvina Salisbury Sargent - born June 30, 1830, Girard Tps., Erie Co., Pa. Died May 7, 1913 (3:40 pm) at Painesville, Ohio
Melvina Salisbury's father was Sanford Salisbury who was born in Westford, N. Y.

Martin P. Sargent and Melvina Salisbury were married at Lockport, Girard Tps., Erie Co., Pa., Sept. 7, 1854 by Rev. John B. Page, Baptist Minister at the residence of the bride's brother, Henry Edward Salisbury.

Children of Martin P. and Melvina Salisbury Sargent

James Dayton Sargent, born May 25, 1856, Spring Tps., Crawford Co., Pa.

Edward Sargent, born May 17, 1861, Spring Tps., Crawford Co., Pa. Died March 10, 1862.

Fred Stockton Sargent, born July 7, 1863, Spring Tps., Crawford Co., Pa. Died Aug. 29, 1926 at Sedelia, Missouri.

Electa Sargent Paul, born Aug. 29, 1843, died
Sept. 14, 1903.

Copied from the Sargent Family Bible by the owner,
Mrs. Eva Sargent Hutcherson, of Clinton, Mo.

PREFACE.

The object of this work is to give the reader life sketches of some of the early settlers of our country, scenes and incidents of former days, current topics, sparks of humor, gems of thought, etc., in which I have endeavored to give correct statements and dates from reliable sources, that the reader can refer to reminiscences of the past, we hope, with some degree of pleasure, knowing there is a VAST FIELD for the historian to chronicle events and incidents of the heroic pioneers of our great beneficent land of America.

While the Heroes of the Dark Continent and the Missionary of India and other heathen lands enter into the work with unbounded zeal, to delineate to a finality the condition of the heathen race; "very well," but in the interim, let us not be unmindful of our own kin and kindred. We find there are many families in our land who cannot give a correct family history for two or three past generations, thus causing much annoyance and litigation, pertaining to estates, etc., and a living vacuum of a knowledge of the family pedigree.

"Then let us hope others may write a book
As well as some who have undertook
In days of yore, that have gone by
Along down the ages to you and I.

'Tis not necessary to pick out the man of great renown;
From the rank and file many heroes have been found
Whose names doth not appear on historic scroll;
Yet patriotic heroes in mind, in body and in soul."

People nowadays desire to condense matters, therefore I have thought it best not to torture the reader with long-spun articles, nor with borrowed clippings, other than naturally belong to incidents and history, of which proper credit is given. "What I offer is my own." With these remarks I present this volume to the public, asking no favor, but hoping that it may be of interest to the reader.

Respectfully,

ASHTABULA, June 15, 1891. AUTHOR.

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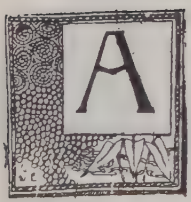
CHAPTER I.

THE PIONEER.



S THE pioneer penetrated the primeval forest, he had to adapt himself to the peculiar conditions in which he was placed. Next to the Indian, he was the original man.

The trees first must be cut away,
To let in the light of day;
They had to live in crude log houses,
And wear tow shirts and linen trousers.

They had to use both muscle and a willing hand,
To clear the timber from the land;
They had to come to this decision,
And work hard to get their daily coarse provisions.

Were it not for the hope of a brighter future, the heart of the Pioneer, at times, would fail; but no, he resolutely pushed forward from day to day and made the primeval forest yield him and his family a fair subsistence.

We should not be unmindful of the heroic struggles of the American Pioneer. Struggling not only for a subsistence, but that the Banner of America might wave unpoluted by a foreign foe, as the emblem of his country, forever free.

THE PIONEER.

CHAPTER II.

THE VESSEL OF THE PYMATUNING—OLD FORTS.

IN 1850 John Hadlock, now of Ashtabula, O., in company with John McMurtry, of Harmonsburg, Pa., visited the Pymatuning Swamp, situated in Crawford County, Pa. At a point where the Pymatuning Creek and another stream come together, they boarded an old vessel (which had long been known to exist there) for the purpose of obtaining some of its timber as a relic.

They succeeded in getting a piece of live oak plank from the deck near the bow of the vessel, from which Mr. McMurtry made two canes, which are now in the possession of his family. Mr. McMurtry died in 1885 at the age of 102 years. He was one of the Pioneers of Crawford County.

This vessel lies about twenty feet from the channel of the Pymatuning Creek, overgrown with moss, birch and tamarack trees from four to eighteen inches in diameter. The bow stem stuck up about two feet from the mucky earth at this time. On the opposite side of the creek from where this vessel lay is an old fort, embankments thrown up in a semi-circular form, like breastworks, and within this semi-circle Spanish coins have been found, and trees were standing, some of which were two feet in diameter.

In his Pioneer Sketches, the Hon. Alfred Huidekoper mentions that there seems to have been a preoccupancy of this

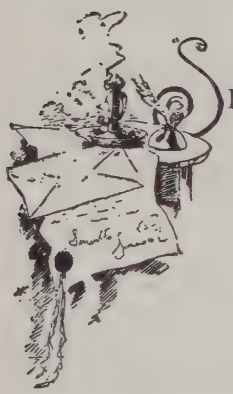
country by a more powerful nation than the Indians. The above mentioned fact of this vessel in the Pymatuning Swamp furnishes a problem for the historian and evidently sustains the theory that there was some nation other than the Indians, preoccupying this country. And, who was it? That's the question. We will have to go back two or three centuries at least to attempt anything of a solution of this problem.

And then we are left in the fog;
In this we have no tradition,
But are left to supposition.

It is said there is nothing impossible with God. And it also seems that there are many wonderful things not impossible for man to accomplish. Then we might suppose that when De Soto made his discoveries on this continent that a portion of his fleet might have ascended the Mississippi, the Ohio or the Shenango—

And got stuck in the Pymatuning bog,
But as to this we are left in the fog.

CHAPTER III.



GREAT MEN.

COLUMBUS, WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, GRANT.

SINCE the creation of the world it seems that men from humble birth have been created and raised up for the great emergencies of the day.

We need go back but nineteen centuries to note Christ crucified for his goodness to humanity.

A. D. 1492.

"Columbus said there was land in the West,
Others said no; but he knew best."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The Four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America and its observance by a World's Fair at Chicago is approaching, and it is meet that we make some mention of the Italian seaman, whose labors resulted in the discovery of a new continent.

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa in 1436, the son of a poor wool-carder. He early took to the sea. His spare time was devoted to the study of astronomy, geometry, arithmetic, cosmography, history and philosophy. He obtained a very good education, which was perfected in the University of Pavia.

At the age of fourteen he went aboard an Italian vessel and worked his way up until he had assumed the command of a cruiser. He married the daughter of the governor of Santa Porta, who was an able navigator but a poor man.

Columbus not only had hard work supporting his own family, but was obliged to help sustain his father and young brother. While struggling along in poverty, he heard of the finding of great reeds and a bit of carved wood floating out at sea from the West.

The idea at once presented itself of a western ocean passage to India. This theory was strengthened by ancient tradition, and after negotiations with scientists, who had given the subject their attention, he applied to King John II of Portugal for means to fit out an expedition to seek a western passage to India. The Portuguese King kept him waiting with half promises. Columbus' wife died, and he left Portugal in indignation.

He wandered with his little son to a convent in Andalusia, where he was taken up and lived two years, through the aid of the Prior of the Convent, who became enlisted in Columbus' cause. The latter was presented to Queen Isabella of Spain, to whom he applied for the same privilege he had asked of King John. After much solicitation, three small vessels, the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria, were fitted out, and Columbus was given the title of Viceroy or Governor of all the land that he might discover.

August 3d, 1492, he set sail from Palos with 120 men, and on October 12th of the same year discovered land—the island of San Salvador. On the latter part of the voyage the crew had become mutinous, and, had not land been found when it was, Columbus would have been thrown

overboard by a set of foolhardy mutineers who, in all probability, would never again have reached their native land. Cuba and Hispaniola (Hayti) were also discovered, and in March, 1493, the adventurers reached home, where they were received with high honors. Columbus was given the title of Admiral. He made two subsequent voyages, discovering Jamaica, Porto Rico and other islands; visited terra firma at the mouth of the Orinoco and founded a colony at Hispaniola, of which he assumed the Governorship. In 1500 he was deposed and taken in chains to Spain. The public were indignant, and Columbus was released, but not replaced in power.

He made a fourth voyage in 1502, explored the coast of Honduras, was shipwrecked and escaped to Jamaica, which island he left in 1503, returned to Spain, and after many hardships, expired at Valladolid in 1506.

Here was a gentleman, a scholar, a brave adventurer and explorer—

Who said there was land in the West,
Others said no; but he knew best.
His native countrymen of Hayti and Spain
Imprisoned him, because he had some brain.

That dominant, aristocratic will grew harder,
Because his sire was a poor wool-carder.
There is a natural freak ever to remain,
If aristocrats have the money, they haven't all the brain.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In 1750 the French built Fort Macault at Franklin, Fort Lebœuf at Waterford and Fort Presque Isle, at Erie, Pennsylvania.

Later, Gen. Braddock said he was not going to be dictated to by that young American buckskin, (George Washington.) But he soon found, had his aristocratic lordship taken Washington's advice, it would have probably turned defeat into victory—instead of the death-trap for many of his soldiers at Braddock's Fields, near Pittsburg, by the French and Indians.

And so you will notice in the history of this country and of Europe, that the nobleman and the aristocrat is loth to advise with the man of humble birth; when by heroic deeds he has become a conqueror or a millionaire, and has worked his way up to public favor, he will be recognized. Then, 'tis "how do you do," General Washington or President Lincoln or General Grant.

These great men were not born with a silver spoon in their mouths, but by their efforts cut their way through upward, and stood by their own merit on the pinacle of fame.

Washington was the man for his day —the Father of his Country—to look after the sparsely inhabited colonies, to aid in his superhuman manner in keeping a heart in the poorly fed and barefooted soldier, through the dark days of the Revolution; requiring a man of nerve, endurance and christianity, which elements were found to be embodied in the noble Washington.

At the close of the Revolution, when he desired to rest from his labors and enjoy his quiet and pleasant home at Mount Vernon, when in full vigor of life, had occasion to call in a doctor, who bled him time and again, when the noble man said: "Don't bleed me to death; let me die in

peace." But we are told that the lancet had already done the work, and he died, as it were, in the full vigor of manhood, an untimely death.

LINCOLN AND GRANT.

During the dark days of '61–2 when our country, from Maine to Texas, California and Oregon, across to the Atlantic, was embroiled, seething hot and fighting terribly; was going on at the front, about even-handed, victory with defeat; while many brave boys were slain and many official heads being cut off through the machinations of greed, design, intrigue, wire-pulling, and God only knows what all, our great President saw that the fine army of McClelland, on the Potomac, was not accomplishing what he thought it ought to, a change of commanders resulted, and the reader knows that other changes came; and when Gen. Halleck was in command he also saw that Gen. Grant was by this commander handicapped in his operations in Tennessee, and when looking back to Donaldson, Henry and Vicksburg, he could see in the unpretentious, brave Gen. Grant, a commander who would fight it out on that line, and eventually close that unholy war. Therefore to Grant was given supreme command of the whole army.

Lincoln was raised up for this great emergency. A work to do, a problem to solve of the greatest magnitude ever on the American continent. True, his soldiers, unlike Washington's, did not have to go hungry and barefooted, but some of them even worse, undergoing impositions from currish beings under the garb of men, and thousands of brave boys when in Andersonville and Libby prisons, the hell holes of the South. How did these brave boys look, those who came out alive?

From the time the first rebel gun was fired on Sumter the intrepid Lincoln threw his whole soul into the cause of humanity and his country.

What mortal man had such a Herculean task before him? What man could have done better?

"Forever struggling for the Union of our land,
When accomplished cut down by an assassin's hand,
Thus ended Washington's and Lincoln's life career,
But during their days they lived without a peer."

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

IN THE early days of the Pioneer of this country life and accident insurance was unknown. But with the onward march of time comes, aye, a wonderful growth and a rapid increase of population, which to-day is a menace to the honest, industrious American toiler, who, upon the labor market, has to compete with an inferior competitor, at times, to earn a subsistance for himself and family. And when he looks about him he finds the mighty man of avarice already here. Syndicates of Europe are here. And a mighty concentration of capital is here. Millions of the broad acreage of God's green, fertile earth, is concentrated in the hands of the few.

Commercial enterprises and business pursuits are being coralled and brought into the ring of the giant. And again the toiler looks around for that prospective home afar off; he sees in the dim distance the avenues of hope closing up around him, and as he proceeds onward towards the promised land, he finds the door closed, upon which is inscribed in large letters, "No Admittance."

With disheartened mien and pensive mood he retraces his steps and asks himself: "What am I to do?" I answer: "Insure." That is the avenue left open for the young,

the middle or the aged man, to secure a competency for himself, if living a few years, or for dependent ones, when you can no longer provide for them. This is the only avenue, to a competency, for the many, as you can secure your magna charta by paying in semi-monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or yearly installments, and secure your indemnity, in as safe institutions as there are in the world.

"But," says one, "I feel as though I would soon get through and be on my road to Heaven, and let my family look out for themselves." Yes, how would we look being wafted Heavenward while our family is being trotted off to the poor house?

But I fear that some of you will, soon, perhaps,
Wish you had not let your policy lapse;
Accident is liable to overtake you;
Disaster comes too late to awake you.

But, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The most improvident may return
To consider well, the sure and safer way,
To reinstate your insurance to-day.

CHAPTER V.

MEADVILLE.

EADVILLE is the county seat of Crawford County, Pa., and is beautifully situated in the French Creek or Venango River Valley and upon its sloping sides. Meadville is an old historic town, settled over 100 years ago by the whites, or at much earlier date by the Indians who, among the white pioneer settlers, held high carnival, killing some and taking others captive.

That stream emptying into the French Creek at Meadville, named by the Indian the Cussawago, together with the large stream, French Creek, and fine valleys and hillsides, abounding in fish and most all sorts of wild game, a genial climate sheltered by its timber and hillsides, afforded a paradise for the Indian and he was loth to give it up—

> And was determined to remain
> On his original domain.

But poor Lo here, as elsewhere, is destined to a slow, but sure, extinction.

Meadville is noted for its educational advantages, its Allegheny College, founded in 1820, and many throughout the states of our Union have there obtained their title of A. B.

There is perhaps no city on this continent, that has a better educated people, and few cities of the same size has more wealth and social refinement, or better public buildings, or more able jurists.

With such citizens as the Huidekopers, Derricksons, Dicks, Richmonds, Churches, Farleys, Hendersons, and many others who might be mentioned, in Meadville, it must be of some prominence. Despite the absence of the booming elements of flowing oil wells and gushing gassers, a railroad center or a seaport town, Meadville is a solid town and in case either of the above elements should strike them, they would—

Be prepared to take it easy,
Whether it should be gassy or be greasy.

Meadville, being the county seat, also furnished a pretty good market for many articles, especially after the Atlantic & Great Western Railway and its extensive shops were built, and the McHenry House, and that village of railway company's houses duplicating each other.

A considerable traffic by the way of the Erie & Pittsburg Canal to the Summit, thence via Conneaut Lake and Evansburg up the feeder to Meadville. The water that supplied this canal feeder was taken from French Creek above Meadville. Were it not for a more rapid transit for the people to get around the country, the Erie & Pittsburg Canal would be of more real value to-day, to Erie City, Crawford, Mercer and Lawrence counties, than is the Erie & Pittsburg Railroad. And it seems that the people along the line of the Erie Canal and the New York Central Railroad think about as much of the one as the other. The fact is they could not well do without either one of them. In case of the abandonment of the canal, traffic would be increased on the Central, and commercial rates from Buffalo to New York would rule much higher. But we are living in a fast age, 'mongst a fast people—

And as the people travel from state to state,
They are bound to go at a lightning rate.

CHAPTER VI.

FORMER DAYS.

SKETCHES OF EARLY HISTORY OF CRAWFORD COUNTY AND MEADVILLE.—*Notes by A. Huidekoper.*

ASSING OVER with a brief notice of the expedition early in the winter of A. D. 1753, of then Major George Washington and his companion Mr. Gist, who passed up French Creek Valley en route to Waterford, to demand of the French Commander by what right he held that place; the blunt reply given him, that it was held by order and claim of France; the courtesy shown to Washington by the French officers, and (his horses having given out) the dangerous and wearisome tramp back on foot of Washington and his comrade to the Allegheny River, there having to make a raft, from which Washington, by a collision with ice, was thrown into the river and obliged to spend the night on an island, walking about to keep from freezing, while his comrade, less fortunate, had his fingers frozen, I proceed to comment on the valley of French Creek as it presented itself, including the island and for a mile or two above and below the present city, to the first Pioneers who came here.

It is difficult to believe that Indians, with their simple instruments, could ever have cleared away such a forest as would naturally grow on such fertile land. The Indians alleged that the work had not been done by them. A tradition among them attributes it to a larger and more pow-

erful race of inhabitants who had pre-occupied the country. From relics turned up in plowing, it would appear that the common implements of the Indians here were the stone war club and the flint arrow head. The interments probably indicate where the Indian settlements were most dense. One of these was situated west of the aqueduct, six miles below town. Another is on a bluff on the Fish farm. In a skeleton taken from this one was found imbeded a flint arrow, the probable cause of death. In the valley, a short distance below the glass works, was a funeral mound some fifty feet long and some three feet high which, when leveled down a few years ago, presented several skeletons and some Indian implements now preserved in the Library Museum. By the side of one of the skeletons was a smooth, perfectly round hole some two or more feet deep and a foot or so in diameter, where food had no doubt been placed for the deceased. Whatever it was, it had disappeared through time. Another place of interment was across the creek near Mr. Van Horn's mill.

INDIAN REMAINS.

The signs of Indian occupations are far more numerous along the Pymatuning Swamp than in the French Creek Valley. In the latter locality, some years ago, the remains of what had been stockade forts could easily be seen, some half dozen on the east side and one on the west.

As at the period these forts were constructed wild game was abundant and millions of pigeons came there, as they did in the days of my boyhood, annually visiting this section of country, one can conceive the inducements Indians had to live in that locality. These forts were uniformly round, the earthen walls being some three feet high

in which the wooden stockade originally driven has long since disappeared. The interior is full of little pits containing charcoal and ashes, where the Indians cooked their food. In one fort on the west side of the swamp, some miles south of the others and in the forest, a number of trees were embraced in the earthen wall. One of them, an oak, which I measured, was over ten feet in circumference. I am sorry to say that no conservative spirit on the part of the land owners has protected these forts and I doubt if any of them now exist.

As a problem for historians I would say that in the year 1834, when surveying near Sorrel Hill, in the extreme western part of the county, I came across trees that had been blazed on a north and south line apparently with a sharp axe, 112 years before that time or 166 years from the present time.

Who could have done this?

On the 10th of August, 1794, James Dickson (known as Scotch Jemmy to distinguish him from a namesake) when seeking his cows on the farm of Samuel Lord, Esq., was attacked by Indians in ambuscade. He was wounded in his shoulder, his hip and his hand. While stooping, trying to see his foes, a bullet passed through his hat. The old man, with a shout of defiance, exclaimed in broad Scotch: "Come out of that, you rascals, and fight us fair!" The Indians showing no assent to the proposition, Dixon commenced a retreat. The Indians, their guns being unloaded, followed with tomahawks but were afraid to approach near him. The old man always insisted afterwards that just when he was going to fire a low voice said: "don't shoot," whereupon, preserving his load, he thereby saved his life. He was willing to join with three or four

men who started out in pursuit of the Indians but the latter escaped by a timely retreat.

The wife of Darius Mead died this summer (1794) in Meadville, being (except those occasioned by Indians) the first death in Crawford County among the white inhabitants.

On the third day of June this year (1794) James Findlay and Barnabas McCormick were killed by Indians while splitting rails for John Halens, about a mile west of the aqueduct. Guns having been heard, search was made and they were found dead and scalped by their savage assailants. The bodies were placed in one coffin and interred in the Meadville Cemetery.

The treaty of General Wayne with the Western Indians on the 3d day of August, 1795, ratified on the 22d day of December, brought peace so far as Indian hostilities were concerned to Northwestern Pennsylvania.

Meadville, the county seat, was originally planned in 1790 by General David Mead, but the plan was enlarged and matured in the year 1795 by Major Roger Alden and Dr. Thomas R. Kennedy.

The plot for the town was divided into 75 squares by streets, alleys and lanes. The Diamond was laid off in the form of a parallelogram, measuring 300 feet east and west, by 600 north and south, designed for public use. On the east side of this now stands a large, commodious brick court house, built in 1825, planned by Mr. Strickland, of Philadelphia.

On the west stands the Episcopal Church, from plan of Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont.

On the south stands the Unitarian Church, of brick, with Doric columns, with plan of Gen. George W. Cullum.

On the west side of the Diamond, some half-way between Centre and Chestnut Streets, stood the first jail, made strongly of hewed logs, with a palisade-protected yard behind it. The story above the jail was of frame work and used as a court house, the judges having an elevated seat at the south end, and a circular enclosure dividing the bar and jury from the audience.

It was in this court room that Van Holland, the murderer of Hugh Fitzpatrick, in 1817, and David Lamphier, who killed a constable with an axe when attempting to arrest him, were tried and convicted; being as yet the only criminals ever publicly executed in this county.

The brick building south of the Unitarian Church was built for the office of the county commissioners. When they removed to the court house, President Timothy Alden used it as a library for the books donated to the Allegheny College, the building of the latter being then prospective.

SCHOOLS.

In 1802 an Act was passed incorporating a seminary of learning, and James Burchfield, James Herrington, John Brook, Henry Richards, William Moore, John Patterson, John Limber and Henry Hurst, were made trustees. A one-story brick building, containing two rooms, was completed in the fall of 1805 at the southeast corner of Liberty and Chestnut Streets, where it stood for about 20 years. In it the Rev. Joseph Stockton gave instructions in Latin and Greek and the common branches of English education.

Some years afterwards Mr. Andrew Lefingwell taught an English school in the same building. I recall an amusing incident under his rule. Wishing to punish a boy for misbehavior, he requested Mr. Wilson Dick, then a pupil,

to go out and cut a switch for him. The latter thinking the errand rather an undignified one for a boy of his size, after a long delay came back with two poles 15 feet long and laid them with gravity before the teacher—the gravity not extending to the rest of the scholars.

Rev. Timothy Alden taught a classical school in the small frame house two doors west of St. Joseph's Hospital, and Judge Derrickson taught one in the Clinton Cullum and afterwards in a house now gone, about where the Opera House now stands.

I recall when a very small boy going to a very primitive school, taught by a Mr. Douglas, on Arch street. The boys all sat on low benches, and the teacher used to preserve order an instrument called "Taws," made of leather strings, fastened to a handle. If a boy misbehaved the "Taws" was thrown at him, and he was required to carry it to the master and abide results. A spell of sickness shortened my term to a week and I am happy to say I had no experience with "Taws."

OLD HOUSES AND RESIDENTS.

I close my article with a notice of old houses and residents on Water Street. Near where the freight depot is now stood the residence of Hon. William Clark, who I think was secretary under the administration of John Quincy Adams in 1824. One old house standing back from the road, about half-way from Kennedy's Bridge to Water Street, was occupied by John Gibson. The next house standing back east of Water Street with a yard planted with trees in front, was that of H. J. Huidekoper, erected in 1805. It was a frame house with two recessed wings. North of it was a plastered brick building used for a Land

office. Here a large part of the lands of the Holland Land Company in four counties, and of the Pennsylvania Population Company in two counties, were sold by H. J. Huidekoper, their agent.

Both of these houses have been supplanted by new ones. East of Water Street, near now Pine Street, was the next house, occupied by Barzella Goodrich, a carpenter crippled with rheumatism, but whose ingenuity made him the factotum of the village at that early time.

Following up the east side of Water Street, near Mill Run, was the hotel of Roswell Sexton, and connected with it was the office of Samuel Lord, Esq., who at that time was the owner and lived on the place now of Mr. William Reynolds. In common with many others of that day, the 'Squire was somewhat addicted to profanity, but when the minister one day coming up heard him and, tapping him on the shoulder, said, "'Squire, suppose you skip some of those hard words," it is said the remark left its impression on him. One morning the 'Squire saw several black men on the other side of the street, hurrying northward toward Canada. Looking at them sternly, in his stentorian voice he said, "Did you run away?" The poor fugitives stood trembling in their shoes until he added, "If you did, keep on; don't stop here."

On the southeast corner of Water and Chestnut Streets was the store of Arthur Cullum, the elder. South of this was a large barn yard of Samuel Torbett. In this yard was exhibited the first menagerie visiting Meadville. When Mr. White, a young medical student, entered the exhibition room, a lion became greatly excited. Mr. White went home and changed his clothes, but as soon as he re-appeared

the lion became so excited again that the manager had to request Mr. White to retire.

Across Water Street was the once Torbett Hotel, which any citizen now living, who ever attended the dancing school of Mr. Torbett, in the hotel ball room, will remember as a place full of pleasant memories.

Across Chestnut Street from the Cullum store was the Gibson Hotel, noted for its order and excellence, and north of it, beyond the alley, still stands the frame building where the first Courts were held in now Crawford County, the Judges, until the County was separated from Allegheny County, coming from Pittsburg. The building was also used at times for religious services. Across from this building was the old log house much sunk at the ends, the home of the Waab and Bosler families, the original owners of the island. On the east side of the street, north of the court room, was the home of Eliphalet Betts, in his day the leading if not the only village tailor. Small in size, he is said to have been in early life one of the most popular riders in horse racing, at that time a very common amusement. North of Mr. Betts lived Mr. General George Hurst, a prominent citizen, and northward across Centre Street lived Colonel Wm. Mayard, who built paper mills in Woodcock township and discovered how to make straw paper, a process only known in the East Indies prior to his discovery. North of Colonel Mayard's house was the dwelling of Dr. Daniel Bemus, who married a daughter of Mr. Wm. Miles of Union City. Across the street was the home of John Reynolds, who married the widow of Dr. Elicot, the person who built the bridge over French Creek leading to Kerrtown. North of Mr. Reynolds, across an alley, still stands the very old store of Major Harriot.

Eastward, across the street from this store, was the old Meadville Bank, of which Joseph Morrison was cashier. It has lately been taken down to make room for a large brick building. I pass on to the house of General Mead, who died August 23d, 1816. The house the next year became the home of Mr. Jared Shattuck, who, having purchased a large body of land in partnership with a Mr. Peck, moved here to attend to it. Mrs. Shattuck was a daughter of the Governor of Hayti, and was driven out of the island when the Haytians achieved their freedom. For many years she received from the French government a pension, which the writer of this collected for her. The Mead house has lately been occupied by Rev. Mr. Billsby. I have of course omitted some persons and some places I would have liked to refer to, but space is limited.

CHAPTER VII.

SKETCH OF CORNELIUS VAN HORN.

AN EXPLORING PARTY—CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS.

CORNELIUS VAN HORN, one of the original Pioneers of Crawford County, who lived the greater part of his long and useful life here, was born in Hunterdon County, New York, December 16, 1750. He was the eldest child of Thomas and Jane Van Horn, and was of Dutch descent, his ancestors having come from Holland to this country over a hundred years before his birth.

His father died a short time before the Revolutionary War, intestate, although after his death the draft of a will was discovered, unexecuted, which indicated the manner in which he wished to dispose of his property among his six children; but under the laws of England then in force in the Colonies, Cornelius became sole heir to his father's estate. But the subject of this sketch not being willing to take the advantage of his brothers and sisters, which the law gave him, took immediate and effective steps to have his brothers and sisters put into the possession and ownership of the different parts of the estate, to which the unexecuted will, if it had been properly executed, would have entitled them.

The part allotted to Cornelius was a tract of land in the Wyoming Valley, near or upon which the city of Wilkesbarre now stands. He moved on to this tract of land,

but, during his service in the Revolutionary army, a man named John Dorrance, a Connecticut claimant and an ancestor of Colonel J. F. Dorrance of this city, took possession of the land. There was much trouble and litigation about the title, which was finally decided in favor of Van Horn, and is reported in 2d Dallas, 304. The State, however, fearing a rebellion of the Connecticut settlers against the State authorities, in case the decree of the Court against Dorrance and the other settlers should be enforced, had the land involved in dispute appraised, and many years afterwards paid the actual owners a small stipend for their title.

AN EXPLORING PARTY.

Having voluntarily given up a large estate in New Jersey, and being driven from his rightful heritage in the Wyoming Valley, Van Horn, in the Spring of 1788, decided to explore the valley of French Creek, or, as it was then called by the French and Indians, Venango River, referred to by General (then Colonel) Washington, in his report to Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia.

He joined a company, with David, John and Joseph Mead, John Watson, Thomas Martin, Thomas Grant, James F. Randolph, and Christopher Snyder, at Sunbury, and on the 12th day of May, 1788, after a tedious journey through the wilderness, encamped under a large wild cherry tree, near where the east end of where the Mercer Street iron bridge stands.

ARRIVAL AND SETTLEMENT.

The only reliable date of the arrival of the earliest settlers, is that given by Van Horn in his narrative, written about 1835, twelve or thirteen years before his death, and

now in the possession of the Historical Society of Philadelphia at Philadelphia.

After some time spent in exploring, they erected a temporary abode on the spot where Meadville now stands.

CAPTURED BY INDIANS.

On the 5th day of May, 1791, while engaged in marking out corn ground in company with two men, named Gregg and Ray, near where the passenger station of the N. Y., P. & O. R. R. now stands, Van Horn was attacked by the Indians and taken prisoner. His companions had, at the time of the capture, gone to dinner, and were to bring his to the field. When these companions returned to the field they were attacked by the same Indians, and Gregg was killed and scalped, and Ray taken prisoner. The subject of this article was conducted to the outlet of Conneaut Lake, and there tied to a small tree, and the old chief who had him in charge crawled into the bushes and went to sleep while waiting for his comrades, with Ray in charge, to come up. While the chief was asleep, his prisoner managed to loosen the thongs that bound him to the tree, and ran with his arms tied behind him through the wilderness, to the point on the west side of French Creek, opposite the spot which he and his companions had camped on May 12th, 1788. At this point what has always seemed to me to be almost an unaccountable incident took place. The escaped prisoner had some time previously planted some apple seeds near the place referred to, and at the time of the escape the young trees were to be seen above the ground; weeds had sprung up among them and died the year previous, and there was danger if fire should catch in the weeds that the apple trees would be destroyed. After all

that had happened that day—taken prisoner, taken to Conneaut Lake, escaped, and with his arms pinioned at the elbows, behind—Van Horn seeing the danger to his young trees, stopped in his flight and began to pull the weeds from among the trees. While engaged in that operation was seen by John Fredebaugh who, from the opposite side of the creek, took him for an Indian skulking in the bushes and was about to shoot when a recognition took place. Van Horn then waded the creek and found a young officer and some men at the block house, who were en route from Fort LeBœuf to Fort Franklin.

THE SETTLEMENT ABANDONED.

The settlement was abandoned for the time being. It is not known whether any white man visited the settlement of Meadville again that year except Van Horn who, in company with an Indian named McGee, came back and got 10 or 12 bushels of grain and towed it in a canoe down the creek to Fort Franklin.

After this Van Horn visited his mother in New Jersey and in the autumn returned to the settlement. He is supposed to be the first white man who passed a winter in or near Meadville.

When Van Horn returned in the fall, after his capture and escape, he learned the fate of his companions Ray and Gregg. Gregg had been shot with his own gun, and Ray had been captured and taken to Sandusky, where he met a trader who was an acquaintance and who exchanged liquor with the Indians for him. Ray made his way back to Pittsburg, where he found his wife.

MORE INDIAN TROUBLES.

In October, 1793, Samuel Lord arrived at the settlement from Franklin, and warned all to fly for their lives as there was danger threatening again from the Indians. This warning caused most of the settlers to remove.

General Wilkins wrote Van Horn from Pittsburg to engage a sargeant's command, which he did. They continued in the service until the last day of December, when they were disbanded.

Cornelius Van Horn was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. He held a command as captain under Anthony Wayne and was the acting sheriff in this section when this portion of Pennsylvania was Allegheny county. He was married to Sarah Dunn in the year 1797 and they had born to them six children, viz.: Jane, who married George Anderson; James; Priscilla, who married T. J. Fox; Alden, the celebrated lawyer; Cornelius, Harriet and Thomas; the last named of whom is the only survivor and is residing on the homestead farm patented by his father in the year 1800 under the name of Southampton. He died July 26th, 1846, in his 97th year. Much more might be written of this sturdy Pioneer, but for fear of becoming tiresome I will close.—*Notes, C. Van Horn.*

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY SETTLERS.

N HIS pioneer sketches of Meadville and Crawford County, the Hon. John Dick says:

In 1794 his father, William Dick, removed with his family to Meadville. His family, four in number, viz.: his wife and two sons, George and himself, who was between four and five months old when they arrived in Meadville.

At that period there were no means of transportation but by the Allegheny River or by pack horses. His father chose the former and embarked with his family and goods on board a keel boat bound for Franklin, at the junction of the French Creek with the Allegheny River. This journey occupied three weeks to Franklin. Franklin was then a military post established by the Government to protect its settlers. The fort was under the command of Lieutenant Polhemus and Ensign Rosencrantz. Several members of this command became residents of Meadville, amongst whom were John Wentworth, Luke Hill, Sargeant Muzzy, Samuel Lord and Martin Kicenceder, names now familiar to many of the old citizens.

Mrs. Dick followed on pack horses, with her infant son on her lap, along the Indian path, from Franklin to Meadville, which in many places was overhung with bushes that nearly swept her from her seat. On arriving at Meadville General Mead invited them to his house until some provision should be made for them.

GENERAL MEAD'S STOCKADE HOUSE.

There was a stockade erected about his premises as a protection from the attacks of the Indians, who were very numerous and troublesome. The stockade was built by planting timbers close together and was about fifteen feet high. The only residents at the time of Mr. Dick's arrival at Meadville were General David Mead, James Dickson, Thomas Ray, David Bulyer, William Jones, Robert F. Randolph, James Finey and Cornelius Van Horn.

In 1796 Mr. Dick built a two-story house on the corner of Water Street and an alley and removed his family there the same fall. In 1797 he built a house for General Mead, which now is standing at the head of Water Street, (Dr. Ellis' residence,) being the oldest house in the city.

March 12, 1800, the Legislature passed a law to organize Crawford County. A building erected by Mr. Dick was finished up for a Court House, and the first Court held by David Mead and John Kelso, Associate Judges, in July, 1800, and by Judge Addison in 1801, Judge Kelso and Judge Bell being the Associates.

In 1803 Mr. Dick built a Court House and Jail on the west side of the Diamond, which was occupied many years as such.

THE EARLY BAR.

At the early period of judicial business of this County there were many of the first talents of the Bar in regular attendance on the Courts:—Hon. Henry Baldwin, State Supreme Judge; Hon. Wm. Wilkins, John Woods, Thomas Collins, Steel Sample, James Ross, Parker Campbell and George Armstrong, all men of more than ordinary ability,

and some not surpassed in their day. Of the resident lawyers were several who were at the head of the profession:—Alexander W. Foster, Patrick Farrelly, Samuel R. Foster, John W. Hunter and others.

The first Prothonotary was Dr. Thomas R. Kennedy; Wm. Moore Register and Recorder, and Alex. Stewart the first Sheriff.

The successful campaign of General Wayne the same year against the Indians, and his treaty with them rendered more secure the settlers, and emigration increased.

In 1789–90 General Mead built the first saw mill, and in the Fall of 1790 he built the first small grist mill near his saw mill. Both were operated by water from Mill Run, there being sufficient water to run both mills the greater part of the year.

Soon after, others built saw mills. Roger Alden built a grist mill in 1801 at Seagertown; Archibald Humes built one on Gravel Run, James Dickson built one on Woodcock, and Alexander Power built one on Conneaut Creek, near Conneautville. Thus the settlers were saved much labor and expense in procuring food for their families.

THE PRIVATIONS OF SETTLERS.

For many years after their removal to Meadville, Mr. Dick says they suffered many privations for want of the actual necessaries of life. For the first year all of their supplies were brought from Pittsburg on pack-horses. Late in the Fall of 1795 his father started with four horses to pack a supply of flour from Pittsburg, for his family during the winter. He expected to be absent about eight or ten days, but did not return for nearly six weeks, in conse-

quence of the fall of snow about four feet deep. There were no roads opened, and consequently no travel to break the roads. His mother and the children subsisted principally upon frozen potatoes, venison and bear meat until their father's return. The few neighbors were no better off than they, but a disposition to divide with and assist each other was strongly manifested by all.

During the summer large bodies of Indians were encamped in and about the village, hunting and fishing. French Creek abounded at that time with fine fish and eels and deer and turkeys were often killed within the lines of the village.

THE INDIANS.

The Indians in general were peaceable, except when under the influence of whisky, which was furnished them by traders. On one occasion Wm. Dick went down to where a large number were camped and purchased a dressed deer skin. When returning he met an Indian who charged him with stealing the skin, and attempted to take it from him, but he being a stout and resolute man, did not feel disposed to yield to his demands. He felled him to the ground and picked up an ox gad and belabored him right soundly. He was soon after surrounded by a large number of Indians who were determined to have revenge. One of them approached from behind with a large knife, but a bystander called to Mr. Dick, to warn him of his danger, when he wheeled around, caught the fellow in the act of striking him, threw him down, seized the knife, and, in drawing it from him, cut the savage's hand nearly through. Finding himself surrounded and in danger of his life, he made his way to General Mead's house. In a short time the building was surrounded by Indians, demanding the

surrender of Mr. Dick. Owing to the firmness of General Mead and a few others who remained with him during the night, further hostilities were prevented. After an explanation of the matter the mass of the Indians were satisfied that he deserved what he got.

Among the prominent Indians was a celebrated chief, whose name in English was Half Town, another Logan, Cheat and Twenty Canoes. Others when translated were Laughing Thief, Stinking Fish and Surly Bear.

On one occasion Half Town (with his squaw) called and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Dick set before them some cold meat, bread, butter and milk. After having satisfied their hunger they left with many expressions of thanks; shaking hands, he remarked: "Good squaw, very good." About three months after, near Christmas, their old friend, Half Town, made his appearance with one of the largest and fattest wild turkeys ever seen, completely dressed, and presented it to Mrs. Dick. She asked him how much was to pay and Half Town seemed quite indignant and said: "Good squaw, you much good squaw; you keep him," and turned and walked away. He was not to be outdone in acts of kindness. As the country became settled and the game scarce, they retired to other hunting grounds.

AN INDIAN JOKE.

CHAPTER IX.

AN INDIAN JOKE.

COL. JOSEPH HACKNEY was about the first in Meadville to trade with the Indians and had provided such articles as were usually required by them. He kept his little supply in a small frame building on the corner where John McFarland's store now stands. Among the prominent articles of trade with the Indians were beaver, otter and muskrat skins. At that period there were large quantities of beaver taken in the streams and marshes of this county. Colonel Hackney had traveled among the Indians and acquired a pretty good knowledge of their language and many of the natives were quite familiar with him.

On one occasion an Indian came into the store and said: "Brother, buy beaver skin?" "Yes." "How much give?" "Six shillings." "Well, take him." The Colonel threw the skin up through a hole in the floor into the loft. When the Indian went out he saw a rude ladder against the end of the house, where there was an opening in the loft. Placing it so that he could reach in he stole the beaver skin and an hour after he came back and said: "Brother, I have another beaver skin, how much?" "Six shillings." After being paid he retired but soon after returned with another beaver skin. The Colonel, never suspecting, asked him why he did not bring

them all at once; "No; get one at a time." The Colonel paid the third time and soon the Indian appeared with another beaver skin. He began to suspect all was not right and examined the loft and found he had been buying the same skin over and over again. When he taxed the savage with his rascality he roared and laughed and thought it a first-class joke. And so did all the Colonel's acquaintances, for I have heard them twit him about it many years afterward.

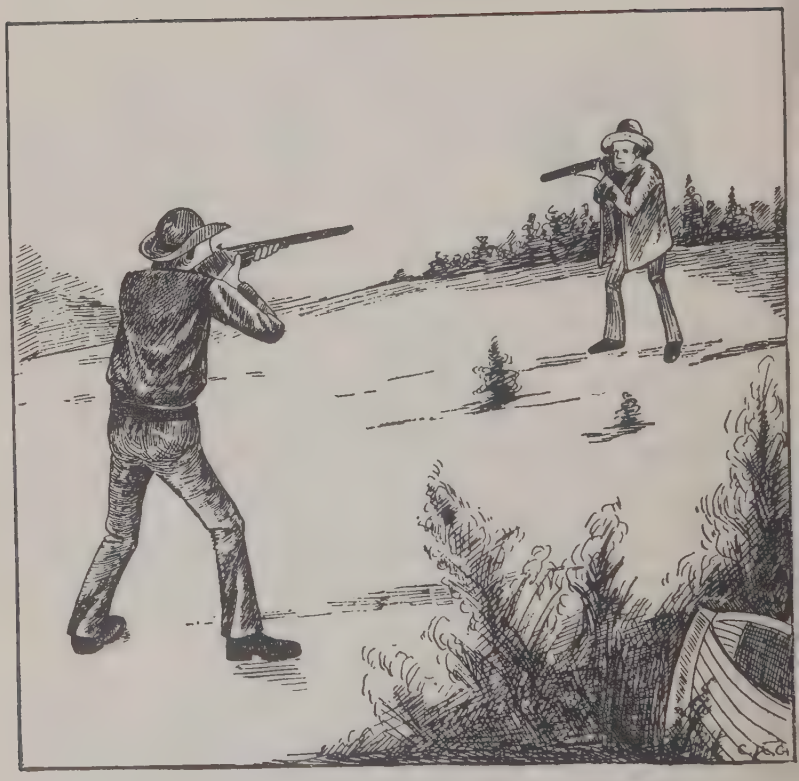
CHAPTER X.

A DUEL.

ANOTHER event of the early days of the city as a matter of history, may with propriety be recorded. A duel was fought in 1804 between General Roger Alden and Alexander W. Foster. I am not fully informed as to the origin of the difficulty, but I believe a woman was at the bottom of it. They fought on a point of land on French Creek about two miles from the Court House on the Randolph Flats. At the first fire Alden fell, his antagonist's ball having shattered his thigh bone. He was brought home in a canoe by James F. Randolph and George McGunnegle. Drs. Wallace of Erie and Kennedy of Meadville acted as surgeons on the occasion. Such an event in the village would necessarily produce a great deal of excitement, each of the belligerents having their personal friends, but by judicious forbearance all trouble soon subsided and the harmony of the citizens was not disturbed.

HOLLAND LAND COMPANY.

General Alden was at that time Agent for the Holland Land Company in Pennsylvania, Paul Bush, of Philadelphia, being the general agent for the company in Pennsylvania and New York. Large tracts of land were conveyed to the company by the Government in payment for money furnished them to carry on the Revolutionary War. The settlement of these lands caused much trouble and litigation in the Courts for many years, which retarded in a



A DUEL.

great measure the settlement of the country. General Alden soon after resigned the agency, and was succeeded by Ham Jan. Huidekoper, who some years later purchased the entire interest of the company in this State.

Mr. Huidekoper lived in this community much respected for his philanthropy and benevolence, and died much respected by his numerous friends and acquaintances.

General Alden served with distinction in the Revolutionary War, and was considered a brave and chivalrous officer. He was in possession at one period of some of the most valuable property in this vicinity. He became embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, caused by the revulsion in money matters after the War of 1812, and all of his valuable possessions were sold to satisfy his creditors. He lived some years afterwards in this place in very embarrassed circumstances, then received an appointment as military storekeeper at West Point, where he resided several years, and where he died between 80 and 90 years of age.

In 1793–4 William Gill took possession of and settled on a tract of land on French Creek. He built a cabin, and raised corn and potatoes during the summer. In the fall he went to Pittsburg, where his family was, intending to lay in supplies and return with his family, but owing to the winter setting in early, he deferred his return until the following spring. When he arrived he found the cabin occupied by Jenny Finney, who claimed possession of the land, and stood in the door with rifle in hand and warned him to leave the premises, or if he attempted to dispossess her she would put a ball through him. Mr. Gill, believing discretion the better part of valor, abandoned the settlement and went further up the stream. Jenny Finney remained in possession long enough to perfect her claim, and soon after

married General Mead, he being a widower at that time. Perhaps the General could not have selected a more suitable companion. She was well educated, possessed a strong mind, indomitable will and great energy of character. The tract of land settled by her family became the property of her daughter Maria, who was subsequently married to William Gill, the son of her adversary in the land claim. In the end, singularly enough, the descendants of the contending parties became joint owners of the property.

In 1800 the population of Meadville consisted of 25 or 30 families. Keel boats and canoes were employed in the transportation of articles by way of the Allegheny River and French Creek, the latter stream being navigable for boats of 10 or 12 tons as far as Waterford during the whole summer. In 1812 the keel boats were employed in transporting the necessary armament for the fleet in process of building at Erie. All the cannon balls and ammunition of every description, together with the cordage, anchors and spikes, were shipped to Pittsburg for Waterford, and from thence hauled by ox trains to Erie.

In the early settlement of the western part of the State many of the necessaries of life were shipped from the seaboard on pack horses across the mountains, and salt would at that time cost 50 cents a quart. About the year 1807 salt was produced in large quantities at Onondaga, New York, and sent to Erie by water, then sent over to Waterford to be shipped to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville and other towns on the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers. The boats used for transportation were called "arks," or "broad horns," being from 70 to 80 feet long and about 18 feet wide, and would carry about 200 barrels of salt. Twenty or thirty boats of this description would pass Meadville in

a single day. This trade increased and continued for several years, and did not cease until 1819.

These facts are mentioned to show how important to the interest, not only of this section but a large extent of country beside, was the navigation of French Creek.

Much inconvenience and danger attended the inhabitants in that early period for want of bridges across the principal streams.

In April, 1809, a melancholy disaster occurred in which three persons lost their lives. Joseph Andrews, David Patten and James Milligan were on a ferry-boat near where the old Kennedy bridge stands. There were several other persons on board, besides a yoke of cattle and three horses. The boat being overloaded went down about the middle of the stream, and the three above named, one horse and one ox were drowned.

The next year Dr. Thomas R. Kennedy built a bridge, it being the first ever built across the creek, and it is now standing, a monument of the doctor's enterprise.

There are other incidents of old Crawford, the land of our birth, that we might introduce, but other sketches and incidents are to be mentioned, and I must pass on to other fields.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ANCIENT MILITARY OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

By A. B. Richmond.

War's whole art, each private soldier knows,
And with a General's love of conquests glows.—*Addison.*

T IS MEET in this, our Centennial Year, that the glory and power of the ancient military of Crawford County should not be forgotten. Fifty years ago, when I was a boy, the great day of the year—the day that, in my youthful opinion, was that for which all others were made, was "General Training Day." It was usually appointed the last of June, at which time it was supposed the farmers would have their corn hoed and could well afford to spend one day for their country's glory. At that time the military of the Commonwealth was divided into volunteers and militia. There were a number of uniformed volunteer companies in our county, but the great mass of the bone and sinew—male—were mustered under the militia law, and were compelled to practice the art of war two days in each year. This was for the purpose of educating the yeomanry in the science of military tactics, so that if called out to defend our country from the sudden invasion of a foreign foe, they might be termed veterans in the science of war.

Of course it was not expected to give the average farmer a West Point education in two days' time, yet it was expected that they could be taught to execute the complicated military manœuvers of "Right and Left Wheel," "Shoulder

Arms," "Stand at Ease" and "Break Ranks" in a manner that would strike terror to an invading foe that might land from foreign ships into the back woods of Pennsylvania.

I have said that there were a number of uniformed companies in the volunteer regiment, and these were marshalled in battle array the day before the general militia "Training Day." The uniform usually varied according to the taste of the soldiers. Many of the companies, however, presented their characteristic style and color to such an extent that a naturalist would have been able to determine their genus, even if he failed to detect their species. He at least would know that they were uniformed volunteers, no matter what doubts he might have as to the company to which they belonged. Some of the companies were well and even handsomely uniformed. The Meadville Grays was the crack company of the regiment. Their uniform was white pants, gray coats with buff cross-belts, to which were suspended a cartridge box, a priming wire, and a small brush to clean the pans of the formidable flint lock muskets which were a terror to those who held them, while *accidental* death was the *probable* fate of those at whom they were aimed. But the crowning glory of the equipment was the hats. Words fail to convey to the present denizens of earth even a faint conception of their shape or gravity. Verily, they were "fearfully and wonderfully made." Bell crowned, in the widest sense of the term, of the size of an ordinary camp kettle, a rigid frame covered with shining black leather, on their front a metalic shield as large as those carried by the crusaders of old, and blazoned with the form of our national bird. This shield supported a lofty plume of scarlet wool. From the projecting eaves of the crown were suspended festoons of white cotton cord curiously

braided, and from these white tassels depended in tasteful profusion. A metal clasp passed from the sides of the crown under the chin. This was of sufficient size and strength to insure an artillery man on a battle-field that if he could only hit a hat the soldier would be decapitated.

THE MILITARY BAND.

The Military Band of this company consisted of a fife, tenor and bass drum, and its inspiring strains even at this distant day echoes through the recesses of my memory with painful distinctness, while Yankee Doodle has become an important factor in my now educated musical taste.

Many of our old citizens will remember little Jesse Baldwin, whose distinguished uniform was a scarlet coat, and who beat the tenor drum so skillfully while grim-visaged war was delineated on his every feature. Well do I remember with what feelings of mingled awe and admiration I gazed upon him as he marched along in all the glory of his position, and how my boyish ambition coveted the attainment, in the distant future, of his fame, skill and uniform. To reach such a point in military greatness seemed to me to be the consummation of human glory, and I determined to attain it or perish in the attempt. But, alas, while ambition urged me on, ability lagged behind, and I never reached the goal.

DESCRIPTION OF VARIOUS COMPANIES.

The Cussawago wore a neat uniform, consisting of a green hunting frock, and leggings fringed with yellow, a light wool hat or cap with a short yellow plume and a black leather belt, in which was hung a tomahawk and scalping knife. Suspended by a strap from the shoulders was a

powder horn, so thin and transparent that its contents could be distinctly seen. A bullet pouch and charger completed their equipment.

Each member of the company carried a long American rifle, the pride of its owner, with which their skill was such that they could hit a squirrel's head on the top of the highest forest tree. The members of this company were farmers, well skilled in the wood craft of those early days, and would have been formidable adversaries to the trained troops of France or England. It was such men as these that gave Lexington and Bunker Hill their renown, and wrested our forests from savagery and wild beasts. Every bullet forced by sturdy hands into those long, slender iron tubes was a death warrant, and every man who carried them was skilled in its execution.

The Sægertown company presented a neat and soldier-like appearance. Their uniform consisted of white pants, black swallow tailed coats and white belts sustaining cartridge box and bayonet sheath, black fur plug hats on the side of which was fastened a white cockade, in the center of which was a ten cent piece. Well do I remember how my boyish avarice coveted the wealth thus publicly displayed. They carried muskets, which were supplied to the troops from the government arsenal, situated where the North Ward school house now stands.

Next on the roll of fame, of the ancient military of Crawford County, was the Meadville Dragoons. Here my pen fails me in an attempt to accurately describe the gorgeous equipments of this celebrated body of warriors, or their martial appearance on days of parade. Their coats and pants were of steel gray, the former glittering with globular buttons of brass, their leather helmets surmounted

with a crest of horse hair that hung down their backs to the crupper of the saddle, affording a complete protection against invidious sword cuts from an enemy in the rear; their ponderous swords of polished iron like that of Sir Hudebras—

> With basket hilts that would hold broth,
> And serve for fight and dinner both;
> In which could be melted lead for bullets,
> To shoot at foes and, sometimes, pullets.

With holster pistols with flint locks and bores the size of small artillery, dangerous weapons to the troopers themselves, what must they have been to an advancing foe? The horses were of all colors, size and sex, from the mustang to the plow horse, or the high-stepping, blooded charger to those that "were without pride of ancestry, or hope of posterity."

I well remember one June morning, a member of the company appeared on parade with a maternal dam and her playful offspring. The juvenile steed, somewhat uninterested with the military evolutions of the company, was promptly ordered under guard by the captain. The mother and son were accordingly led to the stable of the Crawford House, at that time the fashionable hotel of the place, the colt (against loud maternal protests) was confined in a vacant stall and the mother and rider took their place at the head of the column near the band, a "single bugler." The order, "forward, march! music!" was given, the column started across the public square, the band blew an inspiring blast, in which the disconsolate mother thought she recognized the plaintive appeals of her imprisoned offspring and answered with an affectionate response that completely drowned the bugler's cheering notes. A halt was

called and the owner of the mother and colt was ordered out of the ranks, whereupon he refused to go in a style of language highly ornamental. For the balance of the day the deceptive notes continued to mislead the maternal mind and were affectionately answered by the bereaved mother. From that time the company was known as the "Meadville Stock Raising Dragoons."

Of all the volunteer companies of those early days none were more patriotic than the Meadville Dragoons. Afterwards, in 1845, when the war cry "54–40 or fight," resounded over our land, I was orderly sergeant of the company, very young in years but aged in military ambition. Well I remember how the cry fired the hearts of the Dragoons. Our swords almost leaped from their scabbards with patriotic zeal. Our pistols rattled in their holsters with an ominous, warlike sound, while every horse hair on the crest of our helmets "bristled on end like the quills of a fretful porcupine." We all regretted when the white hand of peace smoothed war's frowning face and corrugated brow, and continued to regret until the news came that war had been declared against Mexico, when the Meadville Dragoons suddenly disbanded. "*Sic transit, gloria mundi.*"

There were several fragmentary portions of other uniformed companies at that time that seemed to be fossiliferous remains of past ages. Their uniforms were diversified and unique, but were generally composed of the ordinary holiday suits of the farmers ornamented with white belts and colored scarfs. I remember the fragment of a company called the "Washington Guards." The only distinctive feature that remains in my recollection was a large shield of painted tin in front of their hats. They were

kept in place by red cords passing through holes in the top and bottom of the shields and around the hat crown, where they were tied in a bow with pendant tassels. The front of the shields were ornamented with the letters W. G. in yellow. There was also a company called the Greenwood Rifles, with a uniform similar to the Cussawago Rifles. A company called the Liberty Guards, from Blooming Valley, mustered in numbers. Their members were expert with their rifles, their uniform hunting frocks and leggings well suited to the times and forest warfare.

The Meadville Artillery, commanded by Capt. Samuel Doud, was a formidable array of twenty-five or more veterans, uniformed in gray coats and white pants. Their gun was a brass six-pound cannon, with a "vent" almost as capacious as the muzzle, rendering the feat of spiking it one of great difficulty, unless a cannon ball was used. The company was very popular with young pioneer America of that day.

But, oh! the gathering of the militia, or "flood wood" as they were sometimes called. The "Diamond" was the parade ground, and all that time it was a sea of dust, whose surface was as restless under the summer's wind as the ocean's waters in a storm. Promptly at 10 o'clock a. m. the citizen soldiers were called to arms. These arms usually consisted of old shot-guns, dilapidated muskets, rifles and bean poles. The line was formed three deep, and extended from end to end of the Public Square. After a short practice in the manual of arms the soldiers were put through a system of evolutions that must have been copied from a western cyclone. This continued an hour or two, when the line was again formed and the inspection of arms took place. While the brigade inspector passed along in front

of the men, numerous bottles of liquid refreshments were surrepticiously passed from hand to hand in the rear, and when the final order, "Break ranks, dismissed," was given, a more happy and "inspirited" army of men never rallied under the flag of any nation. It was a day long to be remembered. And what citizen of our county who has almost reached the allotted period of human life does not recollect the relish with which we boys feasted on "general training days" on a quarter section of good old Jacob Fleury's ginger bread, washed down with that "nectar" fit for the gods—a bottle of small beer—and how anxiously we longed from month to month, from week to week, and finally from day to day, for a return of those, the happiest days of our boyish life, and how we sorrowed when a cruel, malicious Legislature, by one fell swoop, repealed the militia law and made us miserable forever.

> "Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser's care;
> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

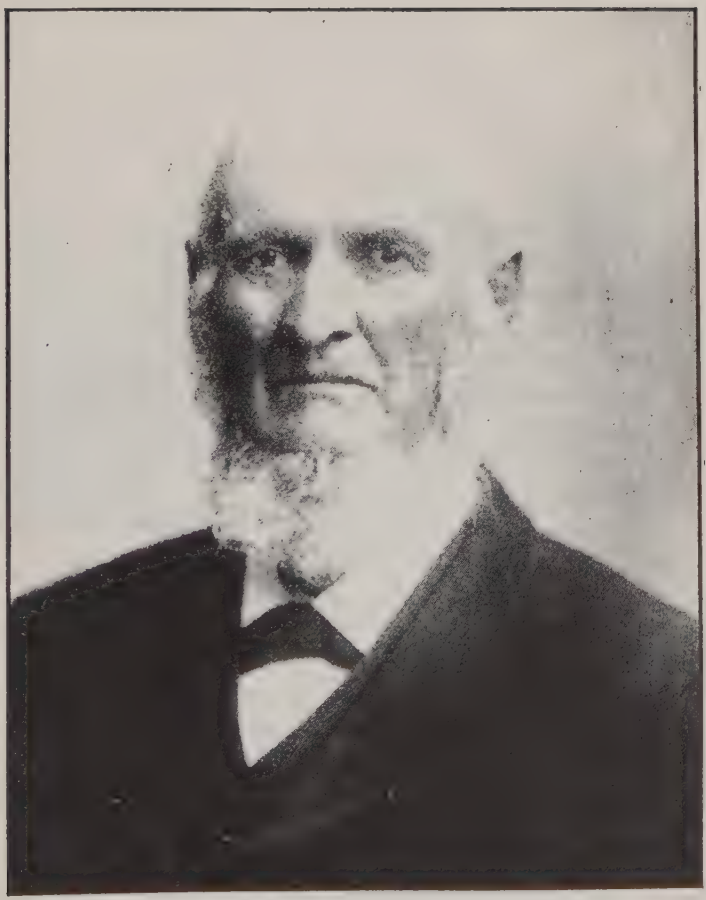
Yes, general training days are no more. Long, long years ago those bright green oasis in the desert of life were covered with the drifting sands of passing events. Most of the men who then answered their country's call "to arms" are no more, and it matters not how fantastic were the uniforms they wore, for

> "The clothes are but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the goud for a that."

They were true soldiers in the best sense of the word, inured to hardship, brave, independent and patriotic. They were ever to be relied upon when danger threatened either their neighbors or the country. Kindly to each other and

hospitable to strangers, they were honest and truthful, always to be trusted as friends and to be feared as foes. They were in fact the germs of a great people sown in the virgin forests of a new world, and from which has been propagated a great nation, whose institutions will eventually mould and model the future governments of the earth.

A nobler race of men than the early pioneer soldiery of America never lived. Alone with the Creator in the sublime forest temple, they were naturally reverential and religious. The evening prayer daily ascended from many a rude cabin in the wilderness, while the family Bible was read at every fireside. They prayed on the eve of battle, yet took good care to keep their powder dry. Theirs was faith with works, and the result is a nation of freemen, Christian people who acknowledge no supremacy on earth, and no sovereign but Him whose throne is on high.—*Notes, A. B. Richmond.*



ALFRED SARGENT.

CHAPTER XII.

PIONEER SKETCH OF ALFRED SARGENT.

[Delivered on the 86th anniversary of Alfred Sargent, at Ashtabula, Ohio, by M. P Sargent, March 13th, 1889.]

THE SUBJECT of this occasion calls for something during a long period of time, running back in generations to the primitive days of the Pioneer of this country, and would admit of extended and appropriate remarks, but for that you will have to look to some one more capable than I. A brief statement with some incidents is all I shall attempt.

Our paternal ancestor, Alfred Sargent, was born at Cincinnatus, Cortland County, N. Y., A. D. 1804. At the age of 14, A. D. 1818, he, with his parents and the rest of the family, emigrated to the Western Reserve, then called the Far West, and finally settled near the Conneaut Creek, on what is now called the Elijah Thomas place. Soon thereafter he and the family removed onto lands of the Huidekoper–Holland patent in Spring township, Crawford County, Pa., at which place, and in the immediate vicinity, he has since lived, except the last fourteen years.

Alfred Sargent was married A. D. 1831 to Maria Phelps, with whom he lived forty-two years. She died at the age of sixty-four after a very busy and industrious life. She was the noble mother, housekeeper and seamstress,

plying the needle, with the use of the midnight oil, to make garments for the family, and to cut and make coats, vests and pants for hired men. It was wonderful how that mother worked to help along to raise her family and to aid in paying for and to clean up the lands.

Too great a tribute we cannot pay to the Pioneer mothers of this country—

She is gone, let her calmly repose
From her hard labors herself best knows.

Our paternal ancestors also had to prepare for the fray;
To fell and to clear the trees away.
To take, as it were, the bull right by the horn,
That they might raise a few pecks of eight-rowed corn.

The uplifted axe down through the roots into the ground,
To cut away, that mother earth might there be found.
To propagate the seed, did the Pioneer Invincibles
Live and work, upon first principles.

To this union seven children were born; three of them, Martin, Electa and Adelaide, are present; Cornelia, Elizabeth, Edwin and Leononia, got through the trials of this life at quite an early age, and have gone where no traveler returns.

Yet onward marches the ever rolling tide,
Its eternal mandates we must abide;
Nor stop to gaze upon the moving throng,
As we to the Golden Gates are marching on.

Of this family there are represented here to-day two lines of three generations and one line of four generations, viz., Alfred Sargent, Electa and Frank, Paul, Addie, Willie and Ina Cheeseman, and Alfred Sargent, Martin, James, Dayton and Fred W. Sargent.

Two brothers, Charles and Anson, and three sisters, Nancy, Polly and Betsy, accompanied him to this new

land, who in the course of nature, have passed from earth. Betsy, the youngest, died of lung fever soon after settling in this new country. Smallpox having come into the family, her mother knowing she had not been vaccinated for smallpox, took up her abode in a log cabin on the Fleming lot, over a mile away in the woods, for six weeks, with no one to bear her company except the hideous nightly howling of the wolves. A messenger, however, was daily sent within hallowing distance to exchange a quarantine health report. This plucky veteran lady of the log cabin in the woods, Mary Sargent, was born at Oxford, Massachusetts, A. D. 1763, and lived to the age of 85 years. Captain Phineas Sargent, husband and father, than whom no stronger man, physically, in the country, was born at Worcester, Mass., A. D. 1765, and lived to the age of 86 years. The other sisters and brothers, except Anson, lived to old age, from 75 to 83 years.

To this new El Dorado others began to settle in: John and Oliver Woodard, Daniel Sturtevant and Harry Wells, later Wm. McCoy, Eri and Elijah Thomas, Porter Skeels, David, Albert and Isaac Hurd, Chris. Cross, Samuel Brainerd, Daniel Waters, John Curtis, Wm. Cornell, Chester Morley, George and Harry Nicholson, John Gillette, Obed Wells, John Vaughn, Wm. Tucker, Jesse Church, Watkin, Howell and David Powell, Thomas and Elisha Bowman, Luman and Elund Sturtevant, and others. The work of clearing up commenced in earnest. The hands of these sturdy pioneers made the primeval forest yield to the light of day, and a fair independence to be derived from future cultivated fields.

"The music of the woodman's axe resounded through the land,
But to make that music took muscle and a willing hand."

Out of all that number of Pioneers you now can see
Remaining on earth only three.
Alfred Sargent, the youngest, is eighty-five,
Few at that age are found vigorous and alive.
The next is John Woodward—ninety-two;
People living at that age are very few.
Isaac Hurd has scored the wondrous ninety-five,
From all that number the oldest man alive;
As these veterans pencil on the scroll of time,
'Tis a long mark, beautiful, grand, sublime.

The privations of the pioneer were numerous, notwithstanding all stages of life have their enjoyments and quaint incidents.

Geo. Nicholson, a quaint old soul, had a small debt against Wm. Tucker, and accordingly he one day called on Mr. T. to collect the same. Grinning while he turned around, Mr. Tucker discovered a piece of white muslin protruding from the seat of George's trousers and he exclaimed, "Mr. Nicholson, you have got a letter in the post-office." "I know that," said George, "and if you will pay me what you owe me I can take it out."

It took 25 cents to pay postage on a letter in those days and people had to resort to novel means to raise the necessary amount to pay postage on a single letter.

Oliver Woodard saw no way out of the dilemma except to tackle a five-foot chestnut tree which took him all day to fell and gather three pecks of chestnuts to sell to pay postage on a letter. The sale of three pecks of chestnuts to-day would buy postage stamps to write him down the ages.

Timber was cut and rolled into log heaps and burned into ashes and manufactured into black salts and hauled 20 miles over corduroy roads to Conneaut, Ohio, to get a few dollars to pay taxes and make payments on land purchase.

The rapacious wolf was rather an expensive luxury to the pioneer. Alfred and Anson Sargent had a flock of sheep, and on one cool, crisp night, the wolves with sharpened teeth and thirsty stomachs, came down upon them and sucked the life blood from the throats of 28 of the flock, which lay near the road on the little hillside near Porter Skeel's line.

The people had to go on foot through the woods four to six miles to a salt well on the Crossingville Road, where salt was manufactured, and carry home on their backs half a bushel or more of the precious article. Daniel Sturtevant, while doing this, got belated one night. The wolves overtook him and he had to climb a tree. The wolves howled and gnawed away at the tree until near morning, when his neighbors rescued him from his cool and lofty perch. Daniel said could he have got a handfull of his salt he would have sprinkled it on their tails and got them into a more friendly submission.

Such and other like scenes tried men's souls, their lamb chops and their staying qualities. But the woodman's axe and the click of the trap and the hunter's rifle in time swept the wolf from the land, except that wolf in sheep's clothing, who still lingers in the land, a living curse to generations yet unborn.

The flax brake at the barn and the hum of the spinning wheel at the house were everywhere heard in the land.

The earliest pioneer of this county had to go to Pittsburg to get his corn ground. Later, I have started many a time at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning on horseback with a grist of corn or wheat to get in first at the old Jenks mill on Conneaut Creek, to get my grist ground. On sev-

eral occasions have had to wait all day. True, the nether mill stone would turn round, but so slow you could count each kernel of corn as into it dropped.

At length the day of internal improvements began. The Erie & Pittsburg Canal was built, which brought joy and a home market to the people for many of the products of the country.

The Lake Shore Railroad was built and astonished the later day inhabitants with awe and wonder.

George Terrill, who had never seen a railroad, thought he would test its wonderful velocity, and accordingly he and his wife Nancy started one morning early from Springtown and went to North Springfield station, and there waited for the cars to take them on a visit to York State. After waiting long and growing impatient, he paced up and down the platform, with hands folded across his back under his swallow-tail coat, and exclaimed "Mr. Railroad Agent, how long before will the railroad start?" "When the cars come, in about two hours," the agent replied.

Next came the Telegraph, awakening a great sensation among the people, and the invincible old lady appeared on the scene, who exclaimed, "I'm so glad the telegraph has come; I'll go down to Vermont to see my sister now, who I haint seen for forty years."

A new era in most kinds of improvements throughout all the land sprung like magic into existence. Improvements most marvelous have been witnessed from centre to circumference all over the globe during the last half of a century.

> The power of steam, of skill and science,
> Stands to-day America's proud defiance.

Our paternal ancestor has lived to see the creation of all these scenes and improvements through a longer period of time than will perhaps any of us present. He has lived to cast a vote for John Quincy Adams, and at every Presidential election down to Benjamin Harrison. His political creed was that of a Henry Clay Whig and an Abraham Lincoln Republican.

Unflinchingly he has firmly stood in those ranks,
From the heat of the great Whig and Democratic
Chaldrons, on the Missouri Compromise to date,
Down to the boom of Harrison's thunder in 1888.
We'll keep Old England on her side of the ditch,
And teach her how to twist her British lion's tail,
And how to get up a more appropriate sail,
For spoils and for low wages,
Off into the dark ages,
Of central Africa or farther India.

In taking a retrospect of the political history of this country from 1798 to 1828, '30, '32, '40, '54 and 1860, he can congratulate himself with a feeling of loyalty and American patriotism, that he never voted for the men or measures who several times have sought for the dissolution and the destruction of this great country.

Eighty-five years, a long period of time—over four score
And you appear to be good for several years more.
A grander sight to look upon we never can
Than a well-preserved, aged woman or a man.

CHAPTER XIII.

ERIE CITY.

ERIE IS situated on the south bank of the beautiful bay of Presque Isle and was first settled or occupied by the Indians in centuries past. Of their origin we have but a meager record. But it is a characteristic of the Indian to settle upon the most favorable spots of the earth, on the shores of a bay or lake, or in some prolific valley on the bank of a river. And so it was here, on this beautiful site where Erie now stands, that Seth Reed, one of the Pioneers of Erie, so successfully and profitably treated the Indians to fire water, which was his first cargo (one barrel of whisky.) He hauled it from Buffalo, over the ice on Lake Erie, on a hand sled. It was his capital in trade, and with it he laid the foundation to his collossal fortune.

At this date Erie was sparsely settled by the white man. Among its first white settlers were Seth Reed, P. S. V. Hammot, French, Judah Colt and others. In the course of a few years emigration from the eastern states to this point, (called the Far West) briskly set in and the shores along Lake Erie were soon dotted by the cabins of the white settlers. The primeval forest was hewn down, the majestic and the valuable oak, the chestnut, the poplar and the ash, the walnut and the cherry, all alike went into the pioneer log roller's common pile to feed the thousand fires at night, only to illuminate the country and to make black salts from

its ashes. Yet this valuable timber was considered a nuisance and must be cleared out of the way.

This was taking the bull by the horn,
That they might raise a few pecks of eight-rowed corn.

In many places to-day these valuable trees would be worth five times as much as the ground on which they stood. The first thing essential however, with the pioneer settler, was to raise his bread, and when the timber was cleared off he soon found himself in possession of an acreage of grain and grass fields, enabling him to raise horses and cattle.

At that day Philadelphia was the market. The sagacious Seth Reed, who by this time had accumulated considerable wealth in his fire water, fur, real estate and other commercial pursuits, was prepared to buy cattle, which were cheap. On one occasion his son Charles was sent with a drove of cattle to the Philadelphia market and when over the Alleghenies he was informed by a drover that the cattle market in Philadelphia was flat. Young Reed returned with his drove to Erie and reported he heard there was no market. His father turned him back with the enjoinder not to stop short of Philadelphia, which was done and he found a good market for the sale of his drove.

Supplies of all sorts were mostly freighted in wagons from Pittsburg and Philadelphia. Years later the Erie Canal was built, which opened up a commerce between New York City and Buffalo, and the great chain of lakes, and numerous vessels, particularly the white winged messengers, soon dotted our lakes, and were followed by steam boats, which gave a new impulse and a lively business to Presque Isle Bay, also Conneaut, Ashtabula, Fairport, Cleveland and to all the harbors along the chain of the

Great Lakes, affording at that time a great improvement in travel to the tourist. Yet the crack of the stage driver's whip an hundred times was heard on a trip of five miles from Erie to Willis' Tavern.

> But the good old stage coach has gone from our land;
> The flying crack of the whip from the driver's hand,
> As he flung out his braid for a fly on the lead horse's ear,
> All for his amusement and his load of travelers.

In 1840 the Erie & Pittsburg Canal was built, which greatly improved the business and the growth of Erie and opened up a market for many country commodities which hitherto had lain dormant. The building of this canal seemed to be a herculean task. The job through the quicksand at the Summit, Crawford county, it seemed, could only be accomplished by the plucky, invincible M. B. Lowry, who later was a conspicuous figure for the people in the Erie Railroad war, and will be long remembered by the people of Erie and Crawford counties, also in both houses of the Legislature at Harrisburg, Pa.

In 1870 Erie established a Board of Trade. Its members went to work with a will and caused to be established many prominent manufactories, which doubled the city's population in ten years, and to-day Erie is a solid town of 42,455 inhabitants.

Near the north shore of Erie's beautiful bay lies sunk the trophies of Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie, the British fleet, Queen Charlotte and other vessels. This, as the reader is familiar, was at the battle near Put In Bay on Lake Erie, September 10th, 1812, the American fleet commanded by Commodore Perry—the last brush with Great Britain and it will probably be the last one with her Majesty's Highness.

JUDAH COLT

An incident is related of Judah Colt, when a young man and traveling through Herkimer County, New York. When near Praker's Bridge, he was stopped by Col. Praker, who said to the young man Colt that he must not travel on Sunday; that it was his duty to arrest him if he (Colt) attempted to pursue his journey.

"Well," said Colt, "If I have to stop, I must; but I would like to get on three or four miles further to some friends, where I expect to stop, as I am about to be taken down with the smallpox, and I already feel symptoms of its coming on."

"What!" said the old Dutchman, "you coming down mit de smallpox?"

"Yes."

"Vall, den, you must not stop here."

"Then you 'll have to give me a pass."

"Yes; but I write no English. You shust write de pass in English and I signs it in German."

Thereupon the material was produced and Colt wrote a check for one thousand dollars and Praker signed it. The next morning Colt presented the check at the bank, which was promptly paid, and then Colt resumed his journey onward to Erie, Pa.

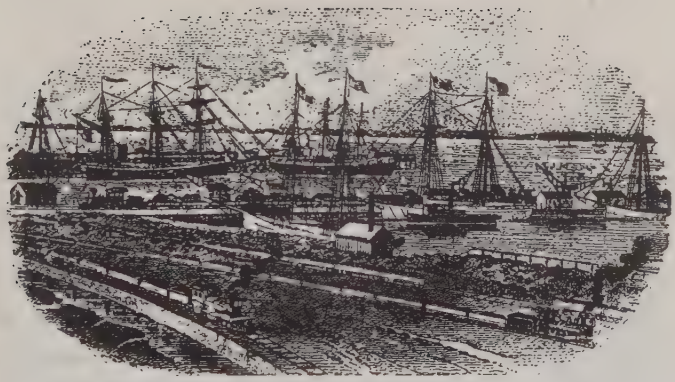
Some two or three weeks later Praker went to town, and the banker said, "Mr. Praker, we paid your check some days ago for $1,000." "My check for $1,000! I does not know about that." "Come in, it will show for itself." The check was produced, Praker scrutinized it and finally exclaimed, "I see, it be that d——d Yankee smallpox pass!"

At that day there were no telegraphs or railroads, and Colt was unmolested.

And onward this Colt travels for Erie,
Through forest, o'er hill, valley and stream, not weary.
But this man Colt was a sharp undertaker,
In playing his smallpox game with Dutch Praker.

$1,000 was a big fortune at that day,
$1.25 per acre for land to pay.
Across the State line into Pennsylvania he crosses,
At Erie he stops to raise young *Colts* and hosses.

Large streams from little fountains flow,
From this $1,000 *rich* Colt did grow.
It has been said, and it must be so,
That there are *tricks* in trades, you know.



ERIE & PITTSBURG DOCKS.

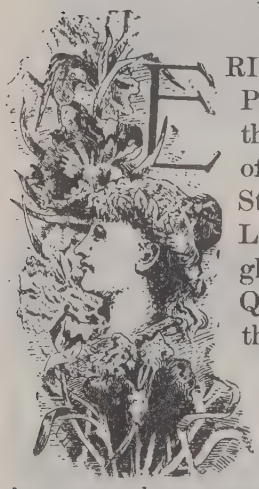
MASSASSAUGA POINT. WAYNE MONUMENT. WATER WORKS.

CHAPTER XIV.

ERIE CITY.

Its Early History and Subsequent Progress—1626 to 1888.

By Thomas Hanlon.



ERIE is situated on the site of the ancient Presque Ise Fort and French village of the same name. Presque Isle was one of a chain of forts extending along the St. Lawrence and south shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, and the Allegheny River from Quebec to Fort Du-Quesne (now Pittsburg) connecting the the French possessions in Canada with their territory on the Mississippi.

PRE-HISTORIC REMAINS.

Excavations in various parts of the county have unearthed the remains of a mammoth race of whom no history now exists except what is based apon mere conjecture. Human bones in large quantities have been unearthed on the line of the P. & E. R. R., through the Warfel Farm (one of which indicated a height of nine feet,) and on the corner of Twenty-sixth and Holland Streets, which is probably part of an ancient cemetery discovered in 1820, south of Twenty-sixth Street, near Holland Street, and which created a sensation at that time.

In excavating for the E. & P. R. R. line to the Harbor, a mass of human bones was found at the crossing of what was known as the "Green Garden Road," west of the city. The skulls were flattened and the foreheads were only about an inch in width, contrasting unfavorably with the remains found in other parts of Erie county. The bodies were in a sitting posture, but thrown together so promiscuously as to lead to the belief that they were the victims of some terrible battle, fought at a period so remote that not even a dim tradition of the event has been preserved.

Curious mounds and circular embankments have been found in various parts of Erie county, many of which still survive the levelings of civilization. A mound opened at Manchester was found to contain decomposed bones. One of these circles of raised earth above referred to may be seen at the Four Mile Creek southeast of the big curve of the P. & E. R. R., and another in Wayne township between Corry and Elgin, several feet in height, enclosing three acres, and surrounded by a trench.

Similar circles and mounds exist now or did exist in Fairview, Girard, Conneaut, Springfield, LeBœuf and Venango townships. The formation and makeup of these landmarks leave no room for doubt that they are the work of human hands. A faint idea of their antiquity may be formed from the age of timber found growing upon them. A tree has been cut on one of the Conneaut embankments which had attained the age of 500 years.

Our knowledge of the character, habits and aims of the North American Indians justifies the belief that the intellectual progress unfolded to our view by a study of the cold reality of the past is not to be credited to the Red Man.

Skeletons of extinct species of animals have also frequently been found in this vicinity.

In 1825, Francis Carnahan, in Harborcreek township, on the shore of the lake, plowed up what upon competent archæological investigation proved to be one of the celebrated "Chorean Beads," known only as existing in ancient Egypt. Similar beads have been found in the tombs of the Nile. They were employed in worship and worn as amulets and constituted some of the most cherished possessions of ancient people of Pharaoh. A few of these beads are in the great museums of antiquity in Europe, and one in New York and one in Boston Museum.

The last that is known of the one found here, it was in possession of L. G. Olmstead, LL. D., of Fort Edward, N.Y.

If genuine, where did it come from, and what is its history?

These and many other evidences of pre-historic development, which cannot be here enumerated or explained, seem to convince us that the Indians as we know them, or as our fathers knew them, were not the original possessors of the south shore of Lake Erie. This theory is strengthened by the undisputed marks of a former civilization imprinted at various points in the United States and Canada.

Every instinct of the mind impels the belief that these relics of the past, these telltales of antiquity, are the remains of a race of men, anterior and superior to the Indians, who disappeared so completely and so mysteriously that neither history nor tradition furnishes a trace of their origin, their numbers, their habits, their character or their destiny. Who they were, where they came from, and what became of them, remains an unsolved problem.

OUTLINES OF EARLY HISTORY.

The earliest history extant finds Presque Isle in possession of a tribe of Indians known as the Eriez or Kah-Kwahs, and called by the French "the Neutral Nation." They seem to have been an intellectual race. The Eriez were visited by French missionaries in 1626, and in 1630 by Joncarie, a French Indian agent. The Eriez were exterminated in battle about the year 1650 by the Iroquois, or Six Nations, of whom the Senecas were in possession of Presque Isle in 1740, when the French and English commenced their struggle for the acquisition of the territory. The French obtained the mastery, and in 1753 sent out an army of 250 men, under command of Sieur Marin, from Montreal to Presque Isle, where they built and garrisoned a fort and established a base of supplies by means of a portage road to Fort LeBœuf, (now Waterford), and thence by French Creek to the Allegheny. At this time General DuQuesne, French commander at Montreal, in a letter to the French minister in Paris, described Presque Isle as a "harbor which the largest vessels can enter loaded and be in perfect safety, the finest spot in nature a bark can safely enter." Presque Isle Fort and road, (which run south on the line of Parade Street), were completed August 3, 1753.

The fort was 120 feet long, two stories high, with a log house in each corner, and gates at the north and south sides, and built of chestnut logs, on the west bank of Mill Creek, something over 100 yards from its mouth, adjoining the ground now occupied by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. The remains of this French fort, built in 1753, are described in an official report of Captain Denny, Commander at Fort LeBoeuf in 1795, as being a regular pentagon, with parapet not exceeding five feet; that the stone

walls of the magazine were then standing and could be successfully repaired, and the well made fit for use.

The ruins of this fortification were plainly visible twenty-five years ago, and citizens of the city who played around there in boyhood and who are still young men, are able to identify from memory almost the exact location described in history. The stone foundations of this fort were removed in June, 1888, by Messrs. Paradine & McCarty, whose brick-yard is located near by; twenty musket barrels, bayonets, etc., were found in the north end. The foundation was three feet deep, and the original hard clay floor was covered with ashes under three feet of clay.

There was at this period a French village of more than 100 families, a grist mill, a Catholic priest and a school master, on the east bank of Mill Creek. They cleared land and cultivated cornfields. The village appears to have been abandoned after a few years' experiment, as it was not in existence in 1758.

The abandonment of this village may be attributed to smallpox, which appeared there about 1756.

In the year 1753 George Washington, then 21 years old, visited this section as a representative of the British Government for the purpose of formally notifying the French to discontinue the fortification of Presque Isle and LeBœuf. St. Pierre, the French commander at Fort LeBœuf, refused to comply with the notice, and Washington returned without visiting Presque Isle.

In 1757–8 the British captured several forts and French supremacy began to wane. In 1758 the garrison at Presque Isle had become reduced to two officers, thirty-two white soldiers and ten Indians. British success continued, Niag-

ara had fallen, and the French evacuated Presque Isle in 1759. It was occupied by the British in 1760, who continued to garrison it until 1763.

THE PONTIAC CONSPIRACY.

The Indians who had previously been allied with the French did not take lovingly to their change of masters, and while seemingly reconciled to English domination they conspired, under the leadership of the Ottawa Chief Pontiac, to overthrow British authority in the west.

Pontiac's "plan of campaign" against the British was while professing friendship to secretly form a union of all the tribes west of the Alleghenies, including the Six Nations, for concerted action. This he accomplished with remarkable skill.

This combination was so vast, its ramifications were so extensive, and its mode of operations so practical as to cast in the shade all previous efforts at Indian warfare.

In 1763 they had planned and executed a simultaneous attack upon all frontier posts, capturing Presque Isle and eight of the twelve other forts held by the British. Ensign Cristie commanded the British at Presque Isle, the garrison was surprised, the assault on the fortifications continued two days. The garrison surrendered June 22, 1763, after a heroic resistance.

Parkman, the historian, says: "There had been hot fighting before Presque Isle was taken; could courage have saved it, it never would have fallen." The prisoners were sent to Detroit and soon after escaped. Some writers assert that the garrison was massacred and only two escaped, but this assertion is not borne out by the most reliable historians on the subject.

August 12, 1764, a British army of 3,000, returning from Detroit, commanded by Bradstreet, landed at Presque Isle in canoes and made a treaty with the Indians.

From this time until the close of the Revolutionary War very little history was made at Presque Isle, and the "noble red men" roamed undisturbed along the shores of Lake Erie, the English control being merely nominal.

By the treaty of 1783, England yielded to the United States all claims to the western country, but notwithstanding this fact Presque Isle continued to be garrisoned by the British in 1785 in violation of said treaty, and was so complained of by Mr. Adams, the American Minister at London, to the English Secretary of State.

The British had won the confidence of the Indians and hoped through their aid and by retaining their western garrisons to harass the infant republic and eventually regain possession of their lost territory. Presque Isle was considered an important military point and was the last fort west of Niagara to be evacuated by the British.

The American occupation at Presque Isle commenced in 1785, but it was ten years later before their authority became supreme.

The last reported Indian outrage at Presque Isle was the scalping of Ralph Rutledge and his son, May 29, 1795, at the present site of the Wilson House, which was then two miles from the settlement. Ralph Rutledge was buried near the place of his murder, and the son was the first white man buried in Waterford.

The ruins apparently of a brick fort were visible on on the east end of the Peninsula in 1795.

The Peninsula was an island from 1833 to 1864. The breach at the neck was, in 1835, nearly a mile wide.

Iron ore was mined for several years near the "Head," and extensively used in the furnaces of Vincent, Himrod & Co.

THE TRIANGLE.

The northern part of Erie county, including the city of Erie, has long been known as the triangle. The triangle, as such, came into existence in this way: The charter of New York defined its western boundary as extending southerly on a line drawn from the western extremity of Lake Ontario to the 42d degree of north latitude or northern boundary of Pennsylvania. The point of intersection of these lines was supposed to be in Lake Erie, west of Presque Isle, thereby including this territory in the New York grant.

This theory proved to be erroneous, the actual survey making the line run twenty miles east of Presque Isle, leaving a triangular tract west of New York and north of Pennsylvania, to which neither State had the shadow of a title, being beyond their chartered jurisdiction, but each coveted the prize. Massachusetts and Connecticut also each claimed the triangle, under grants from Queen Anne, and it virtually became a No Man's Land. New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut released their claims to the United States government, from which Pennsylvania purchased the triangle March 3, 1792, for $151,640.29, being 75 cents per acre. The transfer was signed by George Washington, President, and Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State.

The Indian title was extinguished for a little less than $2,000.

THE WESTERN RESERVE.

Connecticut's original chartered rights embraced England's title to all the territory in the latitude of Connecticut and Massachusetts from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The distance from ocean to ocean was at that time believed to be less than 1,000 miles.

In releasing her title to the triangle, Connecticut reserved for her own benefit that northeastern part of Ohio, lying between Pennsylvania and Lake Erie, hence the name "Western Reserve."

LAYING OUT THE TOWN.

On April 8, 1792, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an Act providing for the laying out of a town at Presque Isle, and for a military force for frontier service. The project was vigorously opposed by the Indians, backed by British influence. The Indians in council assembled at Buffalo, July 4, 1794, resolved to prevent by force the garrisoning of Presque Isle by the Americans. Anticipating resistance, General Knox, Secretary of War under President Washington, directed a suspension of operations.

The State authorities protested, insisting that their capacity was ample to preserve order at Presque Isle. Upon the advice of Cornplanter, the Seneca chief, the Indians withdrew their opposition. Another Act was passed in 1795, under which the town was laid out and received the name it now bears. In that year Captain Russell Bissell arrived with 200 men from Wayne's army. They erected two block houses that year and a saw mill in 1796.

General Anthony Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, died in one of these block houses December 15, 1796, and

was, by his own request, buried under the flagstaff, where his body remained until 1809, when it was exhumed by his son, Colonel Wayne, and Dr. Wallace, the General's physician, and the bones removed to his former home near Philadelphia. A portion of the remains were returned to the coffin in the original grave on Garrison Hill, where they remained until discovered by Dr. Germer, ten years ago, about 200 feet southwest of the present block house. Portions of the lid of the coffin were found, on which the following inscription appears, the letters being formed with copper headed nails viz.: "A. W.—OB Dec. 15, 1796." Two case knives and a few bones were also found in the grave.

The new block house was built in 1880 as a monument to General Wayne, in order to fittingly mark the spot at which was closed his earthly career than which none was more brilliant in the annals of American history.

Colonel Reed, great-grandfather of Hon. Charles M. Reed, arrived with his wife in a sail boat July 1, 1795. They camped on the Peninsula the first night. Their campfire was seen from the garrison, who, thinking it to have been lighted by an invading army, made preparations to resist an attack.

Colonel Reed built a log house near the block houses. Other white settlers having arrived, a public house became a necessity. He converted his dwelling into a public house and hung out his shingle, "Presque Isle Hotel." He erected a larger building the next year, moved to Walnut Creek, leaving his son Rufus S. to continue the business, which, under his able management, soon expanded to gigantic proportions and included general merchandise, grist mills, trading with the Indians, lake commerce, etc., etc.

The first vessel built in Erie was the Washington, in 1797. Immigration had set in, a little settlement was formed, supply depots were opened, wharves were constructed, and business became active.

The first newspaper in Erie was the *Mirror*, published in 1808, by George Wyeth.

Erie was incorporated as a town in 1805, as a borough in 1833, and as a city in 1851. The first council convened May 5, 1806. The limits, which were originally one mile square, were extended in 1834, in 1848, and again in 1870. Erie was governed by a burgess and one branch of council until 1851, since then by a mayor, select and common councils. The plan of the city is excellent, the streets are wide, cutting each other at right angles, with very few exceptions, with public parks at convenient distances.

THE WAR OF 1812–13.

When war was declared with Great Britain in 1812, Erie expected an invasion. Its citizens organized into a company of minute men, constructed and garrisoned a block house, which was still standing in 1853. In Erie Perry's fleet was built, with unparalleled celerity, that won the battle of Lake Erie. From here the fleet sailed for action, and to Erie returned with the captured squadron of the enemy.

The two block houses and fortifications built in 1796 were in ruins in 1813 when the block house of that year was erected. Another block house was built at Crystal Point the same year to defend the entrance to the harbor.

The Garrison Tract was the camping ground of the Pennsylvania militia in 1812–13.

Here, in 1813, while the British fleet was drawn up in front of the harbor intent on destroying Perry's fleet, in course of construction at the foot of Sassafras and Cascade Streets, and at a time when "Britannia ruled the waves" on ocean and lake, 2,500 soldiers were encamped on these grounds. They had cannon mounted, and such military display and military strength were here developed as to forebode disaster, should an entrance to the harbor be attempted. The Britons, conscious that no picnic awaited them here, hoisted their top-sails and retreated to more congenial waters.

The subsequent events, the completion of Perry's fleet, with the Lawrence to lead; the battle of Lake Erie, the defeat and surrender of the British fleet on the lakes, commanded by Barclay, who fought with Nelson at Trafalgar; the downfall of English supremacy on the inland waters of America; the triumphal return to Erie, October 23, 1813, with the captured vessels and crews landing at the foot of French Street, amid the booming of cannon and the wildest demonstrations of joy, with Perry the hero of the hour,—all these have passed into history as glorious as ever recorded.

A full description of this battle would make interesting reading, but it is too voluminous to be recounted here.

The Lawrence was made the especial target of the enemy in battle. She was riddled and shattered, but still floating in triumph the eagles of victory which perched on her masthead, and Perry had won the victory which James Madison, then President, said had "Never been surpassed in luster, however it may have been surpassed in magnitude."

Of the American vessels that participated in this battle the Porcupine, Tigress and Scorpion were built at the mouth

of Lee's Run, near Sassafras Street, and the Lawrence, Niagara and Ariel at the present site of the E. & P. R. R. docks.

The Lawrence brought the wounded of both fleets to Erie—was subsequently sunk in Misery Bay. While there a large part of the vessel was cut into walking canes, and the remainder was raised in 1876 and taken to the Centennial.

The Ariel brought General Harrison and Commodores Perry and Barclay to Erie, the latter being a prisoner of war.

The Niagara still lies sunk in Misery Bay, Erie Harbor.

In November, 1863, when the Michigan was guarding 2,000 rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island, our citizens became alarmed at a threatening invasion from Canada. Erie being named as the landing place, 600 troops, with a battery under the command of Major General Brooks, occupied the Garrison grounds, and with the aid of 1,000 citizens had entrenchments thrown up northeast of the present block house.

SCRAPS OF HISTORY.

At the beginning of the century Erie was a hamlet at the mouth of Mill Creek, on the west side, with fortifications on the east bank opposite the town. The only roads were Parade and East Sixth Streets. No other land outlet was accessible to the inhabitants.

French Erie (Presque Isle) of 1753 with 500 inhabitants, was on the east bank of the creek, with the fortifications on the west. Their relative locations had become exactly reversed when American occupation began.

Thos. Rees, who was the first justice of the peace and the first real estate agent in the township of Mead (now Erie and Crawford counties), had his office at the mouth of Mill Creek; and there in 1795 entertained the Duke de Chartres, who subsequently became Louis Phillippe, King of France.

A vessel named the Sloop Washington, of thirty-five tons, was built at the mouth of Four Mile Creek, in 1797–8.

It was Wayne's victory at the battle of "Fallen Timbers," on the Maumee River, in August, 1794, that crushed the spirit of the Indian tribes and rendered possible the settlement of Presque Isle Bay by white men.

General Lafayette visited Erie in 1825; and on the 3d of June was royally entertained at a banquet spread on tables 170 feet in length on Second Street bridge over the ravine between State and French Streets, covered by awnings made from British sails captured by Perry, and under the supervision of John Dickson. Joseph M. Sterrett commanded the military who met Lafayette outside the incipient city. The speech of welcome was delivered at the house of Daniel Dobbins, who is a conspicuous figure in the history of Erie.

The U. S. S. Michigan, the only war vessel on the lakes, was built in sections at Pittsburg and brought to Erie, part of the way in wagons. It was launched at Erie November 9th, 1843, and here its headquarters have been ever since.

When the batteries on Sullivan's Island opened fire on Fort Sumter and the War of the Rebellion had begun, Erie responded by sending four regiments into action, and the record of the bravery, the suffering, and the ultimate

achievements of those heroic men will not suffer in comparison with any in the land. Their brilliant deeds give forth a lustre to gladden the memory and to assuage the grief of the dear ones at home, whose great bereavement is the price of the nation's glory and the emancipation of its slaves.

The Garrison Grounds were laid out in 1794, "for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals and dockyards." Its peculiar shape is said to have been suggested by General Anthony Wayne. The writer was shown a mass of relics recently dug from these grounds, consisting of swords, gun barrels, cannon balls, flint locks, musket balls, military buttons, jack-knives, a human skeleton, etc., and while cutting the terrace on the east bank of Garrison Hill, the remains of the old stockade were discovered.

The first Court House erected in Erie was built in 1808, in the West Park. It was destroyed by fire, together with all its contents, March 23, 1823. It was rebuilt on same site in 1825. The bell which hung in the cupola of this Court House from 1825 to 1854 was a trophy of war, having belonged originally to the British ship Detroit, which was captured by Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie. This bell is now at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., corner Tenth and Peach Streets.

A market house was erected in the West Park in 1814, and another in the thirties. The latter was torn down in 1866, since which time the market has been held on the east side of State Street.

Erie was supplied with water through wooden logs fed by a spring, in 1841, which continued to render valuable service until 1868, when it was supplanted by the present magnificent system, furnishing an abundant supply of water

for all purposes at low rates, as well as affording a large annual revenue.

A series of large wells, sunk at convenient distances along the streets, supplied water for fire purposes in the days of Erie's infancy. Traces of these wells still exist; one at the corner of Sixth and French Streets, was used for drinking water up to a few years ago, and one which was closed only recently at Twenty-sixth Street, west of Peach.

Erie became the county seat in 1800. The first court held in the county is said to have been held in the Buehler Hotel, corner Third and French Streets, which was subsequently known as the "McConkey House." This building was also the headquarters of Commodore Perry during the building of his historic fleet in 1813. Other authorities claim that court was first held in a log building at corner of Second and Holland Streets in 1803.

The present magnificent Court House was completed in 1855. Its front is modeled after the Parthenon at Athens so far as was consistent with its purpose.

The man who cut the first tree for the construction of Perry's fleet, Captain Daniel Dobbins, well-known to our older citizens, was the same man who prepared General Wayne's remains for burial.

The Garrison tract, now the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, was the seat of war during all this period. Here events followed each other in rapid succession. The historical associations which cluster around this spot have never half been told. Here contended the then two most martial nations of the globe for the mastery of a continent. Here on this 60 acres has been created history (American, French and English) sufficient to fill a large volume, and

history, too, which would make interesting reading for the honored veterans who have made their home upon this famous battle-ground.

The Erie Extension Canal was completed in 1844 and abandoned in 1872. The whistle of the locomotive was first heard in Erie, January 9, 1852.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

CHAPTER XV.

ALFRED KING.

ALFRED KING, the third Mayor of Erie, was born in Waterford, Erie Co., Pa., December 31st, 1821. He attended school at Waterford Academy, and graduated at the Erie Academy, after which he taught school for several years. In 1842 he was appointed Deputy Prothonotary and Acting Clerk of the Courts, in which capacity he served six years.

In 1851 he was elected County Treasurer and served a three years' term; served two consecutive terms as Mayor of the City of Erie, viz.: in 1853 and 1854, and served a three years' term as Prothonotary and Clerk of Courts; served three years as Deputy Collector of the port of Erie. Has served as Chief of Police for three years, from 1888 to 1890.

Was married to Miss Mary Kennedy, of Livingstone County, N. Y., in 1845.

Mr. King was extensively engaged in the brewing and malting business, during his business career, having built three large malt houses in Erie. Was at one time an extensive real estate dealer. Kingtown, Erie's eastern suburb, was named after him.

He was peculiarly unfortunate in sustaining losses by fire. An extensive malt house on the canal, stored to its fullest capacity with barley and malt, was destroyed by fire, and later a large new lager beer brewery on the corner of Twenty-sixth and Cherry Streets was burned to the ground. He died March 19th, 1891.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PIONEER SOLDIERY.

JOLLY WERE THE BOYS one fine morning, the fore part of May, 1830, before the break of day, when a volley by the members of the Rifle Company of Spring, Pa., was fired through the door of the old block house of Captain Phineas Sargent, as an eye-opener for the young Lieutenant, Alfred Sargent, to get up and don his uniform for the wars. It was the custom in those days for members of each Company to salute their officers with a volley before daylight, to prepare for Training Day.

The Beaver Rangers was the name of the company which was made up in Spring and Beaver Townships, connected to the Powerstown (now Conneautville) Light Infantry, the Sadsbury Rifles, Greenwood and Shenango Rifles, which formed the Western Crawford County Volunteer Battalion. The first place they met for battalion or general training was at Billy Campbell's, west of Conneaut Lake, and subsequently at different places in the County at Brightstown, Evansburg, Powerstown, and Isaac Hunds' place—Spring. In this battalion every man had to appear in full uniform and well equipped with rifle, cart-

ridge box, tomahawk, belt and powder horn. Clubs and sticks, with cow horns on the end, used by the militia, were not allowed, and every member was held subject to a fine of $2.00 for being absent on training days without he had a reasonable excuse, and the fine must be paid or the delinquent member go to jail. This law not only applied to the military, but to civil debt. One Potter would not pay his fine, whereupon a warrant was issued by Captain Sargent and served by Constable E. R. Hall. But Potter came down with the $2 rather than go to jail.

Cases of this kind were few; the mass of the people in those days were chivalrous, patriotic and true; the blood of their revolutionary sires coursed flush in their veins, and it required no eloquent and patriotic speeches to arouse them to a sense of duty.

The officers of the battalion were (in part): John C. Thayre, Shenango, lieutenant colonel; Alfred Sargent, Spring, first major; William Rankin, Sorrel Hill, second major; John McLean, Shenango, adjutant; James McDowell, Summer Hill, quartermaster.

Among the captains were: John B. Rice, Brightstown; William Pratt, Stephen Eighmy and John Nicholas, Spring; Theo. Powers, Powerstown. Lieutenants: Hiram Hammond and Wm. Crozier, Powerstown; E. R. Hall, Spring.

The law required the volunteers to meet three times yearly and the militia twice yearly for training. On general training days a big time was had. The inspiring music by the band and the tramp and step to the fife and drum, and when brought to a halt the exercises of the manual of arms were gone through with in a very creditable manner, with zeal and animation.

The Legislature repealed the militia law in 1840.

The sires of this pioneer soldiery would relate their experience at Lexington, Bunker Hill, Trenton and Valley Forge, when destitution, bare feet and rigid economy, played a great part in the fortunes of war in holding them back in the ranks. Ammunition was scarce, and General Putnam said, "Don't fire until you see the white of their eyes; then fire low—take aim at their waistbands."

A soldiery which had to resort to hurling stones and use the butt of their guns at the enemy, and then come out victorious, will maintain freedom of their country and protect their families and live down all oppression. This we have seen manifested down to the War of 1812 on more than one occasion. While our country was still new, poor and unprepared for war, the same sturdy, independent, patriotic spirit prevailed, courting no smiles, asking no favors, heeding no frowns or thrust, nor threats from the enemy, as Johnny Bull became aware in his American tilt of 1812-13 on Lake Champlain, Lake Erie and elsewhere.

An incident comes fresh to my mind in Ashtabula Harbor, showing the strategy displayed by the few militia men, about one hundred in number.

A British man-of-war stood a short distance out and they wanted to capture a couple hundred barrels of beef which they knew to be stored in a warehouse near the mouth of the river. The few militia men there, with few guns and many more pitchforks and clubs, marched through and around the Lake Side House on the point, making the enemy below think that there was ten times as large a force there as there actually was. The British fired a few shots, the cannon ball cutting off some limbs of the trees and some bricks of the chimney, and sailed away.

From the days of the Revolution down to 1840 one-half never wore uniforms nor were properly armed. But such ancestral heroes as Generals Putnam and Allen had shown them that without the best equipments they could do effective fighting.

> Who gave Britain a worthy foe
> In war, that she might know
> That she could not monkey with our raw recruits,
> No more than with her game lion brutes.

Then let us not be unmindful of the heroic deeds of the Pioneer militia and volunteer soldier of America, who, on several times, when their country was in peril, rescued her from the invading foe. And when the joyous notes of peace were sounded through the land he quietly returned to the plow, the counter of commerce, or to the jurist, legislative or congressional halls. Then behold our grand, vast America again teeming forth her busy millions, plodding again all the avenues of commercial life, and thus with the smallest defensive force or standing army o'er its vast domain of any other nation on the globe.

Then let us revere the Pioneer soldier of America, who never flinched in time of emergency and whose acts and examples shine forth in the starry firmament to guide the living and unborn generations to similar deeds of humanity and freedom, the heritage of the Pioneer soldier of America.

CHAPTER XVII.

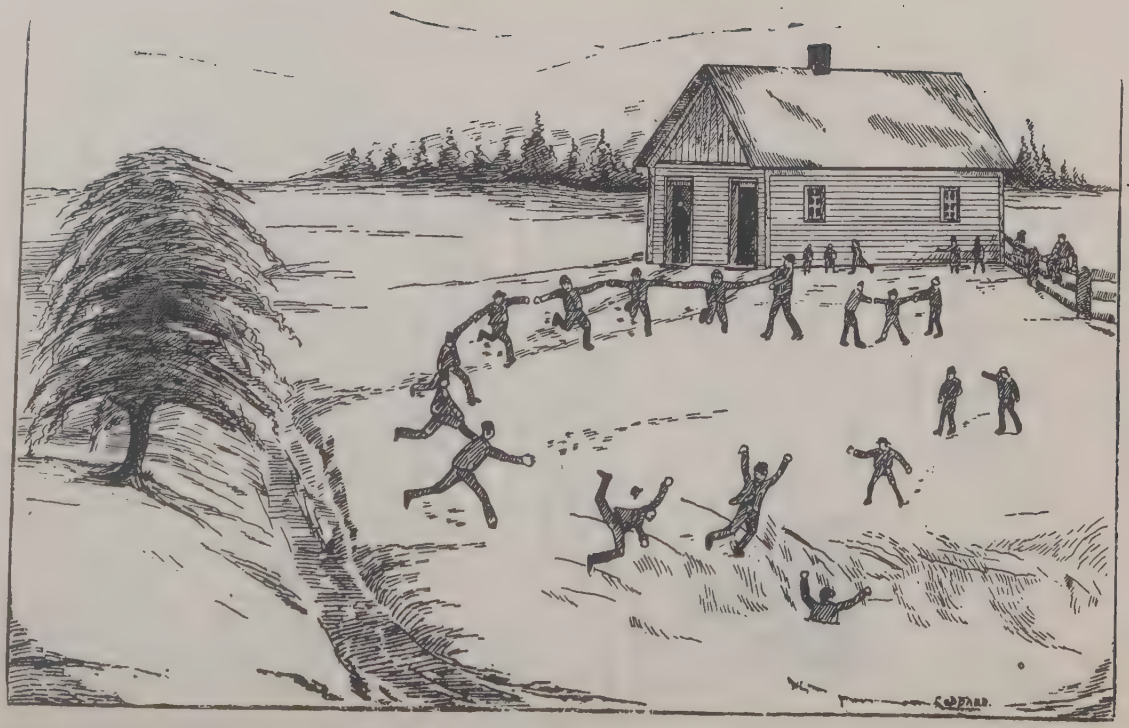
THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

HE DISTRICT SCHOOL of my boyhood days, in Spring Township, Crawford County, Pa., situated on the Albion and Conneautville road, and near to the bank of a small stream, is to me an historic spot. The Sturtevant School House, it was called.

There is no time like the old time,
When you and I were young;
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of springtime sung.

There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born;
Where first we lift our eyelids
On the splendor of the morn.

Well, our school house was built in 1830; a frame structure 22x28 feet, with a row of seats along each side six feet long, and one long seat across the back end, with some extra seats in the center near the stove to give each one a chance, by turn, to go up to the fire to warm their toes, on cold days when the thermometer was down to zero. The schoolmaster's desk and pulpit were located at the front end between the girls' and boys' doorway. And this primitive school house was to accommodate ninety-five scholars.



THE STURTEVANT SCHOOL HOUSE.

We had lots of fun at that old school house. Our teacher, too, occasionally put us through a course of sprouts which was preferable to the hand ferril or the ruler. But, after all, we learned lots of Kirkoam and Dayboll. Why, Samuel Woodard sat right down in that old school house and ciphered right through Dayboll, then took up his algebra and geometry and never called on his teacher to work a problem. J. F. Woodard, J. C. Sturtevant, S. Church, S. J. Thomas and others were not far behind in mathematics.

In attending to reading and spelling exercises we were brought up in line and toe the mark (a crack in the floor) salute the teacher, by a bow, and proceed at the head of the class to read our piece in the English reader, which contained perhaps as many good pieces as any other reader since published. The same tactics were used in spelling class, Cobb's spelling book, which contained a good many k's, pot hooks and diagraphs, so that one had to be pretty pert or you would misspell and have to drop down one peg toward the foot of the class. But we had a good number in that old school house who could spell any word for Mr. Cobb. Geography, why we used to sing right along through geography, viz.: Pennsylvania, Harrisburg; Ohio, Columbus; New York, Albany; &c. We sang a tune--

> And to that tune each one had their key;
> Some got up in C, others up in G.

Active, healthy sports were freely engaged in, with all the vigor of country lads; also wrestling, jumping and cracking the whip, the latter line of sport as follows: Say fifteen or twenty boys would join hands, having some stout fellows about the middle of the train, and run several rods, and when nearing the bank turn quickly and throw off a

half dozen at the end of the string over the bank into the snow drifts. This was called cracking the whip.

"Sometimes you'd see a frightful face
As he went flying forty feet through space
Over the bank, away down he'd go,
Out of sight, six feet under the snow."

You could have seen at the old country house forty scholars nearly of an age and size, and forty more of the kid and deacon variety, up to those of the maid and matron. All seemed to take a common interest in the pursuit of learning and none were held back. If one could do his arithmetic in one term he was not held back for the slower nag, whom it required two terms to get there.

SPELLING.

Great interest was manifested in spelling, and one or two evenings each week during the winter term were devoted to the spelling school, with good results.

EXHIBITIONS, DECLAMATIONS.

Having a good number in school who aspired to be a Patrick Henry, a Dan Webster or a Clay, and were anxious to give vent to their oratory, we accordingly enlarged and arranged the teacher's pulpit into a stage and certain evenings set apart for the exhibition. We had there on the stage quite a variety, neighbor Derby and Scrapewell Hochenlinden, David and Goliath, and other heroes, orators and tragedians. When David with his sling slew Goliath, at his fall the curtain dropped, and in order to change the awfully solemn sensation the two fiddlers who sat perched up in the corner of the stage behind the curtain, at once jerked the vibrating sound from the melodious cat-gut and all went merry as a marriage bell, and soon the listener could hear that the vibration had caught onto the toe and heel of the

good old people, the schoolmaster and the deacon, and all for the "spell" were keeping time to the bewitching notes of the fiddler's fiddle.

In justice to these country students, however, I will state that more competent teachers went out from the Sturtevant School District than from any other school district in Crawford county. They came from a hardy stock of New Englanders, and were created not only for piano thumpers and red tape manipulators, but they have mostly went out—

> And engaged in the arduous, active duties of life,
> Throughout this continent, mid a world of strife,
> And heroically have battled, some with great precision,
> And none of them have landed in a poor house or prison.

The roll call was taken by the teacher at the close of each days' school, but as we call the roll to-day we find that many of our old school mates have crossed the silent river. Lucius Church, a bright, active young man, was killed by a grizzly bear in California. While in company with Moses Church, plowing, his dog commenced barking in a chaparral near by; Lucius caught his gun, though remonstrated with by his companion, and started for the thicket. He fired, wounding the animal, but was soon torn in pieces. William Skeels, a very promising young man and an excellent school teacher, was killed by the falling of a tree on his father's farm in Spring Township, Pa.

George, Lucius, Lucy, Sally, Mary and Marilla Truman; Betsy, Cornelia, Elizabeth, Leonoria and Edwin Sargent; Wm. Alderman, Johnson, Jacob and Augustus Thomas, Harmon Thomas, Sarah McCoy and Annie and Mandy McLaughlin are among the number of old school mates who have passed from earth.

Retrospectively, as we glance back to our boyhood school days, and note the number of school mates and other acquaintances who have stopped as it were on their journey while others are struggling forward through the rugged ways, trials and vicissitudes of the journey of life, there comes a beacon light, and the consolation—REST.

Life doth seem what we make it,
Whatever way we please to take it.

LADIES, says the *Insurance World*, (London), are beginning to obtain a foothold in the insurance world. One edits a French insurance paper, and another has recently been appointed manager of a Belgian insurance company.

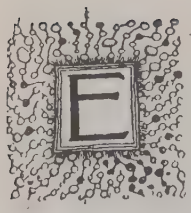
CHAPTER XVIII.

RIPE AGE.

S EXTREME OLD AGE desirable? Most people will answer the question by saying, as a general thing, No; but in my personal case, Yes. We rather think that seventy-five years are as much as the average man can use to advantage. In that time he sees nearly all that is worth seeing, runs through a large variety of experience, gets at last to resemble the double eagle that has been rubbed smooth by constant attrition and is ready to be thrown into the smelting pot of the mint and be recoined. History, however, gives us some remarkable incidents of great achievements in the afternoon of age. Chaucer didn't begin to write the "Canterbury Tales" until he was sixty, and at the same age Milton was hard at work on "Paradise Lost;" Homer, too, was on the edge of the sere and yellow leaf when he put the finishing touches to the Iliad. The man of sixty is just beginning to get his wits together and to pull himself into shape. His blood runs clear and cool as a mountain stream. His castles in the air have been swept away, and if he has any genius it has grown ripe and rich.

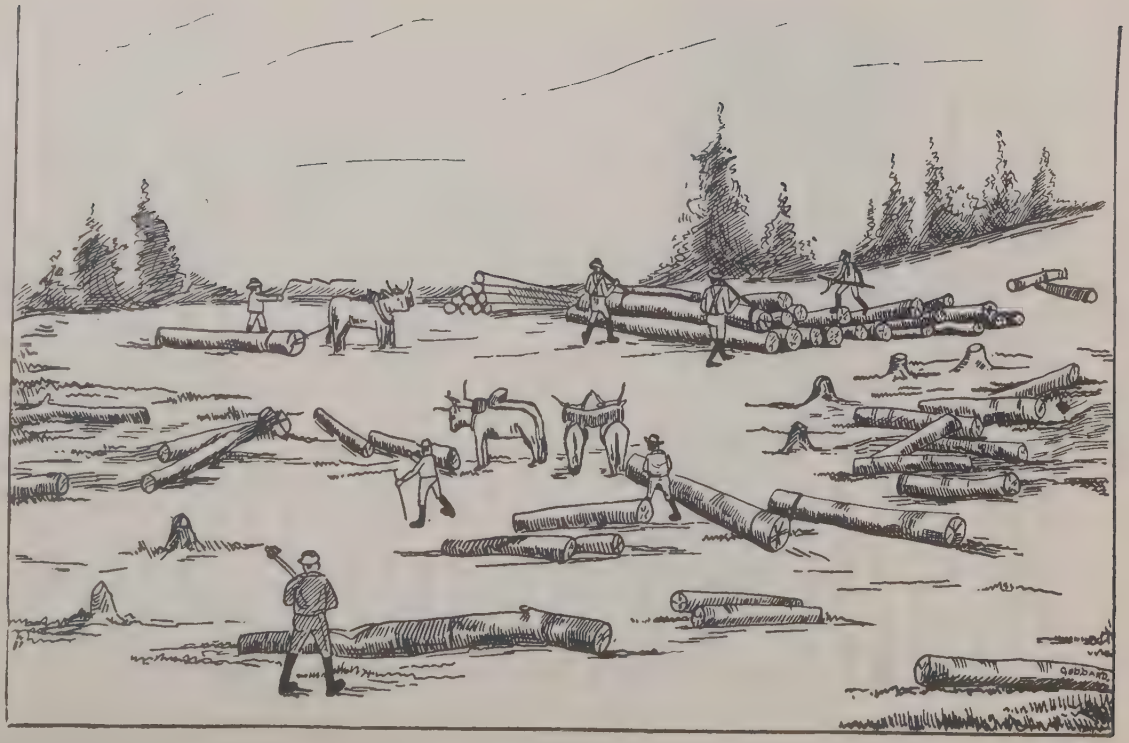
CHAPTER XIX.

THE WILD HOG CHASE.



ARLY IN the winter of 1840 Hiram Griffin, of Elkcreek Township, Erie Co., Pa., very generously left out a field of corn, for the birds, the wild turkey and the wild hog to feed upon, during that unpropitious time of the year. He found that ere long there would be no corn left for him to harvest. Hog tracks were daily seen, and terrible havoc made on the corn crop. Whereupon Chester Morley and Charles Sargent, noted nimrods, and others with guns and dogs went in pursuit of the wild boar and came in sight of him on the bank of the gully stream south of Albion. Dogs were set upon him and a lively chase ensued. After some time one of the biggest dogs, over confident, seized him. In an instant the boar, with his tusk, ripped his assailant from stem to stern, and on went the critter in his wild flight. The dogs did not seem to like that kind of medicine and were more timid. Toward evening the boar became somewhat fatigued. Finally a small white dog of Alfred Sargent's grappled him by the gamble and would chasee to the right and left to evade the tusks of the boar. In a few moments Charles Sargent came up and shot him. His satanic porkship was conveyed to the house of Hiram Griffin to be dressed, and when the last rites were about to take place (in an equal division of the game) Major

Fleming, of Lundy's Lane, appeared on the scene, who claimed and demanded the prize, it having, he said, strayed from his premises the year before. Mr. Griffin claimed the hog was a wild one, that he had fed him from his corn field and that he had the best claims to his porkship. Others chipped in, saying, "that's so," and they had a lively, hazardous tilt, and a man's pantaloon-leg and a dog were ripped open. The matter was compromised, however, by giving to the Major one fore-quarter, and the balance was equally divided. The party arrived home about 9 o'clock the same night, quite weary, with one man's pantaloon leg ripped open and their biggest dog slain upon the battle ground.



LOGGING.

CHAPTER XX.

LOGGING SCENES.

DURING the period of time from 1815 up to the year 1850, it was a custom among the early settlers of Spring Township, Crawford County, Pa., to get together and log up a fallow of three to ten acres for each other. It required a yoke of oxen, driver and three men to log to advantage. The teamster could get the logs to the spot as fast, generally, as the log rollers could roll them into log heaps and pick up the numerous pieces of saplings, limbs and chunks found scattered about the fallow; consequently on many occasions of this kind there would be eight or ten yoke of cattle and twenty-five to thirty men engaged at logging at these logging bees, as they were called, at different times throughout the county.

Acres of timber they had to log up in heaps together,
To burn off before it came on rainy weather;
Also to sow and drag in their Fall wheat,
To raise for their families plenty of bread to eat.

The time usually employed in logging was the latter part of August and during September. The timber was pretty well blackened, as the fire had previously swept over it in burning off the brush heaps, and the logger would soon get a coat of charcoal over his whole outfit and plenty in his gill and nostrils. But charcoal is healthy, and occasionally the "jigger" would be passed around, which was then said to be healthy, too, to wet down the charcoal,

and appeared in those days to be much freer of snakes and tanglefoot than it is now-a-days.

The time engaged in these logging frolics, generally, was from 1 to 6 P. M., and the hundred or more log heaps on fire at night, illumined the field in the darkest night so that one could pick up the scattering chips, play a game of old sledge or shoot a rabbit. And when the heaps were burned down the remaining brands were re-piled and burned to a finale. The ashes, in the earlier days, were made into black salts, and later hauled off to an ashery and sold at ten cents per bushel, or scattered upon the unburnt places of the ground.

While we contemplate that we are now paying two dollars per cord for 16-inch beech and maple stove wood, we are reminded of the millions of cords of timber in former days that went up in smoke. Still, we console ourself with the fact that this is a Pioneer sketch.

CHAPTER XXI.

OBED WELLS.

OBED WELLS was more than an ordinary man. He never done things by halves. He was one of the pioneer farmers of Spring, Pa. His Homestead Farm, comprising 400 acres, laying along Conneaut Creek and upon both sides of the old Erie & Pittsburg Canal, and three-fourths of a mile along the Conneautville Stage Road. Also a 150-acre farm known as the Flemming Lot, situate one mile east of his Homestead Farm.

He built the largest farmhouse in town in his day 18 35), the largest cellar, and he stored the largest lot of potatoes, apples and turnips therein of any other farmer in town. He also had the largest dairy, made the largest cheese ever made in town, had the largest lot of calves, lambs, and flocks of geese, turkeys, chickens and children.

Mr. Wells was generous and enterprising, always on hand to do more than anyone else in his neighborhood in improvements and in educational matters pertaining to the common school. He visited our district school often, and would give the scholars a good lecture in his crude, yet sensible manner. He would spell with us, much to our amusement. Frequently, after spelling a syllable or two of a word, he would stop and eye the teacher for an assenting or dissenting nod of right or wrong, creating an hilarity that he enjoyed as much as the scholars.

He was a large man, weighing about 250 or 260 pounds, and when his great stomach revolted he was sick all over. On one occasion Elder Church called to see him, and inquired how he was feeling. Mr. Wells replied, "Sick as h—l, and not a drop of rum in the house, either." The elder replied that rum would not make a heaven; but Mr. Wells said he would take his chances if he had some.

Mr. Wells was not an habitual rum drinker, but an outspoken man to all persons and on all occasions—to the honorable judge, the minister or to the wayfaring man—and if there were more such men there would be less dyspepsia and wrangling in the community. He was a man who possessed an excellent judgment and a kind regard for the poor and unfortunate. His contributions to the widow, the sick or the unfortunate generally were five times greater than those of the average citizen. Therefore, he was an important, useful factor in his neighborhood. He gave to the Sturtevant School District an acre of land as long as should be wanted for school purposes, on which to erect that old country school house herein mentioned, which was situated on the Albion and Conneautville road, on Mr. Wells' land, a portion of his 100-acre meadow field, which site extended over the bank, where down they do go out of sight, three feet under the show, in our exercises, cracking the whip, etc. This sport he seemed to equally enjoy with us.

Late in the fall, just before the close of navigation on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal, you could notice a canal boat moored on his premises about ten rods in front of his residence, loading aboard cheese, beef, pork, potatoes and poultry for the Pittsburg market. There being no railroads at that time in Northwestern Pennsylvania to Pitts-

burg, Mr. Wells preferred to take passage on board of the canal boat, 120 miles, than via the stage coach, intending from the start to thereby take his time, and also to have a good time on his journey.

When his cargo (which was a good share of the boat's load) arrived at Pittsburg it was well sold, in exchange for which he received cash, sacks of coffee, chests of tea, barrels of fish, casks of sugar, molasses, and perhaps a little blackstrap to mix with the 'lasses, as he didn't do things by halves.

Cargo sold, he would proceed to look over the fresh imports of Dutch from De Faderland on the market for hire, where he soon found the requisite number, a half dozen, who, with his goods, he shipped to Spring, to his farm, where he had fifty-six cows to milk and in the spring-time as many calves to feed, making no allowance for twins, which occasionally came to the fertile premises of Mr. Wells.

These Dutchmen safely domiciled on his farm, whose dialect the young ideal could understand about as well as a horse could geometry, proceeded to be initiated into the art of milking the cows. In this art the experience of some of these Teutons had only extended to milking goats in Dutchland. "But this milking scene is to commence." The Dutchman seats himself beside the noble cow with a full udder anxious to be relieved of a pailfull or more of the lacteal fluid, and quietly she submits to the manipulations of the stranger. She soon becomes aware that her manipulator is un-American and a novice, but quietly she forbears, still anxious to be relieved. The Dutchman is first given an easy milker and as he presses his hand around the large, full teat the milk is as liable to squirt onto the

MILKING SCENE.

ground, stable floor or onto his boots as into the milk pail. The eye of his employer soon discovers this and he exclaims, "Fritz, can't you steer straight enough to hit a sixteen-quart milk pail?" The Dutchman can't understand what was said to him in plain English, but knew by its tone something was going wrong. He therefore sort of hustles himself and during the momentary excitement he pinches the cows teat, whereupon she lifts her hind foot, same as to say "that it'll never do." Finally the milker becomes more composed and settles down to business and the milk is flying in every direction; onto his pants and the floor around is as white as a march frost. "I say, Fritz, you must steer straighter than that," and poor Fritz is determined to do better this time and pressed closely, his finger nails cutting the cow's teat. Quickly came up her hind foot and the Dutchman went rolling around the floor, exclaiming, "Mine Got! Mine Got! Mr. Wells!"

Mr. Wells appears on the scene laughing, and views the situation. There were no bones broken, but some milk lost by the impatience of his best cow and a scared Dutchman, who soon came to, and, according to the characteristics of the Teuton, he persevered and in time became a good milker, a good cheese maker, and could get away with as much Dutch cheese, bologna, cider and saurkraut as the next one.

During the initiation of this foreigner Mr. Wells could console himself with the thought that his services, while learning to milk and undergoing this and other subsequent somersaults, cost him during such scenes only at the rate of $4.00 per month. Subsequently their wages were raised according to the usefulness and the calibre of the Dutchman.

There was a large amount of haying to be done on the Wells farm, and later in the season hundreds of bushels of potatoes and turnips to be harvested, and the other farmers in the neighborhood would get their harvesting done several weeks earlier than would Mr. Wells, and us youngsters could have an opportunity to go and help Mr. Wells to finish up and thereby earn a few dollars cash to buy an extra hat or suit, or go to the coming circus with our own funds for pocket change. Therefore on one bright morning at 6:30, the 15th day of August, 1847, Rit. Sturdevant, Bob McCoy, Alfred Sargent and the writer were on hand at the 100-acre meadow, where were standing about fifty acres of grass. Mr. Wells' hands met us there—all with scythes to mow down the grass. A couple of Dutchmen were among the mowers, and when mowing near the big spring south of the school house one of the Dutchmen jumped aside, flung down his scythe, grabbing himself around his cotton pants (overalls) at the ankle, and much excited yelled out:—"Snake! a snake!!" One of the party caught hold of his hands that the snake could drop down his pant leg, as it was confined there by the hands of the Dutchman, whereupon a bull frog slid down the Dutchman's leg and leaped forty feet away, and then kept on leaping, apparently more frightened than the Dutchman, who fairly shivered. "Cold, cold," he said. Yes, no doubt that frog felt as cool and slippery up that fellow's leg as would a chunk of greased ice.

The poor bullfrog, from discoveries he had made
While up that Dutchman's trouser leg,
Quickly made a frightful leap,
Forty feet into a bullrush heap.

On the flats of Conneaut Creek great crops of potatoes and turnips were raised. The potatoes were of the white and blue pinkeye varieties which come out of that rich, loamy, virgin soil, as clean as if they had been washed, and a most remarkable yield, as high as four hundred bushels to the acre.

Flat turnips yielded enormously. Mr. Wells gave notice to a lot of us boys to come on and help pull turnips. In a pleasant spell of weather in November, 1844, some fifteen or twenty were on hand for the pulling match. Mr. Wells and son Shepard were present and the work of pulling turnips commenced, and at 1 o'clock P. M. the fertile brain of Mr. W. concocted a scheme by which he was to get more turnips pulled, viz.: He and his son Shepard took their positions side by side and said they would choose sides for a pulling match. They proceeded to choose, and would look about among the boys as earnestly as at a spelling school match, or at picking out a prospective porker from a whole litter of pigs.

Sides chosen, an equal number of rods of ground were measured off, and the two contesting sides pitched in to see which side could get his patch of turnips pulled first. Could you have been there and seen those turnips fly—

Like a storm of hail,
Through the air they'd sail;
The contest deepens—on ye brave
Will, Jim, Mart and Dave.

And were you to search this country round,
A bigger lot of turnips could not be found;
So sleek and fair, and so round,
Than lay there at night upon the ground.

Many other scenes and incidents we might mention, but time and space forbid.

Anthony Obed Wells is no more among us here,
For his good deeds his memory we will revere,
For his departed soul we can only say
He was not surpassed in that former day
In working boys or raising calves,
And he never done it by the halves.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BOUNDING HART.

FROM the year 1820 up to 1845, in the townships of Spring and Beaver, Crawford County, Pa., wild game, especially the deer, was plenty. Charles Sargent and Chester Morley were two of the great hunters in those days, and many a time have they penetrated the forest on Monday morning and during the week come in with a half dozen deer, wild turkey and other game. To see these grand, innocent looking animals lying side by side seemed to me rather cruel sport.

Grand are the antlers of the bounding hart,
Majestically he bears them on the alert.
He would rather shun you than to fight,
But to see him use his antlers is a novel sight.

This grand animal has been destined to a steady but sure extinction from our forest, like the buffalo from the plains. The expert nimrod has mercilessly been upon his track until it is high time for a halt.

English gentlemen protect and propagate the deer in their parks, which would be a good example for Americnas to follow to replace and replenish the land with equally as fine an animal as the lamb.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DANIEL STURTEVANT.

DANIEL STURTEVANT was a man of more than ordinary sagacity and energy. He was born in Cortland County, N. Y., and emigrated to Spring, Crawford County, with his parents at quite an early age. Shortly thereafter he engaged to work on a farm for a term of years for Obed Wells. For his services he got 50 acres of land which, when paid for, he commenced to improve. He married a Miss Susan Hall, of Spring, who was a healthy and vigorous lady, proving a great helpmate to him through life. Mr. Sturtevant soon became enabled to buy additions to his land and soon found himself the possessor of a 150-acre farm, which in a few years was mostly cleared up, affording him a pasturage for raising stock, which vocation he managed with considerable skill.

Mr. Sturtevant was a hard worker and an early riser. He used to like to hear the song of the morning warbler. He enjoyed a hearty laugh and a good joke, and one did not need to be in his company long before he got a few of them.

It was notable in him to take the lead in planting and harvesting his crops. Then he would be out buying sheep, calves, yearlings, two, three and four-year-old steers, which he would hold a while and let some other fellow have them at a pretty good advance on cost. He would generally

make two or three trades to the average farmer's one. He worked on business principles, and when he could not drive a trade did not stop to parley and banter. Few words spoken and off again with a good day and hearty laugh. His place became the headquarters of an old Philadelphia Quaker and his two sons, cattle drovers, who every summer for years, made their appearance, and Mr. Sturtevant had the inside track with these friendly cattle buyers as he could take them where they could buy a sheep, a fat steer, a dry cow, a milker or a springer, and also convince the Quakers that he could give them a good bargain on the various kinds of stock he had in store upon his premises. Well, the Quaker must have thought so, too, for a clean sale was generally made of the stock on the farm in the roundup of the drove preparatory to starting for over the Alleghenies to Philadelphia, and a young Sturtevant generally went along to aid the Quaker and his two shepherd dogs in driving the drove and prevent them when on Laurel Hill from nipping the poison laurel buds to inflame the gastric juices and the modus operandi of the creature. All in all, from start to finish, Mr. Sturtevant received a pretty good thing at the hands of the Quaker for his being an early riser, a prompt, reliable, active man, a good cattle buyer, a hearty laugher, a good joker and a man who could entertain a Quaker drover.

Mr. Sturtevant met with an accident, a cut on the knee-pan with a drawing-knife, and he took cold in the wound, having a long and painful illness, and months afterward with a stiff leg, while seated on a milking stool, the cow stepped upon his leg and broke it. For years afterward he labored but this trouble probably hastened his death, and when at about sixty years of age he died,

leaving considerable property and an example of industry, energy and frugality.

> And a hearty, good will
> Which runs in the family still,
> To cheer them on with good endeavor,
> To stem the storm, or adverse weather.
>
> My memory goes back to others, and doth cling,
> To those sterling pioneers of Spring;
> But my space will not allow
> Of them to say but little now.

Among these veterans were: John Woodard, Wm. McCoy, Elijah and Eri Thomas, Rev. Jesse Church, Henry McLaughlin, John Vaughn, Wm. Tucker, Lyman and Arch Jenks; Howell Watkin, David, Edward and James Powell, Isaac, David and Albert Hurd, Lyman, Ealand, Timothy and Asa Sturtevant, Elisha and Thomas Bowman, Porter Skeels, Geo. Nicholson, Wm. Cornell, John Curtis, Chester Morley, Ira Locke, Charles and Anson Sargent and others, who were all good soldiers in their day, all of whom contributed their might in making Spring Township blossom like the rose and who, every man of them, done his part well to clear up and replenish the land.

> Nearly all of whom are gone
> Onward to their happy home.

A similar line of Pioneers settled throughout Spring Township and Crawford County, of whom are: Harry Pond, Hiram Butler, Hawley Dauchy, the Halls, Sheldons, Andrew Christy, Geo. and Robert Foster, John and James Ford, Fred Williams, Mr. Powers, Wm. Powers, J. E. Patton, and many others about Conneautville and Northern Crawford. In Southern Crawford and in Mercer and Venango Counties there was something more of a mixture of the German and Hibernian stock. Many of these

pioneers settled upon their lands at an earlier date than the pioneers of Spring and many of them became wealthy and thrifty farmers. But there is not a township in the State, of the same age, that surpasses Spring in culture, general improvement and wealth. The reason is obvious and easily explained. Fifty years ago there was not a wealthy man in town, and during these years no windfall of colossal wealth having dropped into the lap of its citizens, they have hewn out and paddled their own canoes—

> Many of whom landed on safe ground,
> Where, now they, or their descendents, may be found,
> Generally engaged, in tilling the soil,
> Which has proved renumerative for their toil.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ERI THOMAS.

ERI THOMAS was one of the early settlers of Spring, Pa. His father, Jacob Thomas, emigrated to West Springfield in 1800 and settled upon lands afterward called Zacksville and raised a large family.

The subject of this sketch, Eri, was the second son, and settled upon 100 acres of land about one-half mile north of Shadeland in 1818, and moved on to said land amid the forest, and, like other stalwart pioneers, cut his way through from the forest to the wheat-field, the orchard, the meadow and the pasture, well stocked in due time. This place, now occupied by W. G. Thomas, affords one of the finest views of Spring Valley, of Western Crawford county. Situated, like Shadeland, upon the beautiful eastern slope of the valley, the eye can behold objects far to the westward across the valley; affording, also, a sweeping view northward and southward.

Yet upon these spots of earth, as beautiful as ever "Old Sol" shone upon, during the days of those good old-fashioned winters the "beautiful snow," set in motion by the western breezes, was sifted over the fences into the road in a superfluous manner, when men and boys, with shovels and ox-teams, turned out to shovel and break their way through the snow drifts that the traveler might get through to Spring Corners or Albion. Many a time the

writer, with other schoolmates, has tusseled with those snow drifts on that historic spot near the old Sturtevant school-house, where the snow-drifts would remain through many pleasant, warm days in the spring; and many a bucketful was gathered on which to drop our hot maple 'lasses to make a good gob of maple wax. Delicious!. Good enough for ye gods!

> At those sugar parties their lips would smack
> In working a gob of maple wax.
> Talk about something nice and sweet,
> But that maple wax never was beat!

I well recollect a characteristic incident of Eri Thomas. In March, 1840, Ithael Young called at the house of Alfred Sargent, and while there Mr. Thomas drove up with his horse and sleigh and came in. The snow was about a foot deep, and it was thawing—the snow was wet. Mr. T. discovered that the boots Mr. Young wore were open at the toes and sides and his stocking plainly visible. Said he to Mr. Young: "I think you are jeopardizing your health in this deep, wet snow in wearing such boots. Why don't you get a pair of new ones?" Mr. Young said he hadn't the price at the time, whereupon Mr. Thomas promptly exhibited the boots he wore and said: "I will sell you these; what will you give for them?" "Ten pounds of maple sugar, the first sugar I make." "It's a bargain," said Thomas, "for I don't want to see you going around with your feet sopping wet at this time of the year." Mr. Thomas pulled off his boots and told Young to put them on, which he did, and laughingly said: "How are you going to get home, Thomas, bare-footed?" "Never mind me," said Thomas. And when he was ready to start for home the writer got a twelve-foot board and placed one end on his cutter and the other end on the door-step, when

Mr. Thomas walked into his sleigh, wrapped his feet up in his robes and drove home to put on his other pair of boots.

Mr. Thomas was much interested in the district school, and would give the teacher as well as the scholar a wholesome lecture when he thought they required it. On one occasion our school master, Rusk Cole, whipped a young man, a son of Mr. Thomas, who heard of the affair while he was engaged in his slaughter house rendering tallow. Mr. Thomas started for the school house with hands smeared with tallow and walked into the school room and said to the teacher, "You have abused my boy, whipped him beyond reason; you ought to be whipped and turned out of school, and if the Trustees don't turn you out I will put you out." This declaration had a salutary effect on the school master, and the beech gad was not used so much the remainder of the term.

Beech gads were as common in those days in the school room as firewood, and if the average school master had put forth as much effort in cultivating his brain as he did in using the gad he would have accomplished more as a school teacher.

Mr. Thomas was quite benevolent and kind hearted to children and to poor people. A widow lady called on him for some apples. He said to the lady "Come on with a team and get all that you want, free of charge." Soon thereafter the lady came with a team and got all the apples she desired. Then said she, "this is my brother's team and little boy; will you give some apples to pay him for hauling?" "No," said Mr. Thomas, "if your brother can't furnish a kid and a yoke of antiquated stags to haul some apples for his sister it's a pity." What portion of the widow's apples went to pay for the use of the team is a matter of family history and brotherly love.

CHAPTER XXV.

EARLY SETTLERS.

AMONG the earliest settlers of Spring and Western Crawford were a Mr. Flemming, who settled upon the place still known as the Flemming lot, and who made a clearing of 50 acres of land; a Mr. Jackson settled on the adjoining tract north; Mr. Kennedy, on the tract of land north of the Jackson lot.

These pioneers settled upon their respective tracts in 1795, whose improvements aided the subsequent settlers of that vicinity very much, especially the Flemming lot. These settlers left their places. Their lands reverted back to Huidekoper, of whom they were originally purchased.

Mr. McKee, a pioneer who settled upon the place subsequently owned and occupied by Watkin Powell, a portion of the now Shadeland estate, grandfather of the Powell Brothers, stockmen. This man McKee and his son cut the hay upon the Flemming lot. Wolves were plenty. The latter part of July, 1797, the McKees were haying on the Flemming lot, and while on their way to work one morning, with scythes in hand, young McKee thought he would go to his trap, which he had set for bear and wolf near the line of the Flemming and Jackson lots. On arriving at the spot he found a wolf in his trap. Having no firearms he concluded to dispatch the wolf with his scythe, and accordingly struck for his neck. He struck too high, cutting off his ears and scalp, which so infuriated the animal that he

M'KEE AND THE WOLF.

made a desperate lunge at McKee, loosening the clog of the trap. The brute seized him by the arm and he could not extricate it from the jaws of the wolf. He shouted to his father, who came to his rescue and killed the wolf with a club. Young McKee's arm was badly chewed up, which took him six months to recover the use of.

Other early settlers were Messrs. Orr and Fords. The former settled on the site where Springboro now stands; the latter on what is known as the old Elisha Bowman place, near Shadeland. One Thomas Ford, however, settled and built his cabin so as to cover one corner of four different tracts of land, with the grasping idea of holding all four tracts. It was decided that he could not pre-empt but one tract of 400 acres of land instead of 1,600, and therefore that place, situate on the tract corners of the old Obed Wells, Charles Sargent and Barnes tracts of land, was, and is to this day, called "Ford's Folly;" also John Foster, who settled on the place now occupied by Richard Bolard. After the year 1800, and previous to the war of 1812, were James and Samuel Patterson, who settled in the eastern part of Spring. While they were at Erie defending their country from a threatened invasion by the British in 1812, when every man rushed to arms, the Pattersons' wheat crop ripened. Their heroic wives, with sickles, cut and harvested the wheat; and they found they must have flour to make bread, whereupon they spread down blankets upon the ground for their threshing floor and the canopy of heaven for a barn roof, and with flail in hand they threshed out a grist of wheat; then with a sheet and screen cleaned the chaff from the wheat, ready for grinding. They then sent the boys on horseback through the woods, by blazed trees, fifteen miles to a grist-mill at Venango, on

French Creek. And when the boys, with their grist of flour, had arrived within one-half mile of home the flour bag caught a snag on a tree, tearing it open. The horse jumped and threw off the boys; the grist of flour was scattered through the woods, and only two quarts of flour was left of this grist when the horse reached home. The plucky Mrs. Pattersons had to sit down and take a good cry over their hard fortune preparatory to trying the same job over again to get material to make bread for their families while their husbands were off to war.

The first three frame houses in Powerstown, Spring township, were built and occupied by Alexander Power and William Crozier.

An incident, showing the fraternal spirit of the early settlers, in a later day, about 1835. Robert Foster, son of the pioneer John Foster, started out one morning in November with his rifle to hunt deer. He did not return that night and a search was made the next day without any trace of the lost man. The people throughout the township were notified, who all turned out. The next morning 100 men formed in line and swept the forest in search of the lost man. After marching through the forest about two miles they turned about to the left flank, and when within a half mile of his father's house they found the young man lying dead upon the ground with his gun at his side, death being occasioned by a fit or heart trouble. And at the proper time these people turned out generally to perform the last burial rites. When one of their number was burned out by fire they joined together and helped to rebuild his home or barn. When a pioneer was injured by accident or prostrated by sickness they were his insurance company, and would turn out and do up his harvesting or any other work that the unfortunate man was unable to do. They were friends to be relied upon in times of peace, and foes to be feared by an enemy in time of war.

CHAPTER XXVI.

M. P. SARGENT.

ANCESTRY—BIRTH—CHILDHOOD.

Y FAMILY is American in all its branches. My great grandfather was born and lived in Massachusetts. His son, Phineas Sargent, my grandfather, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1765; married Mary Kingsbury, who was born in Oxford in 1763. A short time after their marriage they removed to Cortland County, New York, where they lived until 1814, when they and family removed to Spring, Crawford County, Pa., of which mention has been made in other pages. My father, Alfred Sargent, and my mother, whose maiden name was Maria Phelps, were born in New York State, in Cincinnatus, Cortland County; my mother in Leroy, New York, and were married in Spring, Crawford Co., Pa., in 1830.

I was born on the 15th day of July, 1832, at Spring, Crawford Co., Pa. This was my home principally for twenty-two years. The school that we attended was kept by the school marm in summer and by the school master in winter, where S. and three R.'s, "Spelling, Reading, Riting and Rithmetic," for the first two or three years, was taught, when it was discovered that the young ideal required teachers of a different calibre, and we began to have taught spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography and algebra, and later to practice elocution, composition debating, etc.

There was a plenty of material of both sexes in our school and in the winter term as high as ninety scholars, quite enough for one teacher in one small school room. We generally had good schools. Occasionally a tenderfoot would start in. We had no use for such and would swap him off. Our school made good progress, from the fact that the apt scholar was not held back for the slow one. It was free for all on their merits.

I have many times been thankful to my father and mother for giving me the best opportunity they could at that time to attend school in my youthful days, for I realize that what I learned in those days I can best remember. I can look back through the long vista of fifty years to those youthful, happy days and delineate most minutely every scene and incident enacted, and which I then witnessed, as though it was but yesterday. Recreation I know is healthful, and in this respect I was not stinted for the want of pleasant recreation. I have seen its baneful effect upon the youth. Too much leniency given, however, might be pernicious, but on the other hand, the hand of discipline, the every-day stay-at-home, the over-worked youth, is often dwarfed in mind, in body, and in soul. And this trait is not confined to the youth. How is it with the miser, or the man who lives in one corner of your town, and you wouldn't know he lived there unless you went to see him? A donation is announced, or a festival, the proceeds of which are to be used for some worthy purpose—not a nickel; and he quite begrudges the quart of buttermilk or the dish of saurkraut donated.

In my early teens I had a desire to go somewhere occasionally and see something of the world. In this respect my parents were sufficiently lenient. But had it

been to the reverse, from my nature I know that it would not have been as well for me in the long run.

THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE.

The old block house stood on the brow of the hill on the west side of the Albion and Springboro Road, in Spring, Pa. It was built in 1819, and was occupied by Phineas and Mary Sargent and family. Stately whitewood and cucumber trees were felled and cut in lengths 22 and 32 feet, and hewn for the erection of the Block House, the ends of the logs being dovetailed to hold them firmly in place. The amount of valuable timber used in the construction of those crude pioneer buildings would now-a-days bring a snug sum of money.

Saw mills then in that timbered country, were much scarcer than cyclones are now on the western prairies. The early settler was fortunate in getting lumber sufficient to lay down a floor in his house, and shakes (split out of white ash timber) about three feet long, were generally used in place of shingles, for roofing the cabin, house or barn.

PUNCHEON FLOORS

Was the sort of flooring generally used by the early settlers. Straight rifted smooth trees about a foot in diameter were selected, cut to the required length, split and smoothly hewn and laid down closely together for the floor. It made, however, a strong floor which wouldn't spring and joggle to flop the milk out of the pans at a house warming, when stepping to the tune of "The Arkansaw," "Zip Coon," or the "Devil's Dream."

THE WOOD BEE.

It was the custom in those days for the people to turn out and get up a large pile of firewood for old people, the wid-

ow, the sick or unfortunate. One wintry afternoon in January was the time set for a wood bee at the block house of Capt. Sargent. A goodly number of teams, men and boys, were on hand, some to fell and cut the timber into sled lengths, others to assist in loading and unloading, others to chop the logs into fire wood at the door, and when night came there was a large pile of beech and maple logs, also a good pile cut into fire wood. Grandfather was much pleased, and extended thanks to them for the good work they had done for him, when they left for home, except the few who lingered for a little more juice from corn and rye. There were a couple of old hunters among the number, Chester Morley and Charles Sargent, who proceeded to seat themselves in the old block house by the fire. The fire place was as big as all out-doors, wherein a couple of huge back logs, a big fore stick, numerous brands and sticks of kindling wood had been placed, and soon there was a rousing, cracking fire—

With lots of glowing coals,
To drive out the cold.
Chet and Charley settled down in their usual way,
Then us young kids knew they'd come to stay,
Their hunting stories to relate,
Until an hour quite late.

When us kids, a half dozen or more, lit out for home to get our sleds, to have some fun on the hill a little later, and to peer in upon the picnic going on in the old block house; returning, and after testing the speed of our sleds down the steep declivity of the hill and across the flat, onto the ice of the stream to make our mark. This having been accomplished in due time, we changed our tactics, ascended the hill, and ventured in upon the noted nimrods, where we beheld Morley already in his element, undergoing a

doubled geared movement in gesticulation and articulation, descriptive of Old Red and the bear and the deer, which, when deciphered, runs something like this:—

Chet Morley had a rifle he called "Old Red,"
Of him and his gun it often had been said
When he drew a bead along the barrel of "Old Red"
Upon a bear or deer, 'twas surely dead.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Old Charlie would take a nip at every round,
But wouldn't take enough to fetch him down.

We soon discovered that Morley was getting so mellow that there was not much hope of having a picnic with him, later on the hill; but we knew old Charlie was good for it if we could get him interested.

Presently Morley calls for the brown jug, with which I quickly stepped by his side and whispered in his ear that the boys had fixed it and that it was not fit to drink, and he declined to drink, while old Charlie's eyes were on me, looking like two peeled onions. "Mart.," said he, "hand that bottle to me." Then he snuffed at it a couple of times and then took a drink. Morley, squinting with half-closed eyes, said, "Chales, Chales, how does it taste?" "Why, you fool," exclaimed Charles, "you can't fool me with kid's water," and handed Morley the bottle, from which he took a long pull. "Stop!" said Charles, "don't be a d——d hog—why don't you do as I do, take a little and often?"

The old clock struck ten, when Charlie said, "Come, Morley, it's time to make a start for home." The kids, with the biggest sled, were already in line on the brow of the hill to give Uncle Charlie a fleet ride down and up the steep hills homeward. It took considerable persuasion to get him to consent to take that ride, but finally, with the

UNCLE CHARLIE'S RIDE.

interrogation, "Now, my short lads, will you give me a good ride down this and up that slippery hill?" "Yes," was the answer, when he cautiously and skeptically got aboard the sled, with hands firmly clenched to the raves, feet protruding outward, when he said, "All ready, my lads." This was the cheering word we had been waiting for for hours, when off we started with our eight-hoss kid team with our precious cargo of 200 pounds aflying down the hill, across the flat, like a drove of antelopes. We ascended the steep, slippery, Woodard hill, and old Charlie enjoyed his ride hugely. When near the top of the hill we suddenly pushed the sled with its precious cargo backwards at a fearful rate down the declivity. The scene we just then realized was terrific. We held our breath in fearful suspense as old Charlie and the sled were approaching the brink of the precipice, already on the edge of the bridge, over which if he went would break his neck. Uncle Charlie had awaken to the danger of the situation, when just then behold some desperate movements. His legs and hands in quick manœuvre, the snow aflying, the sled broadside, when over she rolls, cargo and all, his head protruding over the bridge, with sufficient avordupois resting on the bridge to prevent his going overboard. He cautiously got away from the edge of the bridge, picked up that hand sled and slung it into Woodard's field, striking on a huge rock and making every joint holler, when he started up the hill, exclaiming, "I'll fix you, my short lads, if I get hold of you!"

We didn't propose he would get hold of us. While this was sport for the boys, it was next to ruin for the Land sled and a sad accident to its rider. After all we had a desire to see our genial Uncle Charlie safely home.

And we watched him slid his way along,
Until he had reached his quiet home
To dream that night of riding on the kid hand sled,
And how he rolled o'er that snowy bed:

Chester charged into a fence corner,
Where, lone-handed, he threw up Jonah
While on his way to his abode,
As he had too big a load.
That night he got the biggest load of corn
Ever since the day he was born.

Various other ways did the early settlers help each other. In the spring time they would plow, plant and sow the spring crop for those who were unable by sickness or otherwise, and in many instances harvest their crops, without money or price. All they required was, when the unfortunate one recovered, to act manfully and do likewise when occasion required.

They also furnished reliable mutual insurance without paying for high salaried officers and gilt edged policies. When the house or the barn of a pioneer was destroyed by fire or lightning, they re-built it. There was no premium offered for incendiarism by over insurance at that day. Hence they created no fire bugs. Bed bugs and mosquitoes, no doubt, were preferable, and sufficient to be pestered with.

They drew a lesson from the corn cribs of Egypt, when Joseph interpreted the troublesome dreams of Pharoah the king, when he saw seven fat, sleek cows come up out of the river Nile, followed by seven gaunt ones which were to devour the former. The seven fat cows were synonym of seven years of plenty, the seven gaunt ones were seven years of famine, and the people must lay up one-fifth of their crop each year to prepare for the famine, which they

did, and their assets were sufficient to insure them food through the famished years. The pioneer people of America shared with the famished and the needy from their assets, their corn cribs, flour bins and pork barrels—a reliable insurance company; and they never scaled a genuine policy.

As we return to the old block house on the hill, we find its occupants, Phineas and Mary Sargent, have been busy, and mindful of the future, in planting trees, shrubbery, etc. In front of the house—

Stood the stately locust and the fragrant lilac,
Neath the hill, near the rill, the willow and the sumac;
Ascending the hill you would come
To the artichoke and delicious egg plumb.
Farther on the cherry, peach and apple trees,
And in a sheltered nook hives of honey bees.
Busy bees, flying here, there and all over,
Extracting honey from the lilac and the clover.

In looking back to those former days,
To note the good, old-fashioned ways,
Compared to the modern style,
We think it hardly worth the while
The agonies of fashion to undergo,
And wonder why it should be so.

Revolving time has wrought its change,
From Texas to the State of Maine.
We hope such change will prove for the best,
For you and I and all the rest.
Some of the changes that have been wrought,
However, have been dearly bought.

But now, as we drive up to the stream,
If we can't ford it we can cross by steam.
Should we to fashion's swirl comply,
When we're fixed to live we're ready to die.

I think I'd better close my ditty soon,
For my wife is coming with her broom,
And I will up and out of door,
For you know she wants to sweep the floor.

After all, the floor is swept,
Still, I find there's something of me left.
With wife's consent, I'll proceed to relate
Something about the spare rib and the Johnny cake.

In the fire place hung the crane
Planted in the chimney there to remain,
On which to hang the spare rib, turkey and goose,
To roast deliciously for family use.

Yes, the crane was an important factor on which could be hung pots and kettles, or swung out in front of a glowing fire to suspend the rib or fowl a swinging, and neath it a dripping pan, from which the hot grease was frequently applied as a dressing for the roast, and in due time a place was prepared in the hot ashes in the fire place, when a half peck of potatoes was placed therein, covered with hot ashes and hot embers, and in a short time were nicely roasted. In the meantime the Johnny cake was baking in the tin oven or spider in front of the fire. Ah, the flavor of those nice roasted pinkeye potatoes, spare rib and Johnny cake was good enough for ye latter day saints and kings. Many times, since, I have wished I could taste of the like again. But some may say it's all in your eye and taste. But no; and the proof is, to begin with, we have no such potatoes nowadays as those old white and blue pinkeyes, yielding from 200 to 400 bushels to the acre, and bright and smooth did they come out of the ground, and perfectly healthy. Also that golden eight-rowed corn, planted 1st of

June, the 1st of September ready to be ground and made into hominy or Johnny-cakes. I tell you those spare-ribs, roast potatoes, Johnny-cakes, puddings, and maple 'lasses would tickle a vigorous appetite and cure a dyspeptic. But those good old days have passed. Grandfather and grandmother have passed away, and I suppose to occupy as much of God's green earth and Heaven as the millionaire of to-day.

Not measured by shares in railroad stock,
But by their noble Pioneer work;
Which is their heritage and assurance,
Something of greater endurance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OUR FIRST FIDDLE.

HOW GOT—A NEVADA SILVER MINE—WEAVING—MY GOOD MOTHER.

HEN A YOUTH of about a dozen years, we took it into our head that the fiddle was the thing lacking, and of all other things, at that time, the most desired to complete the round of a happy, earthly existence. When, one evening soon thereafter, at a neighboring house we heard F. Pratt playing Dandy Jim and other tunes on his violin, which took us kids by storm and my determination to have a fiddle was a fixture, as we stood in amazement and gazed upon the player as he apparently so easily glided his fiddle stick, strung with white horse tail hairs, over the vibrating, melodious catgut strung on the deck of his fiddle.

I imagined the happy hours I would have in producing those melodious strains that go with "Dandy Jim," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," or "An Arkansaw." Wherefore the next morning I said: "Father, I wish you would buy me a fiddle."

"A fiddle?"

"Yes—I want one."

"You had better have a ewe sheep."

"I know a sheep would raise lambs, but she won't raise a fiddler, and I want something to play a tune on."

Mother was present, and seemed very much amused at our dialogue, and when dinner was over she said to me:

"I am going down to Vaughn's and you had better not go away, but stay about the house, until I return."

In about three hours she returned with a fiddle wrapped up as nicely a young infant.

The sight of that John Vaughn fiddle just then done me more good than to have fallen heir to a Nevada silver mine. My good mother, on that afternoon, walked two miles to buy that fiddle, and in course of a few days wove a piece of flannel cloth in her hand loom to pay for it, to please her first born.

That was the kind of a mother I had. Musical talent, perhaps, did not predominate in me as much as in some others, nevertheless I got there in a manner, and have the consolation that the first tune I learned to play on that violin was the one my mother learned me, which many a time, at her request, I have played for her.

Yet it has been fourteen years since my good mother passed from earth, I seldom take up my violin but that the tune she learned me comes among the first in the exercise, and carries me back to my youthful days; in memory, to noble deeds and heroic struggles of a kind mother, who was always ready to make great sacrifice to please her child. She is the one person who most keenly perceives the real wants and needs of the child and the youth. Reader, if you have a kind mother and a father you well know my meaning. Then, in return, be kind to them, for the time you will have them with you here is of short duration.

When life's temptation o'er us brood
Through days of youth to manhood,
What personages, more than any other
Ministers to our wants? Father and mother.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COONING—LINE OF TACTICS—COON, OPPOSSUM, PORCUPINE—THE NIMRODS—CUFF AND PONTO—A PAINFUL INCIDENT.

TO THOSE old schoolmates and neighboring boys of 1840, '45 '50 I particularly refer. Some of whom have gone on before, whom we naturally expect some day to overtake. But those of them who are still perambulating the varied busy scenes of life will bear witness to an incident of 1845.

The latter part of August, 1845, we noticed numerous tracks in the bed of a small stream running through a meadow on my father's farm, resembling a child's track from one to two years old. Such funny tracks, thought I, and called father's attention to them. He said they were coons' tracks. That was enough to know that the coons were out and the corn ears fit for roasting. An invitation was quickly extended to the boys in the neighborhood to come on for a coon hunt. There was a strip of wood in the form of an "L" on two sides of the cornfield. In the evening the boys assembled under a big locust tree on the lawn, and after a short consultation as to the line of tactics to be pursued, with dogs, axes and rifles, some matches and a handful of salt tied up in a rag, we proceeded to forward march, marching out the roadway in solid column, along the north

side of the cornfield, around to the nook of timber, we took our position.

Corporals Will and Trume held the dogs by the collar, and at a given signal were to charge down the centre of the field, supported by the riflemen. Woodard's Light Infantry, armed with clubs, was to move down the left, and Sargent's Infantry along the right, and at the signal of old Cuff, the boss coon dog's warning voice, was to charge directly across the field by the left flank to the point of interest and scene of carnage—

> When at about half-past nine
> Old Cuff began to whine.

And Corporal Trume could with difficulty hold him. When Capt. Sargent said, "Let him go!" we moved quickly in the darkness. Soon came a yelp from old Cuff. Yelp, yelp. To the left, directly across the field to a small maple sapling, on which was perched a coon, and the sapling bending under its weight. Woodard on the left intercepted the coon from getting to a larger tree. 'Twas but the work of a moment to shake off and dispatch the coon.

Dogs and boys, like Napoleon, still eager for greater conquests. Our plans had worked admirably, and we quickly moved on the lower field, resorting to our former line of tactics.

GAME AHEAD.

Then at the southwest corner of the field a coon crossed Woodard's line and went up a big soft maple tree. The signal given by the old dog betokened this, when we swung to the left and all came up on a pivot. Well, this coon tree towered heavenward 100 feet, and Ponto was barking up another near by, and we soon discovered that we had to—

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Lay siege for that coon, oppossum or the bear,
Porcupine, or whatever might be in the trees up there.

A nice log heap near by was lighted, and some fence rails arranged for seats, etc., to prepare for the feast and to bivouac for the night. The roll call showed we had not lost a man, nor dog, nor the salt we had tied up in the rag, wherefore the animals had not time to devour much corn that night and our time had come to partake of those luscious green ears of roasted corn with salt well rubbed in between the kernels. Cuff and Ponto stood as sentry at the foot of the trees and we proceeded with our sport as follows: .

Boys are boys when hunting the coon,
Whether the night is dark or brightly shines the moon;
They liberally pluck the ears of corn
At intervals from 10 o'clock to the coming morn.

The log-heap is lighted and soon is all aglow,
Straightway for the corn-ears the boys do go
And roast 'em o'er the fire of the burning heap,
And salt 'em well and eat, and stories tell all night to keep
Awake until the dawn of day,
When the first nimrod will blaze way
At the coon upon the tree.
Bang, bang, bang, miss; one, two, three.

Number four comes to the scratch and draws his bead;
The coon lets go and quickly drops, indeed.
Old Cuff, who through the night as sentry stood,
Quickly tries his nippers on his victim as if he would
Like to have a picnic with his cunning coon,
And looked sad 'cause life went out so soon.

Upon the other tree, under which Ponto watched all night,
We behold something of a different stripe.
Bang, bang! Amid the smoke we see an oppossum fall;
But lo! on his way, around a limb his tail it coils.
By the tail it hangs, grinning, a funny sight.

Reader, had you seen it 'twould have given you delight.
Poor oppossum, still hanging high up in the air:
Another leaden messenger sent to bring him down from there.
When on the ground Ponto seized him by the back,
When we could fairly hear the bones in its body crack.
Later on, we found that 'possum was still alive,
Had fooled the dogs and all the boys likewise.

On examination, neither bullet had pierced its heart,
But simply passed through less vital parts.
Whereas it had stood such a galling fire,
We concluded that 'possum should peacefully retire.

The next morning we found it gone, perhaps to see
Its young oppossums up a green tree.
Some say the hardest animals to kill is a woodchuck or a cat;
They aint to be compared to that
Oppossum of eighteen hundred and forty-five,
Which, I presume, is still alive.

Presently the dogs began to bark up another tree.
By peering up through the leaves we could see
A dark object bristling up and sort o' shine,
Which we discovered to be the prickly porcupine.

A shot was let go at it; to the ground it fell.
The dogs promptly grappled it, and as quickly did they yell;
The porcupine's quills are bad medicine for a dog:
By a lash of the tail it will thrust its quills into a log.

Much better ornaments for beads for the Indian squaw
Than they are for a dog to chaw.
Our faithful dogs got a hot dose that bright summer morn,
Their mouths were chock full of porcupine thorns.

The dogs followed us to the house, where an hour we did devote
In pulling those quills from their mouth and throat.
With bullet moulds and pinchers 'twas all we could do;
But the noble animals felt better when we got through.

The coon we nicely skinned and tried out its oil;
The porcupine we let rot upon the soil,
Not with the hope that other porcupines would grow,
As it is the "cursedest" animal created here below.

It does not require much of a mathematician to figure out quite soon
That a bevy of boys will eat as much corn as a litter of raccoons;
But it is natural for the boys to take down the gun
And go among the coons, 'possums, "porcys," and have some fun.

In looking back to that night of 1845
I find some of those valiant boys are still alive.
Wm. Skeels, Wm. Alderman, Truman Sargent, Lucius Church, a noble four,
Whose hunting scenes on earth have passed o'er.

But revolving time brings forth its change.
What seems to us a loss we hope to them is gain;
But whether it is, or is not, an earthly boon,
Many a noble life goes out at noon.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SUGAR MAKING.

TAPPING TREES—GATHERING SAP—THE RESCUE—THE FESTIVAL—OUR CABIN—SUGARING OFF.

N FEBRUARY, 1847, we took a sugar camp of Scuyler Gates, Albion, Pa., situate in the big woods of Spring, Pa., about two miles from our abode. Presently we said to cousin Alf., who lived near by on an adjoining farm, "Wouldn't you like to go in with me and work the Gates' sugar bush?" "On what terms?" said he; "Two-thirds of what we get; he furnishes camp, kettles and storage for one-third the sugar made." "I will go you," said Alf., "but we will probably have to make 40 or 50 new sap troughs to replace some leaky ones." Sap buckets, at that day, were much scarcer than babies, in most families. In due time new troughs were supplied. On a bright, sunny morning in March, with about a foot of snow on the ground, the wind southward, the air warm and balmy, betokening a good sap day, we proceeded to the sap bush accompanied by our paternal ancestors and cousins, Rant and Trume, and tapped 320 trees. The day was a gushing sap day and we placed our kettles between two large beech logs, comprising a chaldron, a half-chaldron and a five-pail kettle for a heater, preparatory for boiling.

We were on hand the next morning and found many of the troughs full, and the sap still running. A fire was kindled and sap placed in the kettles, which in due time

were boiling. To the novice I will state that we put on our neckyokes made from basswood timber, carved out to fit the neck and shoulders, about three feet long, a moosewood string tied to each end of the yoke attached to a wooden hook from which the pails suspended, the length of which to suit the arms and legs of the subject, when tugging through a foot of snow or otherwise. There was lots of work, hard work, in this crude way of maple sugar making. The most fatiguing part is carrying the sap or sugar water, in the snow or wet ground in a primeval forest. Snow or rain water in sap, when boiling, causes it to foam and boil over the kettle, when a piece of fat pork placed in the kettle calms its turbid action and keeps it down within the vessel; just the same, we presume, it would act on many an individual, with a little hard work mixed in, would keep down a turbulent disposition and keep them from slopping over, much to the benefit of the community in general.

When we had gathered the bush over we found the troughs first gathered were again full. This meant business, and as the trees over a part of the camp were scattered, it made much traveling to get around. A better thing, however, was in store for us, when the next morning R. H. came to our rescue with a pair of steers and a sled, and a couple of barrels with which to gather the sap, and more than this, loaves of wheat and corn bread, a ham and a bucket of eggs. Our good parents being farmers who kept geese, turkeys, ducks and hens, we got a variety of eggs, and, God bless them, they well knew they had sent the provisions to a good market.

We soon gathered our sap, and still from the sugar maple was briskly dropping the sweet beverage. We found

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we had to boil sap that night to make store room for the morrow. R. H. had to return with the steers that evening, and before dark he emerged from the wood to the settlement and could not participate in our evening festivities.

Slices of the ham we broiled on a stick,
Over the glowing coals, very quick;
The grease we used for sop on the corn bread,
And pronounced it the best we ever had.

The eggs were boiled four minutes in a kettle of sap,
But as to the time, we had to guess at that;
For all the watch we had was a watch dog,
And the brute lay asleep under a log.

We dipped out the eggs, goose, turkey, and all sorts, what a sight,
And found 'em all boiled just about right;
Then from our broiled ham and eggs and corn bread,
We partook of a hearty supper before going to bed.

Our cabin was built of split bass wood and black ash logs, notched at the ends, dovetailed, and laid up edgeways, about the height of the average calf pen, and 8x12 feet, and its roof covered with bark. The door did not swing on iron hinges, but was left a grand opening like a dog kennel, and the cracks between the logs were sufficient to admit fresh air and a little snow occasionally.

This cabin had not been occupied for twelve months' except by a stray rabbit or raccoon, consequently we had to go about it and put our house in order, to make up our beds for a few hours of sweet repose. The floor consisted of a lot of poles laid on the ground and a split basswood log across the head end of the bunk department for a pillow, on which we piled hemlock boughs a foot thick, and over all spread a blanket to prevent taking cold or getting the rheumatics, or a cramp in the toe nails.

The moon was shining brightly at 12 o'clock, and the boiling kettle within wore a golden hue from the days' boiling, and we drank a quart of the sweet elixir to aid in digesting our hearty supper. Then followed story telling, and the song from our bassino voices, which made the welkin ring and resounded far away in the stillness of the night, and was answered by the pee-wee, the nightingale, and the croaking of Morley's frogs in a neighboring swail, when we concluded, it was high time to turn in.

We filled up the kettles, arranged the fire, and with all our clothing on, hats and boots, we entered our cabin, placed an army blanket over us and laid down to sleep, and slept soundly until 7 o'clock; awakening, we found Alf. grinning, and he exclaimed, "What do you think of this?" "I think we're snowed under," I replied.

We arose and shook ourselves like a couple of colts and emerged from the cabin, and found four or five inches of snow on the ground, and still snowing, and we had received a good sprinkling of it in the cabin. We found the contents of the kettle well boiled down, when soon we had a fire and reduced it to syrup, which we strained and set away to settle, preparatory to sugaring off.

The next day R. H. came to camp, when we finished boiling the sap on hand, sugared off, and at night had all the sugar we could carry home, leaving in the cabin two buckets of syrup. After a rest of two or three days, we returned to camp, and found that some "sour pilgrim" had invaded our cabin and carried off the syrup and forgot to bring any of it back. After this we left no syrup in the cabin for others to sugar off at our expense, and attended to each sugar run, and made about 500 pounds of sugar, and had a sweet time generally. We thought that sugar, ham and eggs and corn bread tasted sweeter in the woods than at our own domicile.

CHAPTER XXX.

OUR FIRST TRIP ON THE RAGING CANAL.

THE SUMMIT—THE FEEDER—HARTSTOWN POND—HUNDREDS OF SNAKES—TRIBES OF INDIANS—THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE SOUTHWEST—THE POLK AND DALLAS—TOWED BY A STEAMBOAT—ROUNDING BEAVER POINT—A NARROW ESCAPE.

CAPTAIN ELISHA ALDERMAN, who lived three-fourths of a mile south of Albion, Erie county, Pa., owned and commanded the canal boat Polk and Dallas, which was one of the first boats run on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal. One evening in June, 1846, his boat lay moored on the Birm side of the canal at Bowman's wood, near Shadeland. His son, Fayette, mounted Old George and rode away to my father's house to hire me go on a trip with them to Pittsburg. Father said corn-hoeing was coming on but he thought he could manage that; if I wanted to go, I could. His decision suited me to a "T," as it would give me an opportunity to see the Shenango valley and the different towns along the route to Beaver Falls, thence a ride on the Ohio River up to Pittsburg, all of which I had never seen or enjoyed. I was electrified at the thought of going on that voyage, and thought father very kind to let me go at that time.

I was up and dressed at 3 o'clock the following morning, and mounted Old George, with Fayette on before, and

away we rode to where the boat lay moored, as aforesaid. Arriving, the bow of the boat was set across the canal. Soon she came up to the tow-path broadside, when Bill (the mate to Old George) walked out of the midship cabin to take his place as the saddle-horse, and the two were hitched on to the tow line and we were soon on our way.

It was a fine June morning, and the morning song of the myriad warblers in Bowman's wood lent enchantment to the spell.

Well, we were soon in the Spring Corners lock, at the head of the eleven-mile level. From there we found many locks before reaching the Summit, at which place the feeder comes in to supply the water for the canal from French Creek at Bemustown, some three miles above Meadville.

We entered the big pond at Hartstown about 5 o'clock, and such a sight I never saw before, nor since. Had St. Patrick been there he could have got a job. Snakes! Yes, snakes, laying along the edge of the tow-path and in the water, everywhere from three to six feet long. Black and sleek they were. We struck at them with a setting pole a hundred times, perhaps, in a distance of a mile's travel and they would slip off like eels and as indifferently as if we were striking at as many ropes of India rubber. We could only conclude, if what we saw was a fair specimen of the snakes contained in that 1700-acre pond or lake, that all the waters of the State of Pennsylvania were boiled down into that area to produce as many black snakes as existed on that bright summer day in the big pond at Hartstown.

Night came on and we tied up near Greenville. There the tow-path run along the bank of the Shenango River, and so continued a good share of the way to Beaver, where it empties into the Ohio.

In due time we passed Greenville, Sharon and New Castle, and in the interim I found I had to work in various capacities—driver, cook, lock-fitter, rowersman and steersman, all of which, for so young a lad, was more than I bargained for when I started out.

Nothing more noteworthy, however, occurred until we passed New Castle, when three line boats came up, loaded with Indians westward bound to Indian Territory. They were the Seneca tribe from the Cataraugus Reservation, Western New York. An incident occurred as the boats were passing through a lock. Two buck Indians clinched and had an extremely lively tussle, to the merriment of the lookers-on. Shortly they fell, still clutching each other, and rolled over and over to the side of the boat, and would have rolled into the lock had they not been caught by the bystanders, who separated them. They were the first tribe of Indians I ever saw, and afforded much curiosity to my youthful eye. By the way, I noticed some pretty fine-looking Indian girls among the tribe.

Our boat arrived in Beaver in time to see them take their departure on board a steamboat for St. Louis and St. Charles, thence up the Missouri River en route to their reservation. When the Indians were aboard and the steamer ready to drop from her moorings an old squaw could not be persuaded to go on board the boat. She waved her hand back in the direction from which she came and said she wanted to go back to the rising sun, to her happy old home, the scenes of her childhood. Her gestures, appearance and manner of speech I shall never forget, and many present expressed themselves that it was a rather affecting incident. After much solicitation by members of her tribe and the agents, with a promise that she could some day

come back, she consented to go aboard the boat, which was soon

Steering away down the Ohio for the Southwest,
And the number of Senecas have become much less;
Like all the other tribes in past decades,
Diminishing in every move they have made.

Two young boys remained in the skiff of the steamer, behind,
On leaving, sadly chimed a doleful requiem;
The skiff stood nearly on end from the steamer's waves,
Yet determined to ride in the skiff were the young braves.

Reader, if you are familiar with Indian history, I know
You will have some compassion for poor Lo,
By the white man driven from post to post,
No wonder he feels like giving up the ghost.

A steamer came alongside the Polk and Dallas and we were soon on our way up the Ohio to the Smoky City, making several stops to let off and take on passengers, (as these river boats in that way are very obliging) they will steam up to the beach any where on the route for passengers. About three hours time was required to make Pittsburg. Our cargo consisted of white ash ripped lumber (unedged) consigned to Wardroup, Stout & Williams, agricultural works, for the manufacture of agricultural implements.

The next morning we commenced to discharge our load. The captain and his big boy, Fayette, did help us unload that lumber, but the next morning did usher in one of those old time hot days, and thirty-five tons of railroad iron was to go aboard the Polk and Dallas for Erie, when Captain Elisha and his big boy, Fayette, excused themselves and slunk away into the shade and left the loading of that railroad iron to us two young lads, all alone to our glory, which soon began to bite our hands. From a couple

of boot legs we cut thumb holes, and covered the inside of our hands with leather, that we could better stand the racket. Those rails were of the old-fashioned "T" stripe and, of course were not so heavy as the rail of to-day, but heavy enough for two young boys to handle, and as we walked from the wharf to the boat, tugging under the heavy load, we would frequently throw the right leg under the rail to lighten up the weight, and before night our trousers leg was worn through from knee to thigh, and had it not been for a tough lining under the trousers leg, that iron might have kept on wearing. Sweat; why we were as wet as a couple of dipped wharf rats and our shirts yellow as saffron bags. That night we felt more like resting than going to the theatre or seeing the sights in a strange city, but we had seen the elephant all day and must be content.

In justice to Capt. Alderman we will say that he was afflicted with a fever sore on one of his limbs, and to a great degree was excusable, but we thought he should have furnished a substitute on that day, as long as his incorrigible big boy rendered so little aid in that heavy work. But the captain catered to our wants frequently for cool water, and in the afternoon twice to a kreutzer of sparkling lager, which, if ever it did us any good, it did on that memorable occasion.

The next morning about 9 o'clock the steamer took the Polk and Dallas in tow for Beaver. As we steamed out into the broad channel of the Ohio we gazed back to the conflux of the Allegheny and Monongahela and to the Smoky City in the dim distance, we began to feel somewhat invigorated as we glided along on this, the pleasantest part of our trip.

ROUNDING BEAVER POINT.

When near Sewickly, at a signal from persons on the shore, the steamer made for them to take them aboard. Our boat was made fast about one-third her length abow of the steamer, consequently when the steamer touched shore for the passengers the bow of the canal boat was left aground and thus the steamer, instead of backing off, as she should have done, swung to the right, thereby badly cracking one of the gunwales of the Polk and Dallas, and when out into the channel a sheet of water ran through the broken gunwale sufficient to sink her in a short time.

If ever a man moved lively 'twas Fayette Alderman just then. The oakum, mallets and caulking irons were quickly brought into requisition. He and the captain being good caulkers they worked like beavers, and before we reached Beaver Point they had the leak stopped.

Young as we were we recommended an attachment plaster to be put on that steamboat captain for that job, but he was allowed to go scott free and collect tow bill (in part) for towing and breaking the boat's gunwale. You see it's natural for the big mucky-mucks to shove off the smaller fry, which custom is pernicious and should be resisted by the last lip and the last dollar.

After dinner old Bill and George, our propelling power, walked leisurely out of the midship stable and were hitched onto the tow line, preparatory to rounding Beaver Point to enter the Shenango on our way homeward. There was a sand bar running out some distance, and in rounding the point our steersman, anxious to evade this, swung out too far into the current. The horses were already in the water and when the current struck the boat broadside they were pulled further into the stream. We saw our danger at once,

and each man, with his setting pole with iron hook and socket on end, applied them with all his might.

The saddle horse was in the water to his saddle, and the heroic rider (John), standing in the stirrups, urged the horses for all he was worth. We were about to cut the tow line for the moment, and go over to Bridgewater or down the river miles below. At this juncture the current of the Shenango seemed to brace up the situation, when we could feel the boat begin to move forward, and the driver still urging the motive power, when the horses began to emerge from the water, and soon again were on terra firma.

We entered the Shenango and made the Kenacanese Lock that evening—twelve miles. We laid up for the night in the jaws of the lock, when the arduous duty of cooking supper was devolved upon the writer. I didn't like the business, never was cut out for a cook, but I had learned to become quite a dabster at it already, since my exit upon the raging canal.

From a lot of dry pine wood, full of pitch (turpentine) I soon had a cracking fire, with a tea kettle over, the potatoes on boiling, and already the ham and eggs, little later to fry, as a boatman can take his ham or meat, eggs, potatoes and sich three or four times a day with impunity, without offering up an excuse or generally any sort of a blessing. All at once I heard a flopping, and from the boat gunwale on to the railroad iron and on to the dunage floor. I skipped out and peered down and beheld the biggest black bass I ever saw. As the boat lay up to the wind wall of the lock it would sway back and forward a few inches, and probably touched the fish, when it jumped up as a bass often does, and landed in the boat. The next thing on the programme was to dress and cook that fish, which we had for

supper and breakfast, and there is no better eating than the black bass.

We turned in early that night, with nothing to molest our slumber except the outburst of the bewitching song of the Shenango bullfrog, with his dreadful chorus "Better go round." But we were soon in the sweet embrace of Morpheus and had no time to "go round" nor to dream of snakes or bullfrogs.

The next morning at the dawn of day we pulled out of the lock, when again we heard the sweet music of a thousand morning songsters to cheer us on, in great contrast with the bassino voice of the bull frog of a few hours before. As we passed along up the bank of the Shenango, we noticed the trees on its towering hillsides bending toward its waters, and rocks as big as a meeting house carelessly overhanging our heads, and how such huge rocks came there, to frowningly remain at such a dizzy height, was a wonder to my youthful mind. The scenery of the lower Shenango is picturesque and grand, and its black bass, bull frogs and rattle snakes most beautiful. No incidents of note, onward, except that five days later we safely arrived at our paternal roof, being out fifteen days on our first trip on the raging canal.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPTAIN OF A CANAL BOAT, WITH PAPERS IN MY HAT—A CHEESE DEAL.

IN the spring of 1847, when plowing and corn-planting was done, I asked my father to let me take Old Fan to put with another horse on the tow line and make a couple trips to Erie. He replied: "Whose boat will you get?" "The Queen Sada and its owner, Ogilvy Cole, to steer her," I said. "And I can make a couple of trips and some money and fetch around in time to help hoe the corn." He said I could take the mare. I proceeded to do so and rode to Albion, engaged two loads lumber, hoops and saddle-trees of Messrs. John and Pearson Clark to deliver in Erie, and hired Cole and his boat. The next day we loaded the boat and the next morning we pulled out for Erie with the papers in my hat as captain of the canal boat, with Elisha Young as rowersman and Cole as steersman. I had good luck on that trip, likewise the second one, and did as well as I had expected; and a boy is apt to think he can do about as much, and know about as much, at fifteen years as ever.

A CHEESE DEAL.

My parents kept a good number of cows, as did also my Uncle Anson Sargent on his adjoining farm. In the cheese-making season the milk of the cows of both farms

was put together to make larger cheese. As warm weather was again coming on, and as my parents had most of the previous year's stock of cheese on hand, my mother said: "Martin, I wish you would sell the cheese. We have now kept them nearly a year and it is time they were disposed of. There are about forty that might be sold." I replied that I thought they might be sold in Erie as well as anywhere else. The cheese was hauled to the canal and put aboard the boat for the Erie market.

The cheesemaker, also the lover of cheese, are well aware that the little white skipper is very fond of cheese and that it don't select a poor cheese, either; consequently in a lot of 40 cheese it would not be strange during the year for the little white wiggler to invade some one or more of the aforesaid lot of cheese.

Some folks appear to like cheese—skippers and all. I have seen people take a slice of cheese full of little white squirmers, and eat it down and call it good. Perhaps it was good to see them wiggle.

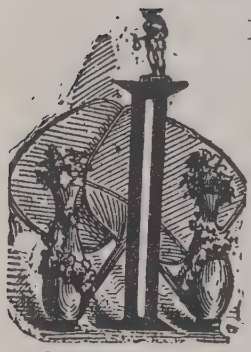
The next day I discovered that some had already taken abode in a cheese, and his skippership had crawled out, as if to get the course it was sailing. Arriving at Erie I called at all the canal groceries and others near by, but could find no buyer. Everybody supplied. Tried it again the next day, with no better success. The next morning I dropped into a canal grocery and made a sale of the whole lot, which much delighted me and exalted my boyish ideas in trade. The cheese was weighed, the amount figured out, and the buyer counting out the cash to pay me for the same, when in stepped a man and asked the grocer what he was doing. "Paying for this lot of cheese," he replied. "We don't want it. This fellow was in here the other day and I told

him we didn't want to buy cheese." The grocer put away his money, when I said to him, "What has all this to do with our bargain, anyhow?" "I am a partner in this concern." "Very well," said I, "then pay for the cheese I sold the firm; if not, you can settle with Lawyer Marshall," and started out. "Hold on," said he, "as it is, I'll give give you one-half in cash and one-half in salt and take the cheese." "How much a barrel for salt?" I asked. "Eight shillings and six pence," said he. "That will do," I replied. The salt was loaded aboard the boat, homeward bound, and I sold it to the farmers at $1.50 per barrel. Just as I was leaving the kicking grocer, to get fairly even with him I advised him to better keep a little salt on hand to salt down his cheese skippers. Later we heard that the cheese market had fallen off somewhat at the canal grocery, but the skipper market had improved.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EARLY VISITOR.

A TERRIFIC YELL—A MAGICAL EFFECT.



IN 1847 a little burg in Erie County, Pa., named by a straight haired preacher "Tighthole," who had labored earnestly for their soul's salvation, and when about to leave the place, the preacher felt that his good work was not fully appreciated, and in his prayers he desired the Lord to bless that community, especially the people of Tighthole—hence the place took that name. The town is situated on the old Erie & Pittsburg Canal, about two miles south of Albion, and that was the name generally used by the boatmen. Later it was called Harrisonville, and now Keepville.

In those days rousing meetings were held in the school houses where there were no church buildings. It was a common occurrence for the preacher to exhort and sing so earnestly that he would sweat like a rail splitter in midsummer, and all for a small pittance. Nevertheless much interest was taken in the meetings. The writer (then a youth of 16) accordingly took it into his head one crisp Sunday afternoon in January to go down to Tighthole to meeting, also to attend the evening services. Good meetings were had and the usual interest manifested. There were numerous young people there with whom I was acquainted, and I

found myself in their company on our way home. In due time, a good lunch was served : Mince pie, fried cakes and cheese, apples and cider, of which young folks can at most any time eagerly partake. Of course, while in good company, time swiftly flies, and when the wee hours 1 and 2 came we were retracing our steps homeward, and when we had advanced about half a mile from the corporate limits of Tighthole, opposite the dense black hemlocks, we heard a cracking of the ice near shore on the eastern side of Alsworth Coles' duck pond, on the E. & P. Canal.

It was one of those strange, cold wintry nights when everything in animate and inanimate creation generally was hushed in the arms of Morpheus. The sun the previous evening looked as if it was wading in a snow-drift. Already the snow was knee deep on the ground. The moon, apparently, was scooting into and out from behind the clouds, playing a grand panorama in space on that cold, gray night. Her bewitching, silvery disc reflecting through the clouds, yet feebly into the hemlocks on the dark side of that duck pond on the eleven-mile level of the raging canal, gave one an impression long to be remembered.

But hark! The clinks of ice again on that dark shore soon revealed the form of a black brute snuffing around, which made directly for me. The pale flittering of the moonlight enable dme,

> "As the brute came nearer,"
> To see more clearer:
> There was no such dog round there,
> "'Twas nothing else than a big, black bear."

I thought of many things in a minute. Nothing with me but a pen-knife and the arms that God gave me to defend myself. Something must be done, and that quickly.

The leer and grin on the face of my early visitor betokened a grim visage of an early picnic with bruin. To run was useless, and to climb a tree would be sport for the brute. There was a straight rail fence within a few feet of me, capped and staked. I quickly jerked from the fence one of the stakes, about six feet long, which was in such shape that I could wield it to advantage, and quickly wheeled about with uplifted stake. When bruin was only a few feet below me I gave a terrific yell, which echoed far beyond the realms of Tighthole or the present limits of Keepville. That yell had a magical effect on the bear, as he wheeled about and sat upon his haunches, threw his head to one side, gave me a parting grin, and marched off toward the dark hemlocks, across the icy pond from whence he came.

Well, I was exceedingly glad that my early visitor had concluded to leave me at that lonely spot on that lonely night, "alone to my glory." With quickened footsteps I made up the tow-path for my Uncle Ira Locke, near the Union school-house, which was about one and a-half miles from my paternal roof. Arriving, I knocked loudly on his door. He opened the door and said: "Come in. Out rather late, aren't you, for a boy?" "Yes, I guess so. I just had a little experience down the tow-path that you needn't say anything about, at least not until you see those bear tracks, as the boys would laugh at me." "All right," said uncle; "but you must stay here the remainder of the night, as the weather is cold and the snow deep." He did not have to use much persuasion to get me to stay, as a few hours of refreshing sleep would better fit me to solve the coming school-day's problem of Dayboll and the etymology of Kirkham at the old school-house a few hours later.

A MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

The bear's tracks were the next day seen all right, and by some hunters tracked beyond Porky street and into the big woods of Denmark, Ohio. Its shaggy robe has served to keep many a one warm and more comfortable than it did me on that cold, wintry night on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal on my lonely excursion one and a-half miles south of the antiquated burg of Tighthole.

"So you see one can never know at all"
What's going to happen out on the E. & P. Canal.
In fact, the half never has been told
Of the haps and mishaps about ancient Tighthole.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"IN LOVE AND OUT."

I LOVED HER, and she seemed to me
As fair as Summer skies;
Her gentle, sunny face to see
Was gladness to my eyes.

Her hand was soft, her foot was small,
Her cheeks were like the rose;
But I admired most of all
The freckles on her nose.

She jilted me, and then I learned
That love indeed is blind;
Her many charms I once discerned,
Have faded from my mind.

She isn't near so pretty as
The lilly or the rose;
I'll never wed a girl who has
Such freckles on her nose.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HOME OF OUR YOUTH.

HERE is no place to where our memories should more fondly cluster than around the home of our youth. Like the flowers of Spring time budding into blossom, buoyant and imaginative thoughts waft us forward to prospective future scenes, to be enacted in the drama of life. What a vast field lies stretching out to the gaze of the youthful eye upon which to contemplate! Hence the great game of chance in the race of life soon commences.

Some play it with great skill and precision,
Others soon land in a poor house or a prison;
A righteous home teaching in a majority of cases,
Will land us all in proper places.

Industry, temperance and frugality are the three main spokes in the wheel of fortune. Look ye out upon the plodding multitude marching up and down the avenues of life. Behold the buoyant and sunny face of the maiden or the matron, the air of content upon the visage of the busy man, or the smiling, happy youth. Again, behold the woman—

With pale face, unsteady step and solemn mien,
With noble form and feature as e're was seen,
With downcast look she plods her way anlog,
Driven from home into the throng.

Look ye there, a reeling form, with slobbered face,
Following the one whom he had disgraced,
Thrown out to earn her living in anguish and in tears,
By one with whom she had spent best portion of her years.

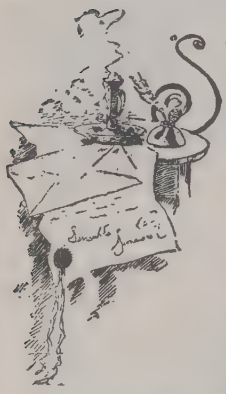
Such scenes are not confined to the middle ages, but to the tender youth. Then can we wonder how it is that there are so many fallen creatures in our land? A proper training and living in the home of our youth does much to prevent this unhappy condition. Therefore we have work—

For the missionary from every hand,
Without going to India's distant heathen land,
To educate our kin in industry, temperance and truth,
Right here among us, at the home of our youth.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HOG—HIS EXPLOIT IN A WELL—THE RESCUE

A hog is a hog the world around,
To drive him you first must knock him down.



SO IT APPEARED IN 1847, when our paternal ancestor bought a hog from Moses Church about five miles away. I was sent to drive the hog home, but that hog wouldn't drive and I returned home, took a horse and wagon and Cousin Truman back with me for that hog. We found the critter as obstinate as ever. He would only go a few rods in our direction, and then would about wheel, with hoggish grunts, and make a lunge for his pig stye. This being repeated several times we got weary and, our patience exhausted, we found that some other tactics must be resorted to, and the next time that barrow made a lunge to get past us a heavy hickory whipstock held in our right hand, met him between the snout and eyes, and he stopped right there in the road. We sadly picked him up, and it was all we could do to put him into the wagon. Then we could drive our hog behind the horse in the wagon. It was a hot day; the hog was hot and we were all hot. Arriving at Col. Rutler's store, Spring, we halted for water to quench our thirst. The sensible colonel recommended that we treat our hog to a couple of

buckets of cold water as the best panacea for a living hot hog on a hot July day. This was done, with soothing effect, and his porkship's grunts became more animating.

My father met us there and we drove home and put the hog into a yard with another of about equal size. But that hog was soon destined to take a more extensive bath at the expense of its owner. About 6 o'clock one fine morning I got up and noticed both hogs in the door yard. When the dog noticed them he started furiously for them. The hogs bristled up and retreated sideway, and when this Church hog got alongside of the well curb he pushed it aside and down went the hog into the well, 12 feet deep, in which were five feet of water. I immediately told father what had happened. He sprang out of bed, not waiting to dress himself, and quickly went down into the well. Placing his bare feet firmly in place in the well stones, he grabbed the hog by the ears and pulled upward. That old barrow shot right up out of the water and his head was nearly even up to father's. The scene was one that would fill the bill for the ideal artist and his camera. But don't forget that that hog was in the meantime putting in his best strength and grunts, with the toes of his hind feet firmly placed in a crevice of the stone wall and his fore feet digging away upon his almost naked deliverer. I could only leave them in this condition while running to John Woodard's, our nearest neighbor, for help. Mr. Woodard and Anson Sargent were soon on hand to the rescue. A rope was adjusted around the body of the hog under the fore legs, and a turn or two around a handspike and his hogship lifted up out of the well. The hog gave a few grunts and was all right, while father's breast, back and legs were pretty badly lacerated.

A hog is a hog, we very well know,
When you want him to move he won't go,
You can't even coax him with an ear of corn
The biggest hog of a hog that ever was born.

Beside us sits our ancestor, whom we call Uncle Alf,
As we write this sketch he greets us with a hearty laugh
About the hog in the well in the days of yore,
And how he came out with legs and body quite sore.

Yet my father is with us, going on eighty-eight,
Which affords us consolation that he is so hale, hearty and straight.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A TRIP TO MEADVILLE FOR A POUND OF TEA.

E THOUGHT we had had mentioned everybody and almost everything concerning the early settlers of Spring, but when I think of that hero, Simon Washburn, who traveled on foot forty-four miles, through forest, o'er hill, valley and stream, to Meadville, in 1825—

To buy a pound of tea, at $2 a pound,
to save the life
Of his earnest, darling wife.

Pardon me, reader, for the inference, but what else could we infer, "A. D. 1891," that in making that long and tedious journey through the woods expressly to buy a pound of tea, for anything short of saving a life, when, in performing the act, he imperiled his own life in becoming an easy prey to the wild beasts of the forest.

But occasionally a pioneer lady, as well as some women of to-day, must have their tea to cure a headache, to produce slumber or wakefulness, and to stimulate the nerves to greater action, and while at the same time the lady or gentleman who should moderately imbibe a little rye tea is going "all wrong sure" and thrilling appeals are lauded

upward and broadcast for the saving ordinance "prohibition." But if they would discover that a strong decoction of green tea would bear up an egg as long or kill a dog quicker than would a dram of rye whisky, they would not be, perhaps, such strong drinkers of strong tea. But as long as tea parties are the rule and narrow giper toe shoes are in fashion, it will be in order, however baneful its effects to the wearer and the drinker.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THIRTY-TWO POUNDS OF BUTTER FOR A POUND OF TEA—THE TEA PARTY—FORTUNE TELLING.

T SEEMS that in the good old days of 1820 some people apparently had as keen a relish for some articles and beverages as they have nowadays, and would undergo much more in the acquisition of the same. The patient toil, the personal endurance exhibited on many occasions tells the story of determined and persevering action of the pioneer men and women.

Frederic Bolard had a farm in Spring, Pa., and he also manufactured bells, which article was in great demand at that day to strap around the neck of the cow or sheep so it might be heard in the forest, so that at night the boys could tell in what direction to go for the cows, perhaps a mile or two away in the woods.

One day Mrs. Elizabeth Bolard discovered that her stock of tea in the canister was getting low, when she prepared some butter for market, and the next morning saddled her trusty horse and mounted him with two pails of butter, containing 32 pounds, and rode away to Meadville and back, a distance of 36 miles, and exchanged the 32 pounds of butter for one pound of tea, the price of the butter being 6¼ cents and the tea $2.00 per pound.

In view of the above facts, it seems there must have been some fascinating allurement back of this—the fash-

ionable tea party and the fortune teller around the tea table, where sits Misses Smith, Jones, Brown and Simpkins and others. Supper is over, the tea cups emptied of their delicious beverage, when a new supply of tea grounds are placed in the hands of those who are anxious to have their fortunes told; then the cups are inverted and whirled in the hands and gently tapped on the table by the fair applicant, that the tea grounds may be jotted along down the sides of the cup, when one by one hands over her cup to the romantic fortune teller, who is no novice at the business. The romance commences, the mystery is unveiled to the fair one, the haps and mishaps of the future are revealed in thrilling pathos. The zeal and enthusiasm which the fortune teller manifests in the work is unequalled even by the latter day phrenologist while examining the bumps of the cranium, delineating the traits of character. Soon there is seen in the cup of tea grounds a dove (a carrier pigeon) carrying a letter in its beak, indicating glad tidings of great joy, and when the inspired fortune teller commences to unravel and interpret the contents of that mysterious missive, the heart of fair Abigail swells with emotion during the spell of the anxious ordeal through which she is passing, under the gaze of the much amused members of the tea party. When her fortune is told, should there remain some vestige of which she would like to know, she adds more material and again flips her cup, hoping to get the balance of her desired fortune. When the fortune teller has in like manner served all of the party, quite satisfactorily of course, she becomes the heroine of the party. Then follows a good time generally, and in due time the party retires to their respective homes—and pronounce that tea good and cheap, if butter didn't fetch but 6¼ cents a pound in exchange.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MANUFACTURING BLACK SALTS—SALT WELLS.

THOMAS FOSTER, Samuel and David Thompson, settled in Spring, Pa., before the war of 1812. Having emigrated from Ireland, they were unacquainted with the ways and some of the resources possessed by the scheming New England Pioneer in making the most out of the situation at that early day in a primeval forest. Consequently they had not learned for some years after settling upon their lands how to utilize the principal factor to exchange for cash, which was simply the manufacture of black salts, an article that found a ready sale for cash at Meadville, Erie, Pa., or Conneaut, Ohio.

In 1818 Captain Phineas Sargent and family emigrated from the east and settled in the said township, Spring, Pa.; he proceeded to teach the above named pioneers how to convert their ashes into black salts, of which a wagon-load could be transported to market in one days' time, from which they could readily realize more money than from the sale of a span of horses, or a couple of yoke of cattle, a big flock of sheep or several litters of pigs. It was an article that they generally threw away, except a few bushels required for making family soap, as the new land did not require the ashes, as the cultivated does to-day.

Well, as this black salt making is one of the by-gones, especially in the crude manner resorted to by the pioneer, I will therefore venture to explain its method, which may be of interest to the aspirant, the young man of the silver spoon, or to the Dandy Jim of to-day.

The timber on the fallow-field, usually comprising say from three to twenty acres, was rolled into log heaps and burned to ashes; these were raked into heaps and when cool, to prevent their getting wet and leeching, were hauled together and covered from the storm. Leeches were then erected (generally made from split timber, like staves) the leech filled with ashes, tamped down so that when the water was applied it would take some hours for it to soak through, thereby producing a strong lye which was put into a chaldron kettle or kettles, set in an arch and boiled down to the consistency of molasses, and thicker. It was stirred freely with an iron spud, to prevent it sticking to the kettle, and when about as thick as mush it was removed from the kettle and put into a wooden trough and, when cool, cut and put into barrels, it was ready for the market, and usually brought from $3 to $5 per hundred pounds.

Alfred Sargent, who is 87 years old and well and hearty at the present time, says that when a youth of 15 years, his father, Phineas Sargent, built the leeches for Foster and Thompson and set him to work boiling salts. With one kettle he could boil one hundred pounds per day.

At Meadville there were factories to convert the salts into pearl ash and saleratus. Later Col. Hiram Butler, at Spring Corners, manufactured saleratus, and on one occasion the writer bought six pounds of the best kind of saleratus for twenty-five cents. About the same time Messrs. John and Rearson Clark, of Albion, Pa., made a

genuine article and sold it very cheap, which of course was an indispensible article in every family. And now, we presume to say, with the vast increase of population saleratus or pure soda—like our spices, coffee and many other articles of food—are wickedly adulterated.

Because somebody wants to make a corner or a ring,
On some very essential thing;
On our food, and coffee that we drink,
How quick it kills they don't stop to care or think.

Salt was an indispensible and expensive article to the early settlers. It was freighted on pack horses over the Allegheny Mountains from the sea board and sold for fifty cents per quart. Years after, about 1810, a salt well was drilled by Daniel Shryock, of Beaver Township, and one by Samuel Wells in Elkcreek Township. Each of these wells was about 100 feet deep. The water did not contain as much salt as the Onondaga wells in New York, but it proved a Godsend to the early settlers of Crawford and Erie Counties, Pa., for years, until 1825–6, when the eastern salt could be obtained at Lake Erie ports, and when the E. & P. Canal was finished, 1840, the price of salt was much lower; and to-day it is used as a land fertilizer, but more to kill angleworms on many a poor garden spot in Ashtabula and elsewhere.

Young man, you who fly through the land upon the rail,
In days of yore would have to haul in your sail;
And learn, by experience, the Pioneers' fate,
And realize you either had to fish or cut bait.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

National characteristics.—A Scotch and Irish officer walking through a street in Liverpool chanced to see a very pretty girl behind the counter of one of the shops. The Irishman at once proposed to go in and purchase something in order to get a better view of the beauty, but the Scotch man replied, "Na, na; there's nae use wasting siller. Let's gang in and ask two saxpences for a shillin."

The *Medical Gazette* alleges that the following was received by a physician from a man whom he knew, practicing medicine and desiring counsel:

"Dear Dock I have a Pashunt whose Physical Sines shows that the windpipe has ulcerated off, and his Lungs have dropped down into his stomick. I have given him every thin, without effect. His Father is wealthy, honorable, influential, as he is member of assembly and I don't want to lose him. What shall I do, Ans by return male. Your Frat."

Dr. Squill—"Yes, I realize my time to die has come; but I feel that I am not going among strangers."

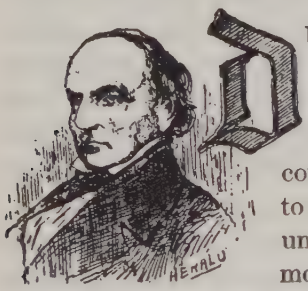
Parson Snooks—"No, indeed, doctor. Think how many of your patients have preceded you!"

Lawyer—"If you and your husband can't agree, why don't you agree to disagree?"

Fair Client—"Never! If I'd agree to disagree, he'd think I was giving way."

CHAPTER XL.

A Trip on Lake Erie—Ohio City—Akron—Return to School.



DURING the fore part of September it was, by my parents as well as by myself, thought best for me, at that time, when recovering from a long spell of sickness, to take a trip on the lake and visit an uncle in Ohio City, with the view of a more speedy return to health.

There being no railroads at that time, I took the stage coach to Erie, and from there I took passage on the steamer G. P. Griffith. The day was pleasant, but the lake was rough from the few days' previous storm, and the steamer rolled beautifully in the troughs of the sea. When we were off Ashtabula I began to experience the desired effect: my stomach was getting riled up. I went on to the hurricane deck to get a full sniff of the breeze—more fresh air—as a tonic to my revolting stomach. But no! As this was my first ride on Lake Erie, I was destined to get my money's worth then. I laid down on the deck, clutched my hands on the railing, with head protruding forward to the edge of the vessel, and proceeded to "give up the ghost." By the time we were in sight of Fairport I felt much better. And let me say here, that did me more good than lobelia, or all the doctor's medicine I ever took for an emetic.

That steamboat, the G. P. Griffith, on her next trip up the lakes, when near Erie, went down with 300 German emigrants (steerage passengers) by taking fire in her hold through the carelessness of those passengers. As the reader may recollect, when the fire was discovered the steamer was headed for shore; but the fire had made such headway that the vessel was soon in flames, and those of the passengers who were not drowned by jumping into the lake were roasted alive. The crew and some few others reached shore in the small boats. This was one of the greatest holocausts on our lake marine.

Arriving at my Uncle Albert Powell's, I found Cousins Edgar and John were on the lakes and not expected home for some weeks. After making a three or four-day visit I began to feel tip-top. One day, while on the wharf over the river at Cleveland, I noticed a canal boat loading copper, bound for Portsmouth, on the Ohio River. This copper was of the simon pure, from the mines of Hancock & Houghton, Lake Superior, and was in large flakes, weighing many hundred pounds each. The captain made me an offer to go a trip with him, which I accepted and assisted in loading the boat. Then we started for Portsmouth. I soon found that this canal captain was more *mulish* than *manly*, and I left him at Akron. There I met one Hiram Force, who was engaged in a wood business at that place, with whom I engaged to help in the business. He and his pleasant family proved much more congenial than the canal captain during my sojourn with them for six weeks.

At the close of lake navigation I returned to Cleveland and found Cousin Edgar at home and John at Indiana, to remain for the winter. After a short visit in Cleveland I had the good luck to get a boat for Erie, the Keystone

State, she being the last boat down the lakes, late in December, affording me a much cheaper and pleasanter ride than the stage coach.

At Erie I took the stage home. Having received letters, during my absence, from some of my schoolmates, the same afternoon of my return I visited our school and was glad to find our old mates all right, enjoying the even tenor of life in their "happy days." A brief account of my adventures was demanded, and I was looked upon as something of a traveler.

The next morning I was on hand and took my place in my old class. Before long I was fairly sailing through the diagraphs of Cobb, syntax of Kirkham and the knotty problems of Dayboll, etc., all of which, for some reason, seemed more pleasant to me at the old district school than the more modern regime in schools of later years.

The following summer and fall a select or high school was taught in the neighborhood, which I attended. That winter I taught school near Conneautville. In the spring I bought a three-year-old colt of Samuel Brainard to mate one that my father had, for which I was to give three months' work, commencing the first of April. I did the work and got the colt. In June I contracted to cut some wood, wherein I gained time, enabling me, about the middle of June, to go into Townsend's clover hay-field at good wages, where I was engaged the first of July. My sister Cornelia, Cousin John and his affianced and his sister, Electa Powell, called in a carriage for me to accompany them to my father's. With a spanking team, we had a pleasant, lively spin of ten miles in one hour and arrived at our father's domicil.

For my part, I had no objection, at that time, for a good time for a few days to come. This we proceeded to have, as the time was rolling by. We stopped for nary a cloud to roll by, but attended the Fourth of July ball at Conneautville. Three or four days later A. J. Brown and wife, of Allegheny College, came and a dance must follow, which was kept up until a late hour. Prof. Munson, of Tennessee, arrived about that time and said he was anxious to get teachers to accompany him to Tennessee. Arrangements were made, and in a few days we started for the Sunny South.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

DOWN THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI—TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AUGUST, 1850—BOLTON & DICKENS, SLAVE DEALERS—SCENES—SCHOOL TEACHING—SAD DEATH OF BROWN.

A PARTY consisting of Professor Munson, A. J. Brown, of Allegheny College, and wife; Miss Ball, the Misses Williamson of Linesville and Spring, Crawford County, Pa., and the writer, started for the Sunny South in July, 1850. It was a rather unpropitious time of the year for northerners to go South, but the professor and a schoolmate, Kingsley Clark, had been engaged for a year past teaching school and had announced in the Memphis papers that a teachers' institute would be held in August, and it being the first ever held in Memphis Mr. Munson must return and was anxious to take teachers back with him, hence the reason of our party going South at that time.

We took conveyance from Linesville by wagon across the country to Ashtabula, Ohio, where the Lake Shore Railroad terminated at that time, and took the train for Cincinnati. The Lake Shore from Ashtabula to Cleveland was very rough, the dust flying over everybody. We arrived at Cincinnati that evening, and found the mosquitoes plenty and very pugnacious near the Ohio River that night.

The next morning we noticed the steamer Silas Wright had out her boards—"For Memphis and New Orleans this

day." Our party went aboard the steamer, expecting soon to be on our way, but the next morning found us still at the Cincinnati wharf, and so on until the morning of the fourth day, when the steamer left her moorings and we steamed down the beautiful Ohio, full of hope and anticipating a a pleasant future. An interesting trip it was to be. On arriving at the locks at Louisville and while the steam boat was locking through, we had a desire to see the 7-foot 9-inch giant, Porter. We called at his place and inquired if the giant was home. The clerk replied in the affirmative, but after waiting some time and no giant appearing the clerk informed us that if we wanted to see him we must buy something. Seven glasses of lemonade were at once ordered, that we might get a look at the Kentucky giant.

Presently he appeared, and he was a wonderful looking object. He partook of his brandy, then he sat down on a high counter. The gun that he used for shooting ducks on the river was a load for the writer; his cane, a ponderous twisted varnished stick was big enough for a pile on which to build a saloon, or for an auger-shaped screw for Archimedes.

The whistle of the steamer informed us that she was through the locks and ready for her onward voyage down the river. We bid the Kentucky giant good bye, and went aboard. All went smoothly until we reached the Raleigh bar. Boat aground there for forty-eight hours. The next morning early the captain, with hawser and appliances, was determined to pull the steamer over the bar. All the crew were working the capstan and otherwise. A Dutch deck hand became sort of mulish; the captain, with one stroke of his flat hand sent him sprawling to the deck, then placed his foot on his head, the blood spurting profusely

from the poor fellow's head. It was well that he wore slippers, or he would have crushed him. The captain made no friends by this cruel act, but demonstrated that he must be obeyed in times of emergency.

After breakfast, as time began to wear on monotonously, our party thought they would go ashore on the Kentucky side and get some blackberries; found some, but many of them were dried up on the bushes, which was quite a surprise, as they were only half grown ten days before, in Crawford County, Pa.

The same day Miss Agnes Williamson told the captain that a poor woman, a steerage passenger, was very sick and in destitute circumstances, and must have relief at once or she would die. The captain said there was a New Orleans Spanish doctor aboard, and he would request him to see the woman. The kind hearted Agnes waited, but there was no response from the doctor. She then asked the doctor for humanity's sake to try to do something for the sick woman. He said his fee was $4.00, which must be paid, then he would prescribe. Agnes informed the captain, who got angry and said the doctor was a Spanish hog and ought to be thrown overboard for refusing to aid the poor in distress. The captain's stentorian voice was heard by the doctor, and finally he prescribed for the sick woman with good effect.

The Spanish doctor was on his return to New Orleans from St. Mary's College, Baltimore, where he had been to attend the closing exercises and the graduation of his 18-year old son, who was also going home to New Orleans. This young Spanish collegiate blood got exceedingly wroth over what the captain had said about his father, and he got up

on his top gallant sail in the presence of the young lady whom he much admired (Miss Agnes), and said had he been present he would have shot the captain on the spot. The writer at once informed the young Spanish blood, for his safety to not let the captain hear of his remark ; if he did he would pulverize him ; that, early that morning, he had pulverized a bigger Dutchman than he was; that the captain carried more bad medicine than both he and his father did. The young lady also advised him to quiet his nerves, which he did with amends, and in time to avert being thrown overboard by the stalwart captain.

The next morning our steamer cleared the bar and happily we proceeded on our way once more. A Louisania planter by the name of Garlic, about 60 years of age, who said he owned 100 slaves and a large plantation, had been up to that beautiful bay of Presque Isle, Erie, spending June and July. He said he intended henceforth to enjoy life. He had plenty of money and niggers, he said; he apparently enjoyed himself, and imbibed freely from the flowing bowl, and that, or something milder, was free with him to all. He took a fancy to Miss Ball and before our party left he proposed marriage to her and said he would convey to her lands and money sufficient for her lifetime, if she would marry him. I did not hear that the wedding came off, although I presume many a worse one has.

Nothing of note occurred until we reached Cairo, the mouth of the Ohio River, where we remained a few hours. This southern point of Illinois would be a natural site for a city, but the rushing waters of the Mississippi and the Ohio would let no city stand. The 26th day of July, 1850, was a hot day in Cairo. A couple of Mexican greasers,

hatless, shirtless and sockless, working as deck hands on a steamboat, I noticed appeared very warm. Presently one of them staggered and fell to the deck, overcome with the heat. He was insensible and fears were entertained that he would not survive, but a couple of buckets of water were dashed onto him and after some minutes he revived, but in no condition to work. The steamer's whistle called us on board and the Silas Wright was soon steaming down the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, with no sand bars to ntercept her passage.

We had a pleasant ride of 700 miles on the Mississippi; nothing of special interest to note until we sighted Memphis, where a conspicuous sign with letters as big as a cart wheel, attracted our attention—"Bolton & Dickens, Slave Dealers." Shortly after arriving in Memphis Prof. Munson, Miss Ball and the Misses Williamson, went out to Mt. Zion to the school and the residence of Mr. Munson; Mr. Brown, wife and the writer, to Morning Sun, some 18 miles from the city, where our schoolmate Kingsley Clark, was engaged at teaching. The following week was the time set for the opening of the teachers' institute at Memphis, notices having been sent into the surrounding states, Mississippi, Arkansas and Kentucky, that we might strongly organize and have not only an interesting but a profitable time in discussing the best methods of teaching. We met and organized, the three states above mentioned were fairly represented, and a good time generally was had. During that week we had a good opportunity to step into Bolton & Dickens' slave market and see what in the dickens Bolton & Dickens were doing, any how. Well we did not have to wait long to see, buyers and sellers were present same as in an adjoining livery and sale stable.

"How much, sir, for this black gal?—18 years old, sound, young, healthy, trim-limbed, and many days' work in her. Profitable investment for any man. One thousand dollars I'm offered. Say $1,200—I'm offered. Must have $1,500. So she goes at 15; it is $1,500 I'm offered—once, twice—gone at $1,500."

Other sales were made, trading females for males to suit the demand, hiring out slaves at 75 cents per day after the manner that the liveryman near by trafficed in his stock. Separations, by sale, took place in families, which seemed still more cruel. A bright-eyed little woolly-headed boy, eight years old, was separated from his mother, she sold to go on a Louisiana plantation and the little fellow to go to Mississippi. The mother clasped her arms around her little boy, kissed him and said, "We are going to be separated, my dear boy, but if I never see you again, my darling boy, I hope you will meet your mamma in heaven." Then the poor slave woman sobbed and wept bitterly.

This was too much for my tender heart, and I let the curtain drop and went away from the scene, hoping to never again witness a similar one. I was told, however, that the separation of children from their mothers was not a common practice.

I passed on to another street, stepped into a grocery store, saw a pail of water on a bench with a gourd in it and helped myself to a drink. Just then the rattling sound of a wagon, mules and tackle, was heard. A man alighted from the wagon and said to the grocer, "I want a ton or two of bacon; have you got it for me?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. In the wareroom several cords of bacon were piled up on the floor. "How much a pound?" "Six cents for this pile; and that pile is damaged, which you can have

BOLTON & DICKENS' SLAVE MARKET.

at three cents." From the three-cent stock maggots were to be seen crawling out upon the floor. The Mississippian looked at it, rolling his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "Well, I'll take a ton from this pile at $60; it's good enough for a nigger; but if a grub knaws a hole through a darkey, I'll come back on you and get a load of the six-cent stock." The bacon was loaded into the ponderous cotton racked wagon. The planter boarded the wagon, two darkies mounted the mules and drove off the six-mule team

With massa and de bacon
For de ole plantation

in Mississippi. While some of the musical darkies seemed to enjoy life, which I suppose some of them did—so does a good horse in good hands.

But there is nothing in human slavery commendable,
The least said in its favor is damnable.
Selling men and women upon the auction block,
To a better impulse of the soul it sends a cruel shock.

The end of the week closed the institute and our party began to look out for situations. Aaron J. Brown engaged to teach a select school in Memphis. Mr. Munson secured situations for Miss Ball and Kate Williamson. The writer engaged a school for Agnes in the McLean district, three miles from Memphis, on the Charleston road, which proved remunerative to the teacher, and was in a very pleasant locality, also. The writer then went out of the city eighteen miles and took up a subscription school, starting in with five scholars, but soon had 25. Pike and Dayboll's arithmetic was the kind used there. I, however, rode into the city and purchased Adams' Revised, with which I supplied my school.

I cannot attempt to write a full description of the South as I saw it, as I promised at the start I would not tire my readers with long-spun articles.

A. J. Brown, being a good writer, was solicited by G. W. Brown, editor of the Conneautville (Pa.) *Courier*, to write for his paper, which was an Abolition sheet at that time. Copies of the *Courier* were sent South. Mr. McLean picked up one of them, taken by Agnes, whose home was at his house. He read an article setting forth southern customs—touching upon slavery, of course,—and other opics of the South. Mr. McLean preserved the paper. In the next issue of same paper he noticed another article, signed A. J. B. He took the paper to Memphis and found that A. J. B. was the high school teacher, from the North, and he and others said that it would never do. An indignation meeting was called. Mr. Brown's letters were read from the Conneautville *Courier*. It happened that McLean and others there most interested did not know Brown, who sat by the side of a lawyer whom he knew; and the lawyer advised Brown, after hearing the expressions of the meeting that "We will fix him," "we'll tar and feather him," "A school teacher kept by us to write about our southern customs and privileges," "we'll fix him so he'll mind his business," to go out the window in the rear. Brown did so, and escaped to Holly Springs, Miss., thus ending his school and his fine prospects in Memphis. His wife followed him in a few days; also a German merchant tailor, an acquaintance of Mr. Brown. Shortly afterwards, while Mr. Brown was at breakfast, he sank back in his chair and died. A short time afterwards Mrs. Brown married the German tailor.

Elijah Brown, one of the pioneers of Linesville, was the father of Aaron; and on his return from Mississippi

the circumstances connected with the death of his only son were almost unbearable. He had spent quite a large sum of money in educating Aaron, and had the satisafaction of knowing that he was one of the best scholars in Western Pennsylvania. But his hopes were blasted, his heart broken, and this caused him also an untimely death.

The writer returned North the following winter, as he cared not to wear out chill fever again the coming spring, which was prevalent at that time in southwestern Tennessee. Our friend Clark returned to Albion, Pa., the following spring in poor health, and lingered a few months and died. The rest of the party remained in the South.

In justice to the Southern people I will say for myself that I never lived among a more benevolent and kind hearted people—never was treated better than during my stay, my sickness and convalescence. Dr. Garner, on my being taken down with typhoid fever, took me from my boarding place, saying that there was plenty of room and servants at his place for the young boy in a strange land, and I should have the best care, which, I think, saved my life. True, he was a wealthy man, but he was equally as kind and big hearted. He would not allow me to pay a dollar for all of the care bestowed upon me during my six week's sickness. The doctor has gone on to the great beyond—

> Where none others can,
> Except the true and God-like man.

A great barbecue came off, and I had got on my feet again, and able to attend. It was held in a grove of fine primeval oak trees, a nice grassy plat, a bounteous table spread through this beautiful natural park a distance of forty rods. A large mass of people assembled, not a buggy or

carriage on the ground: all came on horseback or on foot. There were four speakers from Memphis. Two of the orators represented the Whig and two the Democratic party. General Winfield Scott was the Whig nominee and Franklin Pierce the Democratic nominee. One Whig and one Democrat spoke before dinner, the other two orators used up the afternoon throwing their political bomb shells, and everything passed off in harmony. Fine old whisky was upon the speaker's stand, that he could wet down the accustomed frog as he began to sing in the throat of the speaker. The speakers apparently felt pretty well, and the wit, oratory and sarcasm flowed like oil from an exploded oil tank on Oil Creek. The barbecue closed, and everybody was apparently satisfied with the day's doings. Well they might be, for it was the best I ever attended.

A large sum of money was expended, and great pains taken to make all comfortable. My friend, Dr. Garner, contributed for this feast the fattest and best four-year-old steer he had, and seven large, fat lambs. Others contributed from the best of their flock of lambs. When the Southern people go in for a good time they are going to have it, in any branch of business, of which the Northern people are well aware. Up to this date and later, the institution of slavery had always existed among them, and the mass thought it was a coherent natural right for them to forever hold. Under similar circumstances, in all probability, the majority of the people of the North or any other nation, would have probably acted likewise, as the common people should not be blamed for the action of its leaders.

If every champion politician who advocates war felt that he had got to go to the front and face the enemy,

many would no doubt change their lingual tactics. Well, the great sectional unpleasantness is over and we may expect to see the South continue to grow and prosper more than ever. Her resources, timber, harborage, soil and minerals are wonderful, and we may confidently look forward to great results in revenues from vast commercial enterprises yet to be created in the Sunny South.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NEW YEAR.

REVOLVING TIME has ushered in another year,
The year of 1891 is already here,
Its checker boards are out, upon which to play
Our fortunes at the present and a future day.

The boards are broad, and will contain
Space sufficient to play your game;
Should you leave off about where you begun,
And have not played the card that won,

Don't be discouraged with your lot,
For there's plenty of room at the top;
It's harder to climb to top of the ladder's round
Than when up to climb the ladder down.

And when you commence to play,
Never allow yourself to say
That you can never win—
Begetting failure as you begin.

Persevere, shift, look toward the favored spot,
Always plenty of room at the top.
Lay out your line of work like the prophetic seer,
Work, and reap your reward the coming year.

A persevering will with good ambition,
Places one in the best position;
For oft riches takes wings and flies
Long before its victim dies.

The rich born man is often left in a sad condition
Without self-reliance, money, or ambition,
When tossed upon the sea of life he fails,
Like a ship at sea without her sails.

Those who have started aright upon the route,
Will meet others who have turned about,
Please kindly aid them with words of cheer,
To start aright upon the New Year.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OUR FOREST HOME—MARRIAGE—ORGANIZING A SCHOOL DISTRICT—PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES—WHOLESALE BLESSING.

MY FATHER purchased 100 acres of timber land, in the Chew Tract, from John Reynolds, of Meadville, the agent. This land was situated in Spring township, about two miles east of the Conneautville road, adjoining the Old Fleming Lot, it being the first parcel sold from the Chew Tract.

There was a great demand for whitewood, white ash and cucumber logs, delivered on the bank of the canal, about two miles from the timber.

Good sleighing came on, when, with my father and a span of horses and a sled, axes and cross-cut saw, I set out for the wood and commenced to cut and haul logs to market. That business became general throughout Crawford and Erie counties, though many cut their whitewood and cucumber logs into chair plank, one and five-eight inch boards and columns. Ash was cut into one and four-inch plank, and largely used in the manufacture of oars, for which Crawford and Erie counties were celebrated as growing the best ash timber in America.

The following spring I commenced to clear off a few acres of the timber on the southwest corner of the above

tract, preparatory to sowing fall wheat, and for pasturing and meadow land. The next season I cleared a few more acres.

On September 7, 1853, I married a Miss Malvina Salisbury, of Girard, and soon after moved on to my new farm and continued in the lumber business. The next year my father sold his old homestead and made a tour through Illinois and Iowa, but made no purchase there. Those prairies looked too treeless to suit him and he came back satisfied. He wanted the place that I occupied. I then bought 75 acres adjoining east, on which was a small clearing, where I built a dwelling house and removed, father and family occupying the place I left. Others had settled in the neighborhood, a steam saw-mill was built near by, and the roads improved.

We saw the growing necessity for a school in that new settlement. I drew up a petition, which was signed and presented to the township board of education, to set us off a school district. It was granted, as was also the sum of $300, to be paid by the township after the completion and occupancy of the building. That appropriation, of course, was insufficient to build the house, as material was high; but father and I took the job to build the school-house, with a small donation in labor and material from the residents, and by donating $50 each we completed the building, and sister Cornelia taught our first school at Mill Grove. We had but one child to send to school, nevertheless our boy must have a school to go to, and that one was only about twenty rods from our door.

We also needed a place to hold meetings of different sorts, lectures, etc. One day while I was hauling logs a reverend looking gentleman appeared on the scene, whom I

discovered to be an old friend, Delancy Barnes, who said he had come to give us a series of lectures on phrenology. "All right," said I, and notified our teacher to have the scholars inform their parents of the lecture that night. I had not seen the professor for ten years, when I heard him preach at Jerusalem—not the Jerusalem of the Jews, but Jerusalem near Jericho—the Jericho situated near Fathertown, on the Conneaut Creek, two miles south of the ancient city of Tighthole, Crawford county, Pa., and I have no doubt that the reader will know where I mean. We had a very good house that night, and a very interesting lecture from Prof. Barnes. We passed the hat around and the audience chipped in quite liberally, especially J. F. Woodard, who always took an interest in phrenology.

At the dinner table I asked the elder to ask the blessing, which he did. At supper I made the same request. He responded and followed with a story. Said he: "I was acquainted with two preachers in Connecticut—former schoolmates—one of whom removed to Illinois, where he became a successful farmer. In the course of a few years the Connecticut preacher visited him. When it was noticed that the farmer did not ask a blessing at each meal the preacher asked him why he had fallen from grace, to which he replied that he had prospered in his new calling, and when he gathered in a crop he returned thanks to the Lord for the same in a wholesale manner, and he thought that suited better than to do a retail business." By this I was to understand that it was not necessary to ask him to return thanks at each meal.

Prof. Barnes remained with us all the week, with a full house each night. His lectures were interesting, and he was considered an expert in phrenology.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LUMBERING.

AN INCIDENT—SHIPPING LUMBER TO ERIE, BUFFALO, TROY AND ALBANY.

I HAD COME to like lumbering better than anything else and hailed with joy the advent of the coming snow, a foot or two deed, for Christmas and the New Year, that we might haul the logs that we had previously been skidding on the Wash. Wyethe place, a mile or so away in the woods, where we had that winter and on our own place about 1,000 whitewood, cucumber ash and maple logs to get out.

One morning early in December, we started out to the woods with several hands and our trusty yoke of cattle, "Dave and Charlie," as good a logging team over which ever was drawn a braid; they were large enough for all practical purposes and it took a stout yoke and chain to hold them. One David Fifer, a Teutonic gentleman, was helping me that day. I told him to cut down a small-sized beech tree that was standing near by. Presently I looked up and saw to my dismay that he had girdled the tree completely around like a rabbit does a peach tree to kill it, and as this tree leaned directly toward my cattle, this Dutchman had girdled it to kill them. The tree was already going; I sprang as near to the cattle as I dared, at the same time motioning and speaking to them to back—only one step more; but the tree struck Old Dave's head and brought him to the ground. When the poor animal

raised up his head, bleeding profusely, one horn was knocked off close to his head, leaving a stub of the pith (inside of the horn) protruding from the ox's head. Well the poor creature wore a sad look, and I thought he looked more intelligent than the Dutchman at the time.

With a cloth from the dinner basket and a coat lining, I tied up the wound the best I could. On arriving home I renewed the bandage and applied some warm tar. After three weeks Old Dave was again ready for work.

The sleighing during this time was excellent and the logs were being briskly moved. We had 300 or 400 logs skidded. Some of the whitewood logs were three feet or more in diameter, sufficient to cut 1,000 feet of lumber twelve feet long, which would make quite a load; but in coming to smaller ones, two feet or so, with long bolsters on the sleds, three of these logs were placed on the bottom, two logs top of them, then one log top of all—six—these making a nice load.

Our road was on a down grade principally, from the woods to the canal, where they were mostly rafted to Tuckersville, foot of the eleven-mile level, to be sawed into lumber.

I shipped that season about 800,000 feet of whitewood and ash lumber. My first consignments were to Janes & Sanbor, Erie; later to Farmer & Scachard, Mixer & Smith, and John A. Pitts, Buffalo; Francis Beebe, Troy, and Stephen Clark and others, Albany, N. Y.

I recollect the day that we were unloading a vessel load of lumber in the Niagara Basin for John A. Pitts' agricultural works. About 10 A. M. all the bells on the churches in the city simultaneously pealed forth the joyful tidings

that the Atlantic cable was laid and in successful operation, that the American with a silent tongue could instantly talk with the European.

One pleasant morning soon after, accompanied by my wife, we took passage at Buffalo on the little steamer Arrow down the Niagara, making several stops at the Islands. On arriving within a couple of miles of the Falls the boat ran into Chippewa Creek, where, on the Canada side, we took the cars to the Falls. The view of Niagara Falls from the Canadian side is the best. Near by is situated those historic spots, Lundy's Lane and Chippewa battlefields, where, in 1813 the best troops of America and England met to try their steel. True, the armies were not as large, as to the numbers engaged, as in many other conflicts, though nearly equal in number and the fighting was terrific. General Scott heard a British officer shout, "The Americans are good at a long shot, but can't stand the cold iron." He repeated this to his men, and called upon the 11th instantly to give the lie to that slander. They charged and the battle was won. General Brown was wounded in the early part of the engagement, and the command devolved upon Brigadier General Winfield Scott, who, it is said, covered himself that night with smoke, fire and glory. The loss on each side was about equal, and over one-third in each army were killed or wounded.

It has been quite a long time—78 years—since England has had any trouble with America, and I presume she has chosen the better part of valor—to keep hands off. It seems from our American conflict that America has cause to fear herself more than any other nation, and from the dearly bought lesson of the past our country will not be unmindful.

But, to return to the lumber business: H. E. Salisbury, assisted by his brother Tracy (my brothers-in-law) had set up a lathe in Michael's mill, near my place, and were engaged in turning setting poles, mower, reaper and wagon poles, for which I furnished them ash and maple lumber. After remaining there about a year, they removed to Albion, the former forming a partnership with R. McClellan, and for a couple of years done a large business manufacturing oars. They then removed to Edgerton, Ohio, where H. E. Salisbury formed a partnership with Wm. Webb, of New York, and engaged extensively in the manufacture of oars.

I furnished on a short notice to John Hill, of Erie, a very difficult bill of lumber to help him out of a tight spot, in the construction of Farrar Hall, he having been disappointed by other parties; also heavy material for the Methodist church, which could only be accomplished by working night and day. At that time I thought I could endure almost anything.

The following year engaged with Howe & Clark, Erie, to superintend and sell lumber on the Elevator Dock. At the close of the season a partnership was formed under the name of Clark, Finn & Howe. The middle man I didn't like, so I quit them. In February I went to New York with Samuel Sherman. He was with Lathrop, Luddington & Co., 326–30 Broadway, a heavy jobbing dry goods firm. Sam brought a heavy trade to this house from his patrons in Erie, Crawford and Mercer Counties, Pa., and he had a good thing of it.

I spent three weeks in the metropolis and returned to Buffalo, where Oliver Bugbee, a prominent lumber dealer, wanted to secure my services to look after his lumber business throughout Canada, Michigan and Ohio. I took

his offer. The previous fall Mr. Bugbee had contracted with different parties in Canada, Michigan and Ohio, to deliver to him at certain places, to load on vessels or cars, pine, black walnut, whitewood, white ash and sycamore, cut to certain lengths and specified width and thickness, for which he had advanced them sums of money. This lumber was to be shipped to Albany, consequently Mr. Bugbee did not see much of it at either end of the route; hence the importance of getting the amount of the first and second clear in a cargo that the contract called for. Having had experience in the business it suited me, and in the course of a few days I went from Suspension Bridge into Canada, then took the Grand Trunk Railroad to Detroit, thence to Port Sarnie and across country to Wheatley and Two Rivers. At the latter place a quantity of whitewood and ash lumber was scowed down the river to its mouth, which was closed by a sand bar, and the scow had to be hauled over the sand bar six or eight rods by stays, the scow being placed on greased poles. When over the sand bar the lumber was reloaded on the scow and a line strung half a mile from the shore out into the lake to a vessel. The scow was kept under this line and the Canucks would pull on it and thus propel the scow out to the vessel, on which they would load the lumber and return for another load. This was a tedious way of loading a vessel, and suited the Canadians better than the Yankee.

Out in the lake where the vessel lay was arranged a fish pond, from which two fellows brought in two large sturgeon, weighing 60 and 80 pounds respectively. The men and fish were in a skiff near shore. While sitting lazily in the skiff a wave rolled it. The sturgeon rolled to one side, and over went the skiff, dumping its occupants into

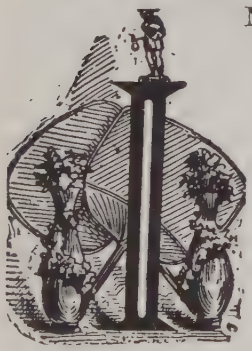
the lake. It required several dives by the fishermen to get the fish, but they got them out and hauled them ashore.

This place was situated about fifteen miles east of Point Au Pelee, Ontario, Canada. At Wheatley, the place where Bugbee had contracted for a lot of sycamore lumber, cut to order, to be used for tobacco boxes, the party, to whom he advanced $500 for lumber, was a low-lived, drunken, shiftless wretch. The people living about there, with some exceptions, were a bad mixture—half-breeds, French and Indian—shiftless, lazy, and the carriage that they rode in was a dog cart, and some of the indolent lived on air and whisky. At St. Claire we found several hundred thousand feet of nice pine, and run well into the uppers, got out as per contract by Burrows & Oaks, Detroit, who were gentlemen, and the place seemed more like God's country than did the former.

J. C. Farwell, of Detroit, another gentleman with whom we had transactions, was on deck and understood his business and seemed desirous to render unto Cæsar the the things that were his. J. C. Varnum, of Mansfield, Ohio, another with whom we had to come in contact, was anxious to do the right thing; but he had some difficulty in filling his contract. For black walnut counter top lumber to be cut 1 inch thick, 22 to 32 inches wide and 16 feet long, and free from all defects, 250,000 feet out of 1,000,000 feet of good walnut he could not fill. He tried hard to do it, but couldn't. When he had to furnish 300,000 feet of walnut in different lengths and widths, that was a horse of a different size and color. Varnum filled a part and bought out of a portion of his contract. This lumber was got on the Miami & Wabash Canal region, delivered to and shipped by us from Toledo, Ohio.

CHAPTER XLV.

RECRUITING—PROSPECTING—LEASING COAL LANDS—THE COX FARM, M'FATE—DRILLING FOR COAL—MY RETURN—DEATH OF MY SISTER—REMOVAL—DEATH OF OUR SON, EDWIN—PROSPECTING ARMSTRONG AND BUTLER COUNTIES—LEASE AND PURCHASE—OIL BUSINESS—BEAR CREEK PROPERTY—SALE OF TIMBER LANDS—DEATH OF A BROTHER-IN-LAW—GRAIN AND FLOUR SHIPMENT—DROP IN OIL LANDS—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY—INDIANS—PRISONERS RELEASED—BRADY'S BEND.



IN SEPTEMBER, 1861, while engaged in Erie County, Pa., recruiting volunteers for the 111th Regiment at my own expense in time and money, I had reason to become indignant at the treachery of some of its officers, therefore I returned to prospecting in Lawrence and Mahoning counties, and ere long I leased the Cox Farm and secured some very fine specimens of block coal from a shaft in said farm, which is situated about one and a-half miles from the Harbor bridge, about seven miles above New Castle, on the Shenango River. I had also leased the McFate coal bank, near the river, and put it into operation. It was a coal of different formation from that of the Cox Farm, yet it sold readily in the neighborhood, and at New Castle and Pulaski for fuel purposes. C. G. Carver, of Sharon, bought a one-half interest in the Cox lease for $2,000, paying $600 down, and drilling soon commenced. The output was found at that time insufficient to warrant the great outlay necessary for mining and shipping the same, and the Cox Farm was abandoned.

In November I learned that sister Cornelia was very ill. I returned to Spring to her bedside. She lingered a few days and died.

In a few days I returned, with my wife and two children, to Lawrence county. On the 10th of March following Edwin, our youngest son, died. In May of that year we returned to Spring and remained there that year.

In February, 1863, I made a prospecting tour through Armstrong, Clarion and Butler counties, Pa. I made some leases at the latter place, near Martinsburg; also purchased the Samuel Meals Farm, 200 acres, for $6,000.

The oil business having been for some years in full blast on Oil Creek and contiguous thereto, was then extending up and down the Allegheny and Clarion rivers and other places. At Parker's Landing a gusher was struck and the oil business began to boom on the Allegheny. Speculation ran wild.

Through every gulch and ravine,
Over hill-top, valley and stream,
Most every man had oil on the brain,
And to hear him rattle and swell would give you pain.

But such is life, and we have been constrained to believe that as oil can be applied to soothe or calm the turbulent waters, it can also be applied to fuddle the brain.

In April, 1865, about the time of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the bottom began to fall out of the oil speculation. It had for years become, so to speak, a bad spoke in the wheel of fortune for many. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of speculative oil transactions were carried on, by paper and fictitious charts representing oil interests in close proximity to good producing oil territory.

The unwary man or woman in distant cities, eager to become suddenly rich, would bite the bait like a sucker, and in many cases they found that the seller knew no more about the merits of his oil territory than did an ordinary horse about the science of geology.

I had shown the Martinsburg property to one J. W. Spader, of Chicago, who said he and his brother would take it for $40,000 as soon as he could return to Chicago and make arrangements, and I felt in disposing of that property that he would have a better bargain in the transaction than I. However, while awaiting results, I kept my eye on the smaller fry, and had some timber lands, taken on refusal, to sell, adjoining my home. One day in Meadville I saw ex-Sheriff Brooks coming down Water Street; I asked him if he knew anybody who wanted to buy some good timber land in Spring, not as an oil speculation, but simply on its merits. He thought for a moment, looked up street and said: "There comes a man, he has money from the sale of a farm, try him." "If it's a go, $100 to you." He introduced me to the man—J. M. Beatty—and moved on. I told him what I had to sell and that my time on the property would expire in forty-eight hours, after which I could not offer him the lands at the same figures. He asked me who I knew in the city and I named several, among them Sheriff S. G. Krick, Banker Gideon Mosher; that was sufficient. We stepped into Mosher's bank, told him what I had to offer Mr. Beatty; the banker readily assured Mr. Beatty that the transaction would be all right; Mr. Beatty handed over $500 to bind the bargain and came on Monday to see the premises and was pleased with the lands. We made arrangements with the owners, J. F. Woodard and Morton Cornell, to go to Meadville, where

the proper transfers were made. By the terms of that sale Mr. Beatty's greenbacks were nearly equally divided between the original land owners and the seller.

A few days later I received word that my brother-in-law was lying very ill at Edgerton, western Ohio. I soon started for that place, but before leaving the railway station learned that he had expired. However, my wife and I went on, and after a few days reached Butler, and met some relatives. I then went to Chicago, and found my friend Spader unable to come to time on his land contract for very good reasons.

I bought a car load of flour and a couple of car loads of oats for the Oil City market, with a view to paying my expenses and something more. The flour and grain were shipped via the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad. There was such a rush of business over that road at that time that my consignment, with others alike unperishable, was laid over and side-tracked three weeks at Leavittsville, Ohio. However, when it came, on account of the rush and mud at Oil City, I stopped it at Franklin, Pa., where a sale was made, realizing first cost and freights, with a promise of considerable more. After a while the buyers left for Buffalo, and I followed them, effecting a settlement as best I could. In those days the white man in the oil regions was uncertain.

General Lee having surrendered to General Grant and Johnson to Sherman, the Rebellion closed and the great Lincoln assassinated, there was a great change—a great change also in prices of most all commodities, and this sudden collapse was not more keenly felt throughout the whole country than in the oil regions. The bottom generally was knocked out of the sale of oil lands.

During the spring of 1864 I fitted up a couple of coal banks at Miller's Eddy on the hill side of the Allegheny River, about five miles below Parker's Landing, obtaining the use of river boats to load with coal for paying the tow bill of said boats to Oil City, there to be loaded with oil by the owners and floated down the river to Pittsburg. Before the Valley Railroad was built this sort of boating was a great industry on the Allegheny.

I started a coal yard near the ferry landing at Oil City, where I could readily sell the coal at that time as it came from the mines unscreened, at fifty cents per bushel. Oil Creek gipers would come alongside our coal boat at Oil City and take aboard from 200 to 500 bushels and tow up Oil Creek to Cherry Run and other places and sell the coal at from $1.00 to $1.25 per bushel to drilling oil well operators. M. S. Rouse, a former lumber dealer at Lockport, Erie County, bought an interest with me for $1,000, continued for some months, when I purchased his interest and sold the same to a Nashville man for $2,000.

During heavy rains the Allegheny and Oil Creek would suddenly rise several feet and play havoc with the boats, many of which were tied up along the shores, and we at different times lost hundreds of bushels of coal. At one time, in the spring, we had two boats tied up at John Dunlap's coal chutes near Brady's Bend, to be loaded. Suddenly the river rose, taking down quantities of flood wood, which lodged under the bows of the boats, parting the lines, and the boats went miles down the river. Some parties at Red Bank put out in a skiff, boarded the boats and tied them in an eddy. A tug was procured to tow them back to the coal chutes, where they were loaded with coal and towed to Oil City.

Much property was yearly destroyed and damaged on the Allegheny, and thousands of barrels of oil were destroyed by flood and fire.

In August, 1864, I think, light crude oil reached the highest price ever attained--$14 per barrel. I still held the Bear Creek property and George Selden, of Meadville, thought he could dispose of the same in New York, but it was too late in the day to sell oil lands in the metropolis. Finally I did sell to a Mr. Smith, of New York, realizing the amount paid on it, but feeling at the same time that I was letting a bonanza slip through my fingers; yet knowing that payments would soon become due on the same, I let it go. This property in the course of a year was developed and yielded a large sum of money to the operator from the proceeds of its flowing oil wells.

The lower Allegheny, its tributaries, mountainous hills, valleys and table lands contiguous thereto, are wonderful, and rich in minerals throughout Butler, Armstrong and Allegheny Counties.

One of the great iron plants of Pennsylvania was the Brady's Bend Iron Works. The iron ore, coal and limestone were mined on the company's premises and generally about 1,500 laborers were required in operating the works.

Just above the site of the iron works the famous Samuel Brady one night discovered a lot of Indians preparing a funeral pile, on which to burn several white prisoners they had in captivity. He told them in the Indian tongue to wait until he came with his pale-faced prisoners and he would join them and they would make one job of it. About midnight Brady, with several trusted scouts, forded the river just above the Indian camp, liberated the prisoners, surprised and killed several Indians, the remainder fleeing in terror. This incident gave to this place the memorable name of "Brady's Bend."

CHAPTER XLVI.

MINING AND SHIPPING COAL—TOWING BOATS—LOW STAGE OF WATER ON THE ALLEGHENY RIVER—PEGG'S CHUTE—CRAPO HOUSE—A REBEL LANDLORD—A LOYAL CONNECTICUT MAN—PALMY DAYS OF OILDOM.

N THE EARLY DAYS keel boats were used on the Allegheny River, and the motive power was the oar, setting poles, and hooks to catch on to overhanging branches of trees and walk from bow to stern, and thus propel the boat. Later, horses were brought into requisition, which was a great improvement over the muscular and tedious mode of navigation. Yet it was a hard place for horse flesh. Towing on the canal was no more to be compared to river towing than riding upon a smooth road or over the mountainous hills, jolting along its rocky bed. The beach of the lower Allegheny is generally uneven and rocky. Frequently large rocks overhang and project into the river, so the horses must be ferried over to the other side to get a foot hold.

In April, 1864, as previously mentioned, having got the mines in order, consisting of laying in new tracks, driving forward the main entry and rooming off into solid coal, mined and shipped a boat load of 2,000 bushels, towed by the steamer Hawkeye on a good stage of water to Oil City. This first load was a test. I readily sold the coal at fifty cents per bushel, which I found left a good margin over ex-

penses. I found, however, it was necessary to have a good team at the mines for use, and not depend entirely on hiring. Therefore, I went to Spring, Pa., purchased a good team and wagon and sent them with driver to the mines. Returning, I engaged actively in mining and shipping coal to my yard at Oil City. There was a good stage of water most of the time that spring through April and May and up to the June freshet, affording a good opportunity to get coal boats towed by steamers.

In July I bought a river boat, 16x100 feet, and with about $100 in repairs put it in good condition. The low stage of water had come, when the motive power used on the Allegheny was horses and mules. On a bright morning in August, my boat being loaded, my wife and sister thought they would like to go on our boat to Oil City, on their way home to Spring, Crawford County, that they might see the wild and picturesque scenery along the river, a distance of sixty miles, requiring a three days' trip.

Three good horses were put on the tow line, two good river boatmen and a driver, myself as roustabout and captain of the giper, and my wife and sister composed the party. In due time we passed Bear Creek, Parker's Falls and the Clarion River. Everything went smoothly and we had a pleasant time the first day. About 10 o'clock the second day as we were entering Pegg's Chute (rapids) we saw a skiff containing a man, woman and young girl. The man was quite feeble, unacquainted with the river, and his skiff came shooting into the rapids of the chute, making directly for the bow of our boat. We all sprang forward to their assistance. Their skiff struck our bow violently, crushing and capsizing the skiff. The girl and woman floated along the left side of our boat and were quickly

WRECK IN PEGG'S CHUTE.

rescued. The man clung to his broken skiff, half filled with water, his face was as pale as death, caused by sickness and fright. The girl's bonnet and the woman's band box and some other trinkets floated down the river and one of my skiffs was quickly dispatched and the articles all secured by one of our boatmen. When the shipwrecked man had sufficiently come to his senses, he exclaimed, "My God I am thankful to be thus saved, but where is our trunk?" I told him that it was probably safe under the boat, when we commenced searching for it and found it firmly wedged under the boat by the force of the rapid water. We finally got out the trunk in a nearly sound condition, except its contents, which were nicely sprinkled and ready for an ironing.

We told the party that at first we expected to have to fish them out from under our boat, same as we did their trunk. Having two skiffs aboard the boat, I let the unfortunate party have one of them in which to continue their journey to Hillville, which was to be left there for me with the enjoinder not to run again into Pegg's Chute, or any other rapids under the bow of a river giper.

Our horses stood braced in their harness, the driver urging them to hold the boat taut while we were regulating the mishap, and putting the rescued party into the skiff, saw them again gliding on their way down the rapid river.

The scenery was grand, its lofty hills towering above us on each side as we pass the "Indian God," a large rock projecting boldly out into the river, and thus named by the Indians from the shape of its head, neck, body and facial appearance.

THE INDIAN GOD.

The next place of note was Patterson Falls. There it took some good pulling to ascend; but our team was equal to the occasion, and we passed up nicely. The next was Montgomery Falls. At this point I noticed one of the horses, a spirited animal, began pulling for her life, and commenced to choke. I called to the driver to stand upon the tugs and hold down the collar, but too late; the noble animal fell broadside, apparently dead. The tugs were quickly unhooked when she got up, trembling like an aspen, although recovering after awhile.

In passing up Patterson and Montgomery Falls steamers towing coal boats frequently labor for hours, and many a good horse has been injured and killed in pulling over these falls.

The hardest part of our trip was over and we got on pleasantly to Oil City, where we arrived in good time the third day. From there my wife and sister took the cars for Meadville and Saegertown, thence by stage home.

The coal being unloaded my boat was reloaded with oil for Kittanning, and at that time, about the 15th of

August, 1864, oil reached the highest price I ever knew in the history of Oil Creek—light crude was $14 per barrel. Money was plentiful, and the Oil Creek boatman, or wagoner, thought he was making poor pay unless he made $10 to $25 per day. Everybody seemed to have money, consequently it made it pleasant to do business generally.

An incident occurred at the Crapo House, Oil City, which I well remember. Mr. Crapo, the proprietor, a South Carolinian, after dinner made himself conspicuous in laudation of the South, and concluded with the remark that General Lee would bag General Grant. An Eastern man, an oil operator, being present, told him that he would not. Crapo replied that he would bet $5,000 that Lee would bag Grant in less than three months. The oil operator reached his left hand down into his duster coat pocket, took out a large roll of greenbacks, and said: "Here, sir, is $5,000 that says Lee cannot bag Grant." He further added: "Perhaps you would like to cover bigger stakes," and with his right hand he dove into another pocket and produced another roll of bills, saying: "Here is $5,000 more that says General Grant will capture General Lee. Now cover my pile or shut up." Crapo did not cover it. The oil producer then told Mr. Crapo that he had better go and keep tavern where his sympathies were—with the rebels.

The Connecticut man was union to the core. He had struck oil and it was running smoothly and plentifully, creating a good batch of greenbacks daily, and he carried too many guns for the South Carolinian. The oil business was at its zenith at this time. It was the closing year of the palmy days of oildom. Money flew in exchange of leases, real estate and oil drilling. The common laborer,

the teamster, the rig builder, the carpenter, the cooper and the oil driller, all came in for their share of the high wages paid for labor throughout the oil regions.

There is no place on our continent where so much money was paid out, made and lost, during a period of ten years, as there was in Oil Creek and vicinity. There are no two spots on earth that arose so rapidly from country hamlets to cities of 10,000 souls, as Titusville and Oil City, marching at a lively gait in the busy humdrum of life, with comfortable quarters for its citizens, the tourist, the prospector, the oil smeller and the operator, with convenient modes of transit by rail and stage; with spacious stores and machine shops, affording the best goods in the market; schools and churches, a community of many intelligent and well-cultured people, who apparently enjoyed life.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LUMBER YARDS.

MEADVILLE AND OIL CREEK—LEASING OIL LANDS AND OPERATING—DRILLING.

SOME MONTHS later I purchased some city lots on the Huidekoper plot, Willow Street, Meadville, and built two dwelling houses thereon the following summer. On a portion of these grounds I kept a retail lumber yard, and during the summer done some building by contract for J. Hanna and others. By the treachery of one G. G. Porter, of Meadville, in a lumber transaction, I eventually lost a new farm of eighty acres in Spring, Pa., and if the said Porter's soul is still perambulating the rounds of earth, or has gone marching on, we hope he may fare, at least as well, as did Nebuchadnezzar—get a plenty of grass to eat—as many better men than he have lived and died in their realm, who did not pretend to deal squarely in the hardware business either.

The next year, in July, I went to Oil Creek. At Spartansburg and vicinity I bought a lot of pine lumber; selected all widths of 10, 12, 15 or 18 inches, had the same ripped and split at Scott & Aiken's mill, and made into siding, making 2,000 feet of siding from 1,000 feet of inch boards. I also purchased a lot of building material and oil well rig stuff and opened a lumber yard at Rouseville, some five miles above Oil City, where I had a good trade and was doing well until late in the fall, when I was taken with a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism, with

which I was confined some four weeks, reducing me almost to a skeleton. It seemed to me that I endured pain enough to kill a dog, this being the first real pain I had ever had.

When I got able to attend to business again the building season, to a great extent was over, and I engaged in transferring coal across the Allegheny River from South to North Oil City for Messrs. Wagner & McConnell, with three to four teams. In February I was brought down with a lung trouble and did not get out of my house until the grass began to look green.

That spring I leased the Morrison Farm, on the south side of the Allegheny, opposite Reno, and James Braden, of Franklin, and myself caused to be drilled on that farm the first oil wells. They were not very productive and I got rid of my lease as best I could, and afterward leased ten acres on the Dale Farm, Franklin, where I and family removed into a house I had built on said lease. A well was put down on the Dale Farm which proved to be a dry hole. In the meantime I got a lease on the Judge McCalmot Farm which I sold and realized something from the same. In the fall, with my family, I removed to Titusville, the pleasantest place to live in the oil regions, which, even at that time, was a good business place. I opened a wood and coal yard on Hobart's lot, corner Spring and Main Streets. Had a good trade fall and winter; sold 1,200 cords of wood and 1,000 tons of anthracite and bituminous coal. Titusville, like some other oil towns, was a pleasant place in which to do business. At that day people did not stop to split hair nor banter long and dicker on a deal, and the people generally appeared to enjoy life. The time came, however, that there was a lull in business

and a consequent drop in real estate. I recollect George Sherman's nice place, corner Spring and Washington Streets, costing over $9,000, which was afterwards purchased by Dr. Dunn at $1,800. The following June, when the wood and coal trade fell off considerably, I removed my family to Spring, and in July I started for the Northwest to look after some interests near Silver Islet, on the north shore of Lake Superior.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE NORTH SHORE—LAKE SUPERIOR—THE MERCER PARTY—LAKE HURON—DANCING—SUMNER OVERBOARD—A RIDE OVER THE FALLS.

N THE evening of July 19, 1875, the writer took passage on board the steamer Pacific en route for the north shore of Lake Superior. We left Cleveland about 10 o'clock P. M. and had a pleasant ride that night across to Detroit, arriving there at 7 A. M. The weather was dry and very hot, therefore the night hours were the most comfortable for the tourist.

The Hon. Judges Stewart, Trunkey and McDermott, of Mercer, Pa., also took passage for the north shore, also a Mr. Sumner and companion, a merchant tailor, whose name I have forgotten, of Akron, Ohio. Edward Learned, of Pittsfield, Mass., part owner of the North Shore Silver Islet Mines, daughter and son-in-law, were also among the goodly number of passengers on board. Our boat lay at Detroit nearly all day, affording ample time to all to visit the city. The two Akron gentlemen and a Quaker friend, a school teacher at Philadelphia, and myself took the Fort Street street cars to see something of the city, Zach Chandler's fine residence, the Richardson Match Factory, the Smelting Works and other places of interest.

As the Philadelphian and the writer were conversing we noticed a sort of wild and sad expression on the face of Mr. Sumner, who was a fine-looking and well-dressed young

man of about 24 years of age. We returned in time for dinner. About 4 o'clock the steamer left Detroit, and we were soon under sail up the beautiful Detroit River, which added much to the comfort and delight of the passengers.

We soon found the company of the legal trio from Mercer, Pa., very agreeable. Evidently they intended to enjoy their trip, as did Edward Learned, the Philadelphia schoolmaster, and the rest of the passengers generally. Still you would notice that strange sadness at times on the face of the gentlemanly Sumner.

We had an excellent band of music on board, and its enlivening strains put in trim the fantastic toe of old and young, and on went the dance that beautiful starry evening on Lake Huron. The Hon. William Stewart, of Mercer, aged 73, led the first dance gallantly with one of the best young lady dancers. For one of his age, he made a good appearance among the dancers. All who participated in the dance and the spectators enjoyed a pleasant time on this occasion. The dance was repeated every evening.

Mr. Sumner, apparently more cheerful than usual, participated in the singing exercises that night on the hurricane deck. Our party retired about midnight, and on retiring Mr. Sumner said to his Akron friend and traveling companion, "Should anything happen to me, I desire you to take care of my effects." His friend replied, "Most certainly," and added, "There is nothing going to happen you, Sumner, for you are certainly looking better."

The next morning when the breakfast bell rang Mr. Sumner was not to be found. A diligent search was made. His gold watch, clothing, money and baggage were all in proper place in his stateroom. An English woman and her daughter, who were steerage passengers, said they noticed

a tall man come down stairs, about 2 o'clock, in stocking feet, pants and shirt on, who looked wildly, and walked back to the stern of the boat. They did not see him return, and, feeling drowsy, thought no more of it.

We could only conclude that he went overboard to end his troubles. His companion said his sadness was caused by trouble with his newly married wife, and that he had started out with him to take this trip hoping to relieve his troubled mind, as Sumner thought much of his beautiful looking wife, and her conduct was crushing him.

This, a case of woman's infidelity to man;
To know without experience one never can.
His life he threw overboard in Lake Huron,
For blasted hopes and love unenduring.

The Akron man said he could not continue his journey, and as the boat pulled up to the wharf at Detour, on the Sioux River, he sadly took Mr. Sumner's effects and went ashore, to wait for the first returning boat. The pleasant trip which he had anticipated was turned into one of those sad pictures in the drama of life.

While our boat was passing through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, our old boy (Mr. Stewart), Judges Trunkey and McDermott thought they would like a little experience with the Indian in his bark canoe, and accordingly they took passage with "Lo" over the Sioux Falls, and they soon found they were bound to get their money's worth. They went like a shot through the Rapids and over the Falls, which delighted the Indians and apparently the Mercer party, for none seemed to enjoy it better than the Mercer 73-year-old "boy," Judge Stewart, who, with the rest of the party, was as wet as a drowned rat. They came on board and changed their clothing, and said if they hadn't seen the

OVER THE SIOUX FALLS.

elephant they had seen the Indian, and rode over the Falls in his birch bark canoe.

In due time we reached Marquette, stopped there a couple of hours, and then steamed a little further up on the south shore to L'Anse, a new mining town. From there we were to round Kewenaw Point, then cross the lake, touching Pie Island, thence to Silver Islet and the north shore in Thunder Bay. Before rounding Kewenaw Point we run up Portage River to the celebrated copper mines of Hancock & Houghton; and when up that crooked Portage River some fourteen miles, with pond lilies to nearly every foot, night came on, dark and black, with a fog as thick as the blue Canadian flies of the north shore. The captain concluded to just stay right there until morning, then we steamed slowly out of that pond-lily, ram's-horn stream and reached Thunder Bay all right, looked at Silver Islet (a very peculiar spot), got some nice samples of silver ore and amethyst, and sailed over to Prince Arthur's Landing (now Port Arthur), where we rusticated a week. The white fish there, when caught, are as cool as if they had come out of an Ashtabula refrigerator.

On our return trip, on reaching the Sault Ste. Marie, the booming of cannon at the fort announced the presence of General Crook, the great Indian fighter and pacificator. That country is still quite a resort for the Indian. It certainly has a sort of a wild and primeval look, and still abounds with plenty of fish and wild game, of which Lo is so fond.

Wild red raspberries were very abundant there. Why, there was a Yankee up on the Sioux River who had a factory there with a lettered sign long enough to reach across a forty-foot barn—"Raspberry Jam!!"

From red raspberries he made and canned
And sold it all over the land.

He bought his berries at two cents per quart from the Indians, which was much cheaper than he could raise them.

If one wants to get a cool sniff, a cool white fish—best in the world—or look upon a wild scenery, take a trip up around the north shore of Lake Superior in dog days.

The islands in Lake Superior are numerous, the scenery grand. The copper, silver and iron mines are very rich; all things considered, the Lake Superior region is one of the most wonderful spots on our habitable globe.

CHAPTER XLIX.

RETURN FROM PRINCE ARTHUR—LUMBERING—BUILDING—AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO—CHAS. L. CURRIER'S LETTER—E. A. BUTTS, STATE AGENT—THE PRIZES—THE FIELD—THE BIBLE AND THE HUNTING SCENE—GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT—AUTHOR PIONEER SKETCHES, SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF FORMER DAYS.

N MY RETURN from Silver Islet, Amethyst Harbor and Prince Arthur I removed my family in October to Ashtabula, Ohio, where I did not wait for something to turn up, but took, as it were, the bull by the horns and went to work to turn up something and went with Ben Gates into his potato field to turn up his potatoes, and with the Fargos to husk their corn and gather their apples to secure a supply of the latter for my family for the winter.

My brother-in-law, Darius Salisbury, had a fine lot of beech and maple timber standing on the flats on his farm on the creek, three miles east of Ashtabula, which he offered me to cut on shares to get a supply of wood for the coming year. I commenced this in November, and in course of a few weeks had a fine lot of wood nicely corded up on the bank of the creek. In the fore part of December there came a deep snow and good sleighing. We engaged a team to haul off the wood. Salisbury hauled his share on to higher ground. My man delayed too long. A rain came on, taking off the snow, breaking up the ice, and then came

a flood, and the mad waters and ice rushed down the Ashtabula River and swept into Lake Erie all my wood except two cords which I had piled between two trees; but there was laid up for me the happy consolation, which I had experienced on many former occasions, "Never to cry for spilt milk." True, my loss didn't loom up largely in dollars but largely in hard knocks required in cutting the wood.

J. H. Bugbee, of Ashtabula, was engaged in the lumber and wood business, with whom I contracted to work in its various branches that winter and most of the time during the coming year. Having bought a village lot, some portion of the time was devoted to getting material to build a dwelling house, and on rainy days and evenings making shingles, axe helves and whiffletrees, as I had not become an expert in corner grocery chit chat or bar room legends.

In May of that year two barge loads of pine lumber entered Ashtabula harbor, consigned to the L. S. & M. S. Railroad Company. I was employed to hire ten men to select and ship the same over its southern branch, to be used for fencing purposes. I built my house and moved my family into it July 4th, where, up to this writing, we are still happily domiciled.

In April, 1876, I took the agency of the American Fire Insurance Company of Chicago, for Ashtabula, Lake and Geauga counties. I at once took the field. On the 1st of September following I received a letter from its live and worthy secretary, Charles S. Currier, with the flattering announcement that I was the banner agent in Ohio for August, having placed the most business for the company.

Some time later, E. A. Butts, of Cleveland, state agent, issued a circular to his one hundred agents in the

HOME OF M. P. SARGENT, ASHTABULA, OHIO.

State, offering premiums for the first, second, third, fourth and fifth largest business done during the three closing months of the year, October, November and December. I did not seem to wake up to this matter until the 9th day of October, a pleasant morning, when I stepped into the house and said to my wife, "I am going to try to win one of Butts' prizes," to which she replied, "You can't do it." I said to her, "I will take one of those prizes, or you'll sleep a widow." She laughed at my broad remarks and wished me success.

I hitched up my horse and started on the war path. I well knew the job before me meant hard work, and worked accordingly through sunshine and storm, to the hour that came the shocking alarm of the Ashtabula disaster. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, the genial, smiling

face of Mr. E. A. Butts appeared on the scene; a large gilt-edged full morocco Bible and a fine hunting scene were presented to me as my share of the souvenirs in the race, for which I thanked him, and thought his presents were very appropriate for an insurance man. The general state agent, however, requested me to read the Bible. I got two prizes out of the five, and my wife did not become a widow.

I continued the agency for this excellent company for eight years, with others, and it paid its losses honorably and promptly during that time, when it re-insured its risks in the Continental, of New York, for which I held the agency for three years, when I took up Accident and Life Insurance, in which I am now engaged as general agent.

I have seen something of this world of strife,
During the past forty years of my life;
Were I to live it over again,
Now see where I might have made amends.

But show me the one who never cast a stone,
And I will show you a natural drone.
For to err is human,
For both man and woman.

The sculptor can chisel quite to his notion,
But none can make perpetual motion;
And none doth live a perfect life,
In this world of unholy strife.

During these years of scenes and incidents in life, if I have not clung to a good share of earthly goods, I have had some experience, which may inure to my benefit, and am happy in the enjoyment of good health and spirit to enjoy an existence, with the enjoinment that we are all, at most any time, subject to—the inevitable—to which I cheerfully submit to take my chances with my fellow men, and

ASHTABULA DISASTER.

proceed with "Pioneer Sketches, Scenes and Incidents of Former Days."

Never cared for such friends or their style,
Rather plod in hard sledding for awhile.
Pioneer Sketches having cost much money and time,
To aid it getting it out I asked an old friend of mine.
Making excuses another direction he took,
And couldn't aid his old friend on a worthy book.

He'd rather invest in the bonds of the government,
Or cater to the wants of the opulent,
Or he who is a cheesehead, a calf, or a steer,
Than a nickel to help along the noble Book Pioneer.

To such friends I simply will say,
Go to h—l, or the heavenly way,
And it makes no difference whether you take the book
On your voluntary order that I took.

I never cared for such friends or their style,
Rather plod in hard sledding for awhile.
At last Pioneer Sketches are out, and soon will pay,
And the agent can sell a dozen per day.

It looks as if it was time to call a halt,
As millions in England aren't earning their salt.
For humanity's sake, don't let the black pall come down
On Americans outside the British crown.

Yet already are here Mr. Duke and Mr. Lord;
You are the ones our boodle will subserve.
Your calls will be granted with the greatest of honor
When safely he could have served his friends in a proportionate manner.

But no! In doing this he couldn't see so much glory
As aiding Mr. Big Cheesehead, who lives in a four-story
Concern—whose foundation begins to topple and fall,
And presently comes a Godsend, and he loses all. Amen!

A philosophic principle: "all things seek its level,"
Then, in the name of justice, we ask the good devil
Why has not the product of a prolific brain
Equal claim to a dollar as the "swell-head" to the same!

CHAPTER L.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

The grave buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

We were sent into the world to make it better and happier, and in proportion as we do so we make ourselves both.

When the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body, or when the hour of death comes, it comes to high and low; then it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think of most pleasantly.—*Scott.*

Success is rarely a matter of accident—always a matter of character. The reason why so many men fail is that so few are willing to pay the price of self-denial and hard work which success exacts.

Remember that there are two guests to be entertained—the body and the soul. What you give the body is soon lost; what you give to the soul remains forever.

The reflections of a day well spent furnish us with joys more pleasing than ten thousand triumphs.

CHAPTER LI.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

Mable—"This is the season of amusements."

Ethel—"Yes; we had a hop and a small circus at our house last night."

Mable—"Indeed."

Ethel—"Yes; pa stepped on a tack when he was going to bed."

Uncle Hiram—"This is a queer world."

Grimm—"What makes you think so?"

Uncle Hiram—"Wal, a painter feller came down to my place last summer, and while he was loafin around painted a picture of my yaller dog. I heard afterward that he sold it for $200, so I brought up the dog, thinkin I could get at least a cool thousan for him, but, by gosh, I can't even give him away."

A boy in a Braintree Sunday School when asked from the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" said: "The chief end is the end with the head on."

"That Sallie Harkins is the greatest girl for getting bargains at second hand." "Isn't she! I understand she is going to marry a widower."

Bilkins—"Bothered by a piano next door, eh! Well I have a dog which always howls when my wife plays the piano—howls so she has to stop, and I'd let you have him if it wasn't for one thing."

Wilkins—"Is he cross?"

Bilkins—"No; I can't spare him."

CHAPTER LII.

SPRINGBORO.

OLD CHUMS—SHADELAND—STOCKMEN.

SPRINGBORO is situated on the eastern slope of the pleasant Conneaut Creek valley, Crawford County, Pa. It was settled in 1800, and in its immediate vicinity among its early settlers were Watkin Powell, Elisha and Thomas Bowman, Henry Cook, Harry Pond, Robert Foster, Mr. Green, Barney, Ebenezer, Eli and Oliver Hall, Stephen Kendall and Hawley Dauchy. Having mentioned the pioneers elsewhere, a brief resume of the past with the present, will suffice.

Springboro is big enough, as far as it goes. It has more tree men, or nursery stock dealers, to the acre than any other boro in America. They have lately got a railroad which runs along the old tow path through their town, by which the fast agent, in five minutes' walk from his domicile, can step onto the cars when he wants to go on the war path. They have lately been talking of starting a bank, as a matter of convenience, to accommodate their business transactions. They are generally a pretty lively set of fellows up there at Springboro—

And savor somewhat of aristocracy,
Well mixed with Republicanism and Democracy;
In looking over that enterprising town,
Among its many bloods, there may be found:

L. F. McLauglin and Theo. Holenbeak
Are two of whom I wish to speak;
The treeman and hustler, John C. Tucker,
Dempsey, the horseman and game trotter.

Several others in town, by the name of Hall,
Another tree and horseman, A. O. Paul;
Will Pond, the farmer, and young Conover,
And also Geo. King, the horse drover.

Billy Booth and C. M. Sargent, another grade,
So with Auk. Sheldon, the tree man, it might be said;
Still, there are two other tree men, who are not so slim,
Asa McCoy and Lew Quinby, though mighty short in limb.

Elias Eighmy, Sheldons, Thornton and Sargent, are still in trade,
Where you can get good bargains as can be made,
In dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes,
And all such things you have to use.

But still there is Jeff. Bentley,
Who must come in eventually;
Also Marsh Quinby, an easy going feller,
Who thinks he is something of a tree seller.

While at Miles Grove the other day,
As I was tripping down the way
I espied a man talking to my ancestor, Uncle Alf,
I knew it was Rit Sturtevant by his hearty laugh.

I conveyed him do my sister Addie's,
There comfortably seated the old laddie;
Hours were spent in rehearsing early scenes in life
When Rit took the cars for Erie to see his darling wife.

One mile north Springboro is located the Powell Brothers,
Who have proved to be remarkable fellows,
Celebrated stock dealers in nearly every brand
As fine-bred stock as in the land.

Reader, if perchance you come this way,
'Twill pay you to stop over a day;
You will be pleased, I well know,
In looking at Powell's famous stock show.

From the time at Shadeland you have first alighted,
With courteous treatment you'll be delighted;
Before leaving there you'll come to halt
And say, if you don't buy 'twont be Powell's fault.

This people of Spring I think I know their worth;
This is the place that gave me birth,
Here I began "Pioneer Sketches" in prose and verse,
Here I end it for better or for worse.

CHAPTER LIII.

TRAGIC DEATH OF ORSON CHAPMAN.

N INTELLIGENT, worthy young man, son of L. K. Chapman, who was reared at Sringboro, Pa., met a sudden death at Rome, Ashtabula County, in 1876. He was employed by the P., Y., & A. R. R. Co. as brakeman, and when in the act of making a coupling at the place aforesaid he lost his life in the following manner: The train was making a running switch at a lively rate when Orson had to make a coupling between a box car and an open coal car, which was loaded with wood. The wood stuck out over the ends of the coal car, which in the hurry of the moment, in all probability, was not noticed by Mr. Chapman until too late. When the cars came together there was not room for him between the projecting wood and the box-car, hence the wood struck him on the back of his head and literally scalped him. Falling to the ground, the car wheels mangled his legs and arms in a horrible manner, and death was instantaneous.

Mr. Chapman was a promising young man, and held the esteem of all who knew him. He was 23 years of age, and was to have been promoted in a few days to conductor for meritorious service. It appeared, and was thought at the time, that the company should have atoned, in some measure, for that butchery; but the father of the dead boy thought it would not be the means of bringing back to him his beloved son, and the matter rested.

I happened to be at the depot when the train brought the remains to Ashtabula, as also was O. W. DeGrovelt, being the only ones who knew the victim. We at once telegraphed his parents; also his sister Mary, who was attending the medical institute at Cleveland. In the meantime the gentlemanly Superintendent McCoy, of the P., Y. & A., did everything in his power to aid us on the occasion, procuring a fine casket, etc., and later to get the clothing and effects,, which, of course, to the family had a double value.

When Mary, the sister, arrived from Cleveland the scene was most affecting. The brother and C. Fisher, from Springboro, having arrived, the cortege proceeded with the body to Spring Cemetery, its resting place.

The father, L. K. Chapman, empowered the writer to settle up the affairs of his deceased son, which was soon accomplished, through the aid of the noble Superintendent McCoy.

CHAPTER LIV.

RETURN OF SPRING.

HIS fine April morn doth bring
With it beautiful spring,
And the robin sweetly sings
Upon the same old maple limbs.

The linnet songster, singing everywhere,
Let's up and hear it and breathe the morning air,
And travel on our journey—don't despair,
But hope, and try, and we will get there.

Thus advancing nobly along the way,
Presently brighter will become the day:
At last our journey is ended, hope and pray
To have a bright eternal day.

CHAPTER LV.

TO THE AGENT.

WOULD you like to undertake
Some money yourself to make
The easiest way you ever undertook—
To sell an excellent book.

"Pioneer Sketches, Scenes and Incidents of Former Days,"
All about the new and the good old-fashioned ways.
Hundreds of copies soon to be complete,
Which, they say, are hard to beat.

As to that, I leave it for others to decide
Who read it through the country far and wide.
Back to the boyhood days of Washington and others,
You'll find this book contains many valuable treasures.

Agent, to you a fair commission I will allow
To sell my book, if you start in now.
"Now is the accepted time,"
For I don't mean to wait for 1899.

Respectfully,

M. P. SARGENT,

Ashtabula, Ohio.

CHAPTER LVI.

EDMUND SARGENT—CHARACTERISTICS.

THE SUBJECT of this sketch is the second son of Charles and Polly Sargent, of a family of thirteen children. He attended the district school in winter, was one of the oldest scholars attending and was looked up to by the younger ones in their out-door sports, and to see that matters were fairly adjusted inside the school house by the teacher. He stood six feet high, straight as an arrow, naturally good natured, but combative from head to foot. The big meadow in the rear of the school house, containing 100 acres with two gullys running about equal parallel distances through it, afforded a nice play ground for the game of deer and hound.

Ed. being a good runner, starts off as the deer; some three or four of the longest legged boys quickly start out after him. Some good running is done, but after a half-hours' run the hounds give up the chase, when the deer returns, victorious. This fellow would run during recess an hour, seemingly, rather than to eat his dinner, and if occasion required, would rather fight than eat.

The teacher who taught our school, a Mr. Coats, whom the boys called for short "Old Coats of 1840." I, being a lad of eight years of age, had occasion to ask the teacher:

"Please to let me go out?" "No!" was his answer. Presently I asked again to go out; "No!" was his surly reply, and added: "If you ask again I will punish you." Something had to be done. Later "Old Coats" started for me with a willow gad about six feet long, when Ed. quickly arose from his seat and told him not to strike me. Sim. Skeels too, was on deck and Coats did not lick me, and he was told by these young stalwarts that he ought to be ashamed of himself. What followed I leave for another chapter.

While Coats stood between me and the door,
But he had to clean up the floor.

On New Year's morning Ed, Sim Skeels and most of the scholars were in the school room early and locked the door. When the teacher came he couldn't get in, and after making several fruitless attempts he went to the side windows, but found them nailed down. He then resorted to threats, but to no avail; whereupon the boys told him it was New Year's morning and that he must treat them to a bushel of good apples before they let him in. Coats being satisfied that the demand was imperative and that their appetites were fixed for apples, sent for these at once and they were placed along the counters. The scene that followed eating those apples for an hour was ludicrous. This wasthe only time I ever saw a grin or smile on old Coats' face.

'Twas enough to make a mule grin
To see the scholars take them apples in;
When Coats opened up with prayer,
And every scholas who was there

Got their books and studied well, and Coats proceeded with his regular routine of classical duties, reading, writing, Cobb, Dayboll and Kirkham, making and repairing goose-

quill pens, until roll-call, the finale of the New Year's school day of 1840.

Well, we soon found that we could not always have Ed with us. When about 17 years of age he started for the west. He was young, but vigorous, and was a fine specimen of physical manhood—

> And off he sails like a ship at sea,
> Not knowing what his fortune was to be.

In Indiana he brings up and labors for a while; got married, embarked in the stock business, dealing in cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry; subsequently in the lumber business and during a good portion of the time kept hotel. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the service; was at Shiloh, Nashville, Chattanooga and other battles. Returning from the army he engaged in his former business, and is now keeping hotel in Indiana.

> Surely Ed has paddled his own canoe
> From boyhood all the way through
> Adverse, prosperous, varying strife,
> Through the rough and placid stream of life.

CHAPTER LVII.

THINGS THAT ARE QUEER.

SOME THINGS queer that have been seen,
Blackberries red when they are green,
Garter snake swallowing big warty toad,
Little donkey carrying half ton load.

Drove of monkeys bridging a stream,
The queerest thing ever seen,
From tree tops, each side, suspended by the tail,
Swinging to and fro through the dale.

From this bridge young monkeys hanging down,
Snarling, chattering, hopping all around,
When over this bridge scampered dry shod,
Never the like since the day of gods.

Past centuries of creation,
When Darwin made his estimation
That the monkey should progress
Onward to man and nothing less.

I here leave the transfiguration
For Darwin to make the enumeration,
Content that the monkey bridge is all right,
And to a novice would be a novel sight.

Darwin's monkey and the donkey
Are mischievous and very cranky.
The former is up to tricks of every kind,
While the latter will kick up behind.

While in our land exists the monkey and the ass,
We'll step aside and let 'em pass,
And give Darwin full swing to operate
With his monkey-ing at any rate.

CHAPTER LVIII.

J. F. WOODARD.

J. F. WOODARD was born at Spring, Pa., in 1825, eldest son of John and Mary Woodard, who were among the pioneer settlers of Spring. While young he attended the district school and developed a desire for mathematics, and in this branch he was one of the first in school, relieving his teacher of the oft repeated request, "Please show me about this sum." Young Woodard did not call on his teacher to show him, but worked out his own problems, and this was a characteristic of him through life, to work his way through.

J. F. Woodard has done as many hard day's work as any man I know of his age. Soon after reaching his majority he struck out for himself, buying a tract of land adjoining the old homestead, he set to work getting out saddle trees, hoops, and clearing up his lands. Afterwards he purchased a tract of timber land, on which was a large quantity of whitewood and white ash timber. He married a Miss Huntley, of Erie County, Pa., an estimable lady, and removed to his new farm, on which he built a saw mill and engaged actively in the lumber business. He made his own ox yokes, sleds and axe helves, and did considerable of his millwright, house and barn building work, and he never flinched when hard work loomed up on all sides around him.

His hard labor soon brought him a cash surplus. A leather firm at Springboro thought they had a place for it, and got some three and a half thousands of the money,

with a promise to repay the same with interest at a future day. One fine day the news was heralded that the leather firm had failed. Mr. Woodard thought, and so did his attorney, that by an attachment on the leather some of the purchase money could be recovered. But the hides were too slippery, and he and several others lost everything. He sustained another loss by a lumber sale.

I do not speak of these transactions in the light of a large or a small affair, but simply in the light of money earned by hard knocks by a man who had no speculative ambition and who went right straight ahead unceasingly in his hard toil to recover this loss and to sustain himself and family in old age.

Mr. Woodard bought the old homestead, improved the same, erected good buildings, and in a few years sold it and removed his family to Spring. His boys *were all girls*—five in number, and he gave them a good education. He purchased a farm in Girard Township, Pa., near Miles Grove, to where he removed and now resides. One of his daughters is married, and the others reside at home. They are intelligent ladies, and have lucrative positions.

J. F. Woodard is a good farmer, and is still an industrious, hard-working man; is respected in the community in which he lives, and has the consolation that he earned his dollars and has a competency for himself and family.

CHAPTER LIX.

R. H. AND BYRON SARGENT.

THE ABOVE named gentlemen are about the same age and size. The former the eldest son of Anson Sargent, who was a strong, muscular man; the later the fourth son of Charles Sargent, the great hunter. In the family of Anson were nine children; in the family of Charles were twelve children. The subjects of this article were born at Spring, Crawford County, Pa., in 1829, attended the same school, at the country school house, and there and elsewhere were much in company with each other on most all occasions, until they had grown up to manhood. R. H. was muscular and active, Byron strong and wily, and many a lively set-to had they, without arousing their anger, in order (as they used to say) to try the muscle and keep in good trim the exercise of the manly art. Good natured, temperate, never abusive, but the man who attacked them found bad medicine and quit the business satisfied. It seems that they have taken good care of their avoirdupois, as each one tips the scales at 230 pounds at present age of 61. As I write my memory carries me back to boyhood days and the many pleasant hours passed in their company and others. R. H. is lively, witty and musical, and with our fiddle and song we frequently had our own time.

The combative Byron would come up with a different line of music and tap on the rib, and the best thing I could

do with him on the occasion was to stand up and sling out right and left. I hadn't as much fat on the rib as he, and sometimes I thought he tapped rather hard; but as for him apparently the harder I would tap him the better. One day afterwards, however, I thought I got even with him. I called at his house. He proposed to have some fun, and took down his father's gun and we went out gunning. Game did not appear very plenty in the woods that morning, but the wily Byron must have some sport anyhow, and when out in a cleared field he proposed that we shoot at each other's hat at a distance of 25 rods. A stake was driven to hang the hats upon. Mine was a broadcloth cap, made by my mother; his was a straw hat, braided and made by his mother, and I thought them too valuable souvenirs to be shot to pieces. He blazed away at my cap, but never hit it. I then drew a bead on his, the bullet striking one edge of the crown, cutting off every braid to the rim. He went to the stake, picked up the hat and put it on his head, and facing me said, "Never touched it;" but turning his head around, the hair of his head from crown to ear was sticking out of the hole made in the hat.

He became a boatman on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal; was master of the boats, James, Bird and Napoleon. In 1851–2 he explored Black Hawk County, Iowa, the Cedar River and Black Hawk Creek, accompanied by Obed Wells, and finally settled there, being one of the pioneer settlers of Black Hawk County. I saw him where he and his family now reside, he being engaged in a commission grain business at Hudson, Iowa. He possesses self-reliance, habits of industry and temperance, which have left him in a good pecuniary condition.

R. H. Sargent while quite young was, by the death of his father, left to manage the affairs at the homestead, which he did in a very acceptable manner for so young a lad. In 1852 he accepted a clerkship in a store at Conneautville; married, became postmaster at Conneautville, was quite a politician, though in a poor county for a Democrat to win. In 1854 he was an oil refiner at that place, then at Petroleum Centre on the W. McClintock farm, where he became a successful oil producer, and about the year 1870 removed with his family to Titusville, where he now resides.

CHAPTER LX.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

E WAS taking her home after the theatre and a little supper at Waldeck's. "Darling," said he, suddenly, as he gazed dreamingly at the silvery disc overhead, "why am I like the moon?" "It isn't because you're full, is it?" she asked as she edged away from him. "No," said he, sadly; "I'm on my last quarter."

Backwoods—What's that ring worth?

Jeweler—I couldn't sell you that for less than $7; the setting is a genuine cat's eye.

Backwoods—Seven dollars for a cat's eye! Say, Mister, I'll sell you a whole cat and seven kittens for that.

Farmer, hiring help at Castle Garden—Pat, if you want to work for me I'll give you $25 a month and your board.

O'Flynn, just landed—Faix, is that same the highest rate of wages they be paying in this country?

Farmer, facetitiously—Well, they're paying about $15 a day in Congress.

Patrick—Thin, begorra, oi'll go to Congress.

Sniggins, angrily—Do you know that your chickens come come over in my yard?

Snooks—I supposed they did, for they never come back again.

CHAPTER LXI.

WILLIAM S. ALDERMAN.

RAISING THE LOG HOUSE—AN INCIDENT—AN UGLY ELEVATION—BOATING—CLEARING UP LANDS—SETTLING ON HIS LANDS—MARRIAGE.

I WOULD like to sketch all of my old school mates, but time and space will not permit. But I cannot pass on without a mention of William S. Alderman, who was born in Brightstown, now Harmonsburg, Crawford County, Pa., in 1832. His father, William Alderman, married Polly Sargent, who with her husband kept a hotel at the place. Two children were born to them, Marietta and William. William was an infant at the time of his father's death, and his mother with her two infant children was unable to keep hotel and removed to Spring Township and lived with her parents, Phineas and Mary Sargent, in an adjoining part of their house. William was thus left fatherless with his poor widowed mother, who struggled hard to raise her two children, plying the needle until midnight to make garments for people for a small pittance, to keep the wolf from the door. Money was scarce in those days and a dollar was as big as a cart wheel.

I will relate an incident of Aunt Polly, who said that at the time she was struggling for a subsistence for herself and little ones, she devoutedly prayed one night that some aid might come to them. At a later hour she heard a wagon coming furiously down the hill, and when at the top of the hill, opposite her house, she heard a wrangling, apparently

of intoxicated men, who soon drove on. After daybreak she went out on the road where this wrangling took place and picked up a five-dollar bill and several pieces of silver. This she said was an unscrutable act of Providence to aid the widow in distress, and her prayer was answered.

William S. Alderman attended our district school, and during the first 28 years of his life he and the writer passed much of the time together, felling trees, sawing logs, clearing land, haying, harvesting grain, etc., and he was a man who would always do a good day's work at whatever he engaged.

At the age of 20 he bought 50 acres of the Chew lands of John Reynolds, of Meadville, the agent, and went into the woods to clear away the trees at first sufficient to erect a log house for a home for his mother, sister and himself.

In the spring of 1852 a dozen or more men and boys met to help William erect his log house. In felling a smooth, stately beech, it lodged firmly against another large tree which we did not want to cut, and the only way to bring down the beech tree was to cut up slanting on the stump on which it rested and let it slide back on its stump, which it did and came back with great velocity, ploughing the ground in its course. Several of us standing there could not move aside, for the building was on one side and timber on the other, and we had to run for our lives in the same direction the tree was coming. Alfred J. Sargent, Jr., being in line nearest to the tree, which was so close to him that when it balanced on the stump the butt of the tree flying up with great force, struck him astern and sent him skyward ten or twelve feet, his eyes protruding from his head. 'Twas a fearful sight for a moment, but he came to the ground in nearly a perpendicular position and placing

AN UGLY ELEVATION.

his hands upon his hips found that no bones were broken; but he got an ugly elevation and had a narrow escape.

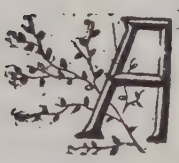
We finished the erection of the body of the house that day and ere long he finished it and had his mother and sister comfortably domiciled therein.

He boated on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal several summers, cutting timber in winter preparatory to clearing up his land. He married an excellent wife, who proved a great helpmate to him, and in the course of a few years had an excellent, well-stocked farm, good buildings, a comfortable home for his pioneer mother to enjoy, also the satisfaction of knowing that her daughter Marietta had been fortunate in marriage, and now living in Chicago. Their good condition in life was a consolation to her. She died in 1880. William S. Alderman died in 1884.

The high and low are compared to the dust of earth,
We must not underrate those of humble birth;
Lincoln, Garfield and General Grant
Were of humble birth, yet noble, solid as the adamant.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE CLEVER BEARS OF CALVERAS COUNTY—THEIR SAGACITY—THE PIG STY.



NIMALS throughout the animal kingdom are more or less sagacious and none perhaps more cunning in planning and executing their designs than bruin. Knowing his strength instinctively, but few animals care to meddle with him, and the caution and intelligence exhibited sometimes appear wonderful.

A short time since a Mr. Mathews over in Calveras County, missed from time to time some of the nice fat pigs from his pig pen. He took precautions, and searched throughout the neighborhood, and laid in wait until near midnight for the thieves, but to no avail, and occasionally a pig would disappear.

At last he determined to build a pig sty that no thief could get into. He set posts and girts and built a strong picket fence around the enclosure, twelve feet high, so that no thief could get through it or over the top of it. He then rested from his labors with the assurance that his pigs were safe. In a couple of days he discovered to his surprise that the nicest pig from the sty was gone. So that night, with his Winchester in hand, Mr. M. secreted himself between his house and the sty (a little back from the path leading thereto) and was determined to watch, if necessary, all night for the thief. One o'clock came, and he began to think that the thief would not put in an appearance that night.

THE CLEVER BEARS OF CALVERAS COUNTY.

Just before 2 o'clock he heard something stepping in the direction of his house. There were two large bears, the male bear advancing uprightly to a position in front of his house; the she bear followed, faced about and took position alongside, both standing on their hind legs, surveying the premises and their surroundings. Presently half a dozen young cubs came scampering up, halted a moment, passed on and scampered up a large scrub oak tree, the branches of which extended over the pig pen. The she bear moved on and climbed the tree, taking her position about fifteen feet from the ground. Then the old sentinel moved toward the tree and climbed up to the first large branch, which extended over the pig pen; then he crawled along out on the big limb, followed by the she bear, to hold the limb down, as it bent down by the weight of the bear into the pig pen.

A furious squealing was heard in the pen, and the old sow rushed at the bear, but one cuff from the paw of bruin laid her out, and he proceeded to pick out his pig and then crawled up the massive branch, the she bear retreating to the body of the tree, followed by her mate with the pig. At this juncture Mathews fired into the tree. The pig dropped to the ground unharmed, the cubs scampered down the tree and took the back track for the woods, followed by the mother, at a slow gait. Her mate stopped near the pen, seemingly for a sort of an understanding with the pig owner, who said, "Well, this is pretty well done, anyhow, and I will let you go this time, but if you come monkeying around my pig pen any more I will hurt you." At last account from Mathews he was doing well in the pig business. His clever treatment with those clever bears of Calveras had a salutary effect. His pig sty has not since been molested.

MORAL.—If kind treatment had a salutary effect on the bruin family, it certainly ought to have on the human family.

CHAPTER LXIII.

ASAPH SARGENT.

BORN IN Spring, Crawford County, Pa., in 1832, the fifth son of Charles and Polly Sargent; habits of industy and frugality were soon to be seen cropping out, and in his youth the great Paas Day in April, by him was always hailed in sacred memory; to lay by the biggest lot of eggs, especially the goose eggs, for that occasion. Their big flock of geese wandering o'er the big pastures and meadows, it required pretty sharp hunting to find all their nests, secreted among the old stumps in the field. Ace was expert in this and apparently could smell a goose egg as far as a ferret could a rat, therefore he hunted successfully their nests and stayed by the goose and would hurry her up to get her last egg, and always came out with the biggest pile of eggs for Paas Day, of which he was mighty fond, as most people are, especially the spring crop.

Ace was a good swimmer, too. Ace, Sam. Woodard and the writer went down to Vaughn's pond one day in 1845 to take a swim in that pond and down the raging canal. On arriving we dove into that pond and swam across its deep water; when returning, about in the middle of the pond, a terrible stitch took me in the right leg, I said nothing, but flounced like a wounded sea serpent, the boys came to my assistance, and getting hold of me, I said the kink had left me; to which Ace replied:

"Glad of that, but I guess we can swim along side, should you get kinked again we can nabb you; it is not a very nice spot to get a cramp in twenty feet of water." Notwithstanding we landed safely on the other side.

Soon after arriving at his majority he bought a patch of heavy timbered land situate on the four corners of roads near Michael's saw mill, Spring, Pa., afterwards called Millgrove, where he tusseled with the big hemlocks for a season. One night he had a dream of a beautiful western prairie where he could raise corn, wheat and potatoes without so much grubbing, and the admonition of Horace Greeley welled up in his throat, "Go west, young man," and Ace went west.

Presently he turns up in Black Hawk County, Ia., on a fine prairie site and laid out the town of Hudson, Ia. The growth of the new city was phenomenal.

> While the prairie flower did grow,
> And the farmer did plow and sow ;
> Asaph soon came to know
> It took money to make a city grow.

The countless acres of the prairie were then more numerous than dollars. In the oldest settled portions of Illinois and Iowa every farmer had a prospective railroad line running through his farm and improved farms ruled higher in 1854–5–6 than in the East. But the country was too large for all to reap the bonanza and many had to bide their time. As water seeks its level, so does commercial business and investment.

During the time, 1855–60, the growth of Hudson was not very rapid. One day Ace took it into his head to emigrate further westward, wherefore he was soon snuffing the breezes in the mountains of Colorado. While there he had

a good opportunity to recuperate his health with the invigorating, elevated atmosphere, and to see the elephant in all his phases—the land slides, man slides and western avalanches.

Some years of mountain life had passed, with the ups and downs of mining life, when one cold day he was making a prospecting tour in the mountains through a forest range of fifteen miles. Darkness came on and he lost his course and was compelled to dig a hole through the snow to the leaves on the ground and bury himself therein to keep from freezing.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly when he looked at his compass, took his course and proceeded on his way to join his party, and found he had but two miles to travel to get out of the woods. He also found, on thawing out, that the toes of both his feet were frozen.

That cold night he only lost all of his toes,
Which was sufficient, Asaph well knows,
Nevertheless he survied the terrible shock,
And when he got ready returned to Black Hawk.

Since the creation of the world revulsions in nature, revulsions in business; later, revulsions in booming throughout the great West have been in order. Many western inland towns grew up like a mushroom, as it were, in a night; and when the storm cloud came they could only lay low until the cyclone was over. Those who were not prostrated by the blast in time would rise again, and profit by it befor another panic should reach them. In course of time the miasma disappears, the resources of their country are brought out, commerce and wealth are brooding near, when onward and upward they go

With a feeling of security at last
From the forebodings of the past.
The great prolific West,
However, is by far the best
For the young man of pluck and ambition
To better his condition.

The last I heard of Cousin Ace
Was near Des Moines on his place:
Married, farming, and well-to-do,
With some children for company, too,
Which, I think, must seem very nice to Ace
Thus to settle in a prolific country place.

CHAPTER LXIV.

RITNER H. STURTEVANT.

RITNER H. STURTEVANT, the eldest son of Daniel W. Sturtevant, was born at Spring, Pa., in 1832. At the early age of six years he commenced to go to the district school, which was only a few rods away, just across the gully, from his paternal roof. Thus favored in being so near to the school he could attend during all sorts of weather. He was not only fortunate in this respect, but he seemed to have been born in a pleasant time of the moon, as everything went off all right with Rit—that he enjoyed the even tenor of life, and could laugh easier and louder than any other lad in school, and he has retained that happy disposition through life.

Well, Rit started off an easy learner and speller. He soon learned to spell every word in Cobb's Spelling Book; and geography, why he could sing geography from Maine to Mexico and from California to Egypt when he was twelve years old, so that he, with a good number of others in that district school, had mastered the common English branches when in their early teens.

Fortunate for Rit that everything went well with him; scarcely ever getting angry or in a hurry, except in getting home to dinner and back again to play crack the whip, snow ball or ride down hill; not so much addicted to scuffling or wrestling as some of the other boys, consequently he generally kept free from those entangling alliances that boys,

men and nations frequently get into. He early learned the axiom of Josh Billing, that "the best place to have a boil was on some other feller."

His time during the summer months was spent on his father's farm, boating on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal, and attending school in winter. At the age of 17 he commenced teaching school, at which he was engaged for several winters; and when arriving to his majority, at an age that he could vote for path-master or a President, he took unto himself a wife, believing that it was not best to be alone.

In the course of ten or twelve years his companion died, leaving two small children. In course of time he married again, and during all these years Ritner has quietly and comfortably lived on his farm, on the pleasant western slope of Spring Valley, one of the most pleasantly situated spots on earth.

He officiated as justice of the peace for several years, and dispensed the technical compound of Blackstone, I believe, in mild and intelligent doses to his constituents. Unpretentious, liberal in his views, social in his intercourse with his fellow-man, still remaining at his post tilling the soil remuneratively, still enjoying the even tenor of life and his faculties, good health, with a cheerful, hearty laugh, —the same old Rit of forty years ago.

CHAPTER LXV.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

"MA I'VE an idea that some of the folks in this graveyard havn't gone to heaven."

"You don't say! what makes you think so?"

"Because I read it on the tombstones."

"No!"

"Yes I did, though; it was carved on ever so many, 'peace to his ashes;' now there isn't any ashes 'cept where it's very hot, is there, ma?"

Cross-examining counsel—"Isn't your husband a burglar?"

Witness—"Y-e-s."

Cross-examining counsel—"And didn't you know he was a burglar when you married him?"

Witness—"Yes; but I was getting a little old and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer, so what else could I do?"

Schoolmaster—"Yes, but look here my boy, suppose I were to lend your father £500, let us say without interest, but on condition that he should pay me £10 a week, how much would he still owe me in two months?"

New boy—"Five hundred pounds, sir."

"Tut, tut, my boy; you don't know the first principles of arithmetic."

"You don't know my father, sir."

CHAPTER LXVI.

JOHN C. STURTEVANT.

J. C. STURTEVANT was born at Spring, Crawford County, Pa., in 1834. His father, Daniel Sturtevant, was born at Cincinnatus, Cortland Co., N. Y., and came to this place with his parents and others of his family in 1820 and settled on the Conneautville road two miles north of Springboro. Daniel Sturtevant married a Miss Susan Hall, who proved a great helpmate. They at once settled upon their farm, and being one of the pioneer families of Spring, they found for their vigorous and strong willing hands plenty to do, and ere long found themselves the possessers of one of the finest 150-acre farms in the township.

To this union were five children: Ritner, John C. Seth, Emaline and Almira, all of whom are now living and married, with a family of children enjoying the even tenor of life and in the enjoyment of good health.

J. C. Sturtevant was principally educated at the country school house. He was a faithful student and lost no opportunity in making the most out of everything he engaged in. What belonged to him he wanted and he proposed to get it. One day he and the writer went fishing down to the Conneaut Creek. On returning, our strings of fish were not very heavy, and I proposed to buy his string. A bargain was struck and two cents the consideration payable the first time we met. A few days thereafter he espied me with a "Halloo, Mart., have you got them

two cents?" We settled that account on the spot. But on the other had, we always found him equally prompt and ready to pay up to the last penny due.

And no doubt this trait of character has aided much in all his subsequent transactions, which have proven successful. Young Sturtevant, when a boy, read Greeley's Political History, and he soon developed into a politician and took an active part on the Republican side. His first move on the checker board was sergeant-at-arms a couple of terms at Harrisburg. Next he was elected to the Legislature and served two terms. Afterwards he embarked in the hardware business at Conneautville, Pa., successfully, of course, and now and during the past twenty years at this and other places, he has been interested in the banking business.

During the thirty years' business career of Mr. Sturtevant, he seems to have had his share of administrative affairs to settle up for other people, and it has been done in a satisfactory manner, which is only wrought by correct business methods. Social in his everyday avocations and his relations with his fellow man, which has made him a useful, prominent and necessary factor in society and in the community in which he lives.

CHAPTER LXVII.

SAMUEL F. WOODARD.

I CANNOT pass over the memories of our boyhood days and scenes of the country school without a brief sketch of S. F. Woodard, who was born in Spring Township, Crawford County, Pa., in 1831.

When at a suitable age, he went to the country school, which, except the first two or three summers, was confined to the winter term, which was generally of three months' duration.

Young Woodard was a diligent scholar, and applied himself with wonderful vigor and calculation to the knotty problems of Dayboll, and to the orthography, syntax and prosody of Kirkham. The mouse that ventured to run across the floor, or the youth who was undergoing a course of sprouts from the teacher, apparently did not draw his attention from the work he had before him Every now and then the teacher would be solicited with, "School master, please show me about this sum or problem." But Samuel Woodard ciphered through his arithmetic and algebra without calling on the teacher to work for him a problem. He believed in Fowler's axiom, "Know thyself." If others would or could have done likewise it would have relieved the teacher very much in the district school in those days,

as the teacher had to work most diligently during the hours of school to attend to the numerous calls. This trait of self-reliance of Mr. Woodard has characterized him in his subsequent career in life—unpretentious, but attending strictly to his business. He taught school for two terms in his youth, then engaged in selling books, and in 1855 commenced teaching, near Dayton, Ohio, where he was engaged thirteen years. He afterwards embarked in the nursery stock business, in which he was successful—and, at the age of 59, he is now enjoying the even tenor of his life with his family, with the consolation that he possesses for them and himself a sufficiency for life.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

LUCIUS F. M'LAUGHLIN.

LUCIUS F. McLAUGHLIN was born in Spring Township, Crawford County, Pa., in 1836, in which place and immediate vicinity he has since lived. His father, Henry McLaughlin, was a carpenter by trade, and also carried on a small farm near the Conneaut Creek, in Spring Township, Pa.

Lucius F. obtained a fair education at our district school, became a teacher, and later worked with his father at the carpenter trade, building houses and canal boats. Young McLaughlin soon learned the value of a dollar and also how to figure in proportion, and the rule of three. He soon began a brokerage business at the old homestead, and would buy a good note or loan you money, if the security and rate of interest suited.

When the nursery stock boom struck Springboro like a western avalanche the plucky McLaughlin sailed out and at the close of the season came out in good shape. This he repeated year after year. His sales were large and his profits in proportion. At that day it was customary to sell a dozen different kinds of grapes from a Concord seedling.

Mr. McLaughlin became quite a dealer in and owner of real estate. Always frugal, industrious and persevering in all his business pursuits, he has been enabled to accumulate a competency for himself and family.

According to his natural shrewdness and frugality Mr. McLaughlin did not venture upon the sea of matrimony until the fact was assured that his wife need not necessarily dream of a hard day's work or of a probable poorhouse.

He now resides with his family a Springboro, Pa., and is engaged in mercantile and other business pursuits, in which there is no doubt he will in the future, as in the past, enjoy a successful business career.

For Mac if he wasn't born in the radiant month of June
And in his mouth a silver spoon;
Show him a scheme, if there is money in it
He will rig some sort of purchase to win it.

CHAPTER LXIX.

MR. FREY GOES OUT FOR HIS BREAKFAST.

AY BACK in the good old days of 1828, in the little town of Warsaw, lived an eccentric Mr. Frey, who was accustomed to call on his neighbors frequently about meal time; and in course of time this practice became quite common with Mr. Frey in the neighborhood. One moning he started out and fetched up at the door of Neighbor Simpkins, who bid him "come in," when he found to his dismay that Mr. S., wife and daughter were already seated around the family table to partake of their morning repast. The usual salutation, however, was extended by Mr. Simpkins with a "Good morning, Mr. Frey," (who just then was rather hard of hearing.)

"I don't care if I do; I haint been to breakfast."

Mr. Simpkins (louder)—"I say, Good morning, Mr. Frey."

"Well," said Mr. Frey, "I don't believe in making excuses," and he took a chair and seated himself at the breakfast table to take his breakfast with Neighbor Simpkins, wife and daughter.

Mr. Simpkins soon realized that the old epicure had scored a point to get another breakfast, when he said to the old sinner:

"Please ask the blessing, Mr. Frey."
When Mr. Frey glanced o'er the table his eye
And discovered only three slices of meat
For the four persons to eat
He blessed it with a
"Bless God, there are three slices for four of us,
Thank God there are no more of us,"

when he graciously partook of his breakfast with the trio. Mr. Simpkins discovered

That there was no use
In pouring water on a goose.

CHAPTER LXX.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

A SMART ALECK riding along on horse back, inquired of a boy sitting on the fence, "What time have you, boy?" "Us has all kinds of time. My sister Sal has standard time, that's the clock; the hired girl has sun time, that's lookin' at the shadows; Pap and mam, they have a h—l of a time, that's what they're havin' in there now, and if you don't want to hear somethin' strike, and strike mighty hard, you'd better be gettin' out of here."

"I'm something of a free trader," said Johnny, as he stole a bushel of apples from his father's neighbor's orchard, "but," he added, tapping the seat of his trousers, within which he had placed three towels and a sheet of tin, "I believe in the protective principles when protection is needed. —*Jury.*

"Pat, do you know what a cemetery is?" "Av coorse I do. It's a place where folks live after they're dead, soor."

"Pat, what did you pay for your new hat?" "Faith, an' I don't know. There was no one in the store when I bought it."

She—"I say, pet, what calamity would give you the most pain?"

He—"As I idolize my wife, I should most of all regret her being left a widow."

CHAPTER LXXI.

TRADE IN FORMER DAYS.

IT IS wonderful to note how business was carried on in former days, and the small amount of money used in the prosecution and completion of large jobs. For instance, the building of the numerous locks on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal at Lockport, Pa., in which Messrs. Baldwin, Himrod & Co. figured largely, in "Blue Crackee," a sort of scrip principally used by that firm in quarrying and hauling the great quantities of stone used in building the Lockport locks in 1838–9. The "Blue Crackee" scrip issued by that firm was extensively used in payment for labor and material, and for some time was the principal factor in exchange for goods, and the circulating medium or currency. It was a common thing to hear, among horse dealers, "I'll give you $10 'boot' to swap horses, and pay in 'crackee;' or, "I'll give you $13 in 'crackee' for that red cow." Or to the young man: "I'll give you 50 cents a day and board you, and pay you in 'Blue Crackee,' if you'll come and work for me."

In 1840 the raging canal was opened to commerce and the denizen and the ambitious youth alike were eager to set sail upon its waters as captain of the scow, with the papers in his hat.

Presently there was a demand for more boats. The Reed line, also the Thompson and Metcalf lines sprang into existence, offering numerous chances for gallant young and elderly captains to lease a boat by paying a certain price per tonage each trip. The black diamonds at this time were numerous and extensively mined at Clarksville, Sharpsville, Sharon, Middlesex, Kenekanese and Pittsburg. Lumber mills were erected and large quantities of the best quality of white ash and whitewood lumber, beech saddle trees, black ash hoops for nail kegs and flour barrels, also basswood logs for nail keg staves, white oak and red oak barrel staves, headings, etc., which had to be transported by canal to the Erie or the Pittsburg market, created a lively business on the canal, which in turn created a good market for the farmer for his hen's eggs and chickens (both day and night), his beans, pork, potatoes, cheese, oats, apple sauce and saur kraut.

By this time "Blue Crackee" had vanished and a silver dollar did not look quite as big as a cart wheel. Numerous wild cat banks were started. Like fiddlers in Tophet, currency freely circulated, which stuck to many a poor fellow's grip too long, who declared he would be glad to trade it off for "Blue Crackee."

He would frequently get up in the morning,
And read in the papers the solemn warning
That his money bank had failed;
That through one night he had entailed
The loss of his hard earned boodle.

Where is the Pennsylvanian who will not bear me out,
In saying 'twas a righteous weeding out
Of Bank of Commerce, and many others that tumbled flat,
From the ghastly wounds of a wild cat—banker.

The numerous bank failures in 1857–8 and the consequent war demand for an inflation of currency, created a uniform national currency, with which one could rest easy night and day, especially if he possessed enough of it.

The increasing business on the canal brought out a better line of boats, and much pride was manifested in keeping them well painted and in good order, which was the home of many a family. There being no railroad in this section of the country some mode of conveyance, other than the stage, was desired and in 1848 a line of packets was run on the canal, making pretty good time, much to the delight and comfort of the passengers.

These packet boats would stop at any point along their line to let off and take aboard passengers and baggage. The boat would run quickly toward the birm, or to the tow path, when the sprightly bowsman would alight with a line with which he could generally, under his foot, hold the boat to place until all was in readiness, when off she goes at the shrill blast blown from the steersman's fish-horn bugle—a packet, a packet ahoy—and she glides down the raging canal to the next ancient seaport towns, then called Tight-hole, Albion, Cranesville and Lockport.

In fond remembrance we look back to those former days,
The happy days we spent upon this waterway;
When by one fell swoop a cruel Legislature
Gave us conveyance of a different nature.

The good old canal they knocked out of the ring
For a railroad, they said was a better thing;
A blind man with one eye open can see that it is not,
For when we want to go somewhere we have got—
To go over to Bigelow's Station.

And we have to hustle and get into an awful straight,
Then if we are half a minute late
Perhaps we will have to wait another day
To take the cars on the fast railway.

But now the people as they go from state to state
They want to go at a rapid rate,
O'er hills and valleys and o'er the plains,
They take the rapid railway trains.

In an Intelligence Office—Agent (to female applicant) —"Are you married or single?"

Applicant (blushing)—"Naythur, mum; o'im engaged."

"Yes," said a passenger in a tram car, who was arguing with a friend, "some men are born great, others achieve greatness and some"— just then a lurch of the car landed a fat woman in his lap—"and some," he continued, "have greatness thrust upon them."

Only one man in fifteen in the United States has a life or accident insurance policy of any sort or kind, and only two men out of every thirty-two could leave enough behind them to buy a twenty-five-dollar cemetery lot and pay funeral expenses. This proves that the general average of men have no care beyond the present.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

CHAPTER LXXII.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

Judge—"All the fools have not ceased to practice as attorneys, I see."

Lawyer—"No, your Honor, there are not judgeships enough to provide for the whole of them."

Patrick—(Just recovering from the effects of ether, in the hospital)—"Oh, where am I?"

Dr. Savbones—(with a wink)—"In heaven."

Patrick—(looking around)—"Then I'd like to know phawt you're doing here?"

Psalmist—"Why do the heathen rage?"

Cynic—"Probably, because so little of the money subscribed for their conversion ever reaches them."

Ethel Reddy—"Mama, won't you please ask Dr. Dose to look at my little sick ducklings?"

Mrs. Reddy—"No, no, run away, Dr. Dose isn't a bird doctor."

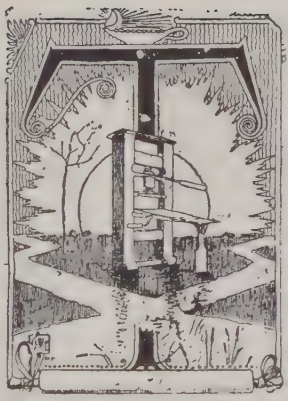
Ethel—"Well, papa said last night he was a quack doctor."

Worth Trying.—Rev. Longnecker—"Dear, I wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon."

Little Tommy—"Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

JOHN P. LOCKE.



THE SUBJECT of this sketch was born at Spring Township, Crawford County, Pa., in 1852. He is another fortunate being, who was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but at an early age he learned the value of a dollar.

His father, Ira Locke, married Nancy Sargent in 1834, who were among the early settlers of Spring, and both of whom lived to upwards of eighty years. Mr. Locke was a carpenter by trade, and he owned a small farm. Young Locke assisted his father in carpenter, framing work and on the little place until he was about eighteen years of age. Then he began to look up business for himself, and engaged with L. F. McLaughlin to sell nursery in 1860, which business swept through Spring like a tornado with all the allurements of the coming bonanza to the agent.

The War of the Rebellion came, and he enlisted at Erie in Company I Fourteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, on October .16th, 1862. He served until September 4th, 1865, as Quartermaster Sergeant. He received a sabre wound while in the service, but nothing serious, and was considered as one of the lucky in coming out of a three-year term of army service in a good condition of health.

On returning home from the army he did not wait for something to turn up, but went to work at what he could get, and taught school in winter. Being an industrious fellow, he improved his time, consequently was scarcely ever out out of a job. He bought some land and went to farming, buying additions to his land until now he has a good farm of upwards of 100 acres well stocked, and is well-to-do.

The Hon. M. B. Lowry once said on a time, when a Pennsylvania regiment was on a railway in Virginia. They came to a point where the track was torn up, and the engine got wrecked. But he said: "You couldn't stop those fellows, because they had men in that regiment who rebuilt the road, and could make an engine, locomotive, or a President of the U. S. A."

And now this man Locke, with his gray hairs, as he begins to trip along down the home stretch of life, he can congratulate himself that he has provided his family with a competency—that he early learned the value of a dollar and the difference between a dude or bummer and a reliable citizen and an honest worker.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never you mind the crowd, lad;
Nor fancy your life won't tell.
The work is done for all that
To him who doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop.
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad—
But there's always room at the top.

Courage and Faith and Patience,
There's space in the old world yet;
You stand a better chance, lad—
The further along you get.

Keep your eye on the goal, lad;
Never despair or drop.
Be sure your path leads upward—
There's always room at the top.

If we had no faults we should not take so much pleasure in noticing them in others.

The character of a man is found by weighing his acts, not by listening to his speech.

You can't judge of the value of a man by his talk any more than you can judge of the value of the tree by its bark.

Do not despise the opinion of the world. You might as well say that you care not for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

CHAPTER LXXV.

WILD BEES.

THE EARLY settler of Spring, Crawford county, Pa., while engaged in felling trees in the woods, would frequently discover a swarm of bees flying about the top of the fallen tree; and as he advanced toward the swarming million some angry honey-maker was always ready to salute him with a kiss on the lip, ear, nose, or some other prominent part of his cranium for ruthlessly invading their "sweet home," at which, perhaps for a score of years, the busy bee had toiled.

> From hour to hour,
> From flower to flower,
> To put in order the hollow in the tree
> For a storehouse for the busy honey-bee.

The next cruel procedure was to procure some mulch, straw or shavings with which to smoke and destroy the bees and proceed to take from the hollow in the tree the honey. Sometimes, however, a less barbarous method was used, namely: to get a bee-hive and set it properly near by and get the bees into it, thereby saving them for future usefulness. Nature has provided storehouses in the forest of different dimensions to suit the queen of the swarm, hence the great difference in the amount of honey found in these

forest bee houses. In former days a swarm would frequently start out from the apiary and fly on a bee line for the tree, apparently which they had previously selected.

Up in the branches of the tree a small hole, varying somewhat in size, leads into the centre of the tree; a hollow, also varying in size from six to eighteen inches wide and five to ten feet long, according to the size of the tree, is the storehouse of the honey-bee.

Hunting bee trees was frequently resorted to by the bee hunter, who in August or September, with a box, say six by eight inches in size, with some honey placed therein, would attract to his box a bee which, when loaded with honey, would fly to the tree to make a deposit therein. The hunter would follow the course of the bee to the tree and put thereon his mark, to be cut and the honey gathered about the first of October.

In 1833 Chester Morley, a celebrated nimrod, found a bee house in a gigantic chestnut standing upon the land of Alfred Sargent, in Spring, Pa. In the fall of the same year Morley proceeded to the spot with his pharaphernalia—axe, saw, two buckets, and sap yoke, on which two wooden hooks were suspended by moose-wood bark strings attached to the buckets from each end of the sap yoke.

After several hours of incessant labor in felling the tree he found he had struck a bonanza and got more honey than he had bargained for. He had to make seven trips a mile and a-half through the woods, with his sap-buckets full, to carry away that storehouse of 400 pounds of honey. Alfred Sargent said he could have relieved Morley in making one tedious trip just as well as not had Mr. Morley not been so timid about asking for such a favor; but Chester

sent out no cards: he had his social, his picnic, all to himself, and had honey enough to salt down for family use for some time.

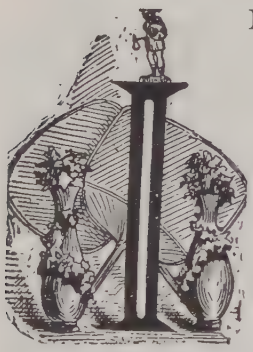
In 1848, fifteen years later, the writer helped his father, Alfred Sargent, to split from the said bee tree 300 rails.

> You see Morley got the honey, Sargent got the rails,
> The old nimrod, not content, would shoot our quails;
> Yes, he'd shoot our squirrels, rabbits and crows,
> Our coons, oppossums, and what else God only knows.

That great hunter, Chester Morley, was one of the pioneers. He became a sleek farmer and a peaceful citizen; was a soldier in the War of 1812, and died at the age of about 87 years.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

FINDING A BEE TREE—BILL, THE OX TEAMSTER WHEN TO CUT A PIG YOKE.



N A. D. 1851, Alfred Sargent, Alanson Whittaker and the writer were cutting ash logs on the Silverthorn Farm. These logs were cut in lengths of twelve to thirty feet long, to be manufactured into oars and sweeps, by Ezekiel Page, of Lockport, Pa.

Bill Burnham, his celebrated ox teamster, carried a goad (a stick six feet long, with a brad in the end) which was the whip he used in driving six yoke of cattle, when necessary, to haul out of the woods these 30-foot logs.

Well, the day was hot—about the middle of August. As we looked up into a good sized hemlock tree, the direction an ash tree was about to fall, bees were seen flying out and into the tree. A consultation was held as to the propriety of cutting the bee tree that day or to take our chances for it later, in October. At this juncture Ox-teamster Bill was coming near by, talking to his oxen in a language similar to a Polish bear trainer when he and his bruin are undergoing a street bear dance. When Bill came up, we told him we would leave the matter for him to decide, whether to cut the bee tree that day or not, to which he replied that he had always observed that the best time to cut a pig yoke

was when you found one, as they were scarce. We took Bill's advice, and proceeded to cut the tree. The writer was sent over to George Silverthorn's to get a permit to cut it. George, being a good fellow, said he could use the tree the coming winter for lumber, and said I could cut it.

I looked for a hive or something to make one, but George thought it was not best that hot day to attempt monkeying with the bees, as they would be sure to probe us. I asked him to come along and share the picnic with us, to which he assented, and with some straw for a smoker we started for the spot. The tree was felled with fair success, about a quart of the honey tilted out in falling. We got two 12-quart pails of honey and enough for all to smack beside.

Later, John Herron gave us notice that we had cut his bee tree; that he discovered it some weeks before, and claimed he put his mark on the roots of the tree under the earth; that we must come up to the captain's office and settle or he would prosecute us. We told him never to put his light under a bushel (of dirt) but show his mark where it could be seen. So the matter ended—

Mr. Herron not on hand for any of that honey,
Nor any of our party's money.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

W. G. AND S. J. THOMAS were born in Spring, Pa., in 1830 and 1832 respectively. They were cousins and the sons of Eri and Elijah Thomas, early settlers of Spring. They both went to the old district (Sturtevant) school and shared with us in the good old times had at the old-fashioned district school, where 84 scholars assembled to learn the primary rudiments and to solve the geometrical problem.

W. G., or Gib, as we always called him, was a fair scholar, a prompt and clever fellow, and generally wore boots a few sizes larger than his feet, and served as good kickers and skates in sliding down the steep school hill, which was a good place to get a pug nose, a peeled shin, or a broken arm.

Among 45 vigorous country lads nearly of an age and size, you might expect when they were let loose from the school room that there would be some fun. Cracking the whip and wrestling were much indulged in. There were half a dozen stout young men who were experts at collar and elbow, and a dozen more of the smaller fry who were not slow at the business, so that—

> We frequently advertised to spell down
> And throw down any school in town.

One day our teacher (Rush Cole) undertook to punish two young girls severely for a trifling cause, and as the ruler came cruelly down upon their tender hands, Gib

Thomas arose from his seat and, his eyes snapping at the teacher like a gladiator, shouted out to him, "You have punished those girls enough, and if you strike them again I'll strike you!" The teacher's anger vanished and he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and he laid his ruler on the pulpit and proceeded with his more humane duties—

> With that ruler he'd rap on the side of the house,
> And occasionally fling it at an invading rat or mouse;
> Such a missile to use on a girl's tender hand,
> It's well such cudgels are banished from the land.

Some years later Mr. Thomas went a couple of terms to the Kingsville Institute, where he formed the acquaintance of an estimable lady whom he afterwards married and who has proved an excellent wife to him. They settled upon their farm, and afterwards removed to Yellow Springs, Ohio, where he lived a few years, until business matters required his presence at the old homestead in Spring, on which he finally settled.

Mr. Thomas embarked in the nursery stock business for a few years and made a success of it. He now resides at the home of his birthplace near Shadeland, situate on the beautiful eastern slope of Spring Valley, one of the favored spots of earth, with a competency for the needs of life.

From his boyhood W. G. Thomas has been industrious and enterprising, a good farmer, prompt and honorable in his dealings, and enjoys the confidence of his fellow men.

S. J. Thomas was born in 1830. He early took to learning, debating and declamation, characteristic of his uncle (Senator J. S. Broadhead). Young Thomas while attending the district school was one of the first scholars,

and in his glory when debating some subject at debating school, or speech making, or in declamation at our evening exhibitions, in which he had no peer in the vicinity in which he lived. He commenced the study of law at an early age, and, being a good speaker, he soon learned to handle well and skilfully his cases. His natural ability created a good business for him seemingly without much effort on his part. His two younger brothers, Jacob and Augustus, died of consumption, and that hereditary, fell destroyer also took off S. J., when in the prime of life. The remaining brother, Frank B. Thomas, is a resident lawyer of Albion, Pa., and practices in the Courts of Erie, Crawford and Ashtabula Counties.

We have not space herein to give even a life sketch of all the old schoolmates. But to those who are living, will say that Obed, Samuel and Justin Wells are in Iowa, farming successfully; Jeff. Wells, a chip of the old block, a milk dealer in Chicago and farmer in Illinois; Servetus and Camillus Church are in Iowa; Robert McCoy, farmer in Ohio; Asa and James McCoy reside at Springboro, Pa.; Dr. S. Skeels is at Albion, also John Skeels; John F. Woodard, farmer at Girard, Pa.; Edmund Sargent, hotel keeper in Indiana; Asaph and Morrison Sargent, farmers in Iowa; C. M. Sargent, flour, feed and groceries, Springboro, Pa.; Alfred J. and William Sargent, forwarding and commission business, New York City; J. C. Tucker, nursery stock dealer and farmer, Springboro, Pa.; Zach. and James Tucker, farmers and stock dealers, Spring, Pa.

Time brings changes to us all, and when we visit the old place and scenes of early days, we notice a few of the old buildings there, the hills, valleys and rivulets are there,

but our old schoolmates are scattered well over this continent, and many across the river, and all we can say is, success and happiness to the living and peace to the dead.

There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born;
Where first we lifted our eyelids
On the splendors of the morn.

There is no friend like the old friend,
Who has shared our morning days.
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise.

Fame is the haughty sunflower
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

What shall I give? To the hungry, give food; to the naked, give clothes; to the sick, some comfort; to the sad, a word of consolation; to all you meet a smile and a cheery greeting. Give forgiveness to your enemies; give patience to the fretful; give love to your households; and, above all, give your heart to God.

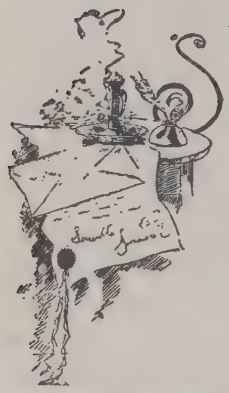
Women should be wise as well as true. Men should be virtuous as well as wise. The same standard of morality should be held for men as well as women. The relations of the sexes must be better adjusted, marriage must be held as sacred and parentage as the most serious responsibility. Educate one generation to be pure, just, upright and wise, and the next generation will have a fair start.

It is pleasant to meet people from whom we are sure to receive a smile, a kind word, a cordial hand-shake, or some other token of good-will. When one is depressed in spirits, or, as the common saying is, "blue," the meeting with a genial, merry-hearted friend has a magical effect. Indeed, the encounter with such a person has been known to turn the whole current of one's life. Agreeability must come from the heart. One feels so comfortable after having said or done something to brighten the pathway of another that it pays one's self to be agreeable.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

SHADELAND.

POWELL BROTHERS, CELEBRATED STOCKMEN.



SHADELAND is situated in Spring township, Crawford county, Pa., one mile north of Springboro, and is the home and birthplace of the Powell Brothers, the celebrated stockmen. Howell Powell, father of the stockmen, originally owned and occupied from 300 to 400 acres of this Shadeland property, which now comprises about 3,000 acres of excellent land, and beautifully situated in and along both sides of the Conneaut Creek Valley, and there is no finer estate in Western Pennsylvania.

The Powell Brothers embarked in the nursery stock business in 1860 to 1865, and, according to their native characteristics and ability, they pushed the business to a successful termination. Forty men and horses were brought into requisition, and great sales with good profits was the result.

During the war they had an extensive business that they could not well drop. Though loyal to the core, they were among the first to put up the necessary to fill the call.

Finally, in 1864, they went into the live stock business, with their motto "Excelsior;" and time after time they have crossed the stormy seas and throughout Europe they have sought to obtain the best stock. Their unflinching tenacity of purpose, their untiring perseverance, justly entitle them to the fame and the national reputation that they now possess—the peer of any stockmen on this continent. Too great a tribute can scarcely be paid the Powell Brothers for their vast undertakings, great outlays and extensive improvements, approximating the perfection of stock raising.

'Tis said that blood will always tell
In man, likewise in stock as well.

Their fine stock comprises Clydesdale horses, Percheron Norman or French draft horses, Englishshire horses, Suffolk punch horses, Standard bred trotters, French coachers, Cleveland bays, saddle horses, Welsh ponies, Iceland ponies, Shetland ponies, Holstein Fressian cattle and Devon cattle.

To all those who want to buy fine stock you can obtain it of the Powell Brothers, the celebrated stockmen, who will at all times extend to you fair dealing and courteous entertainment, which is a characteristic of these gentlemen, and one of the attributes to their wonderful success in the stock business.

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE AGENT of to-day has grown to be a man of importance in his community. His customers include the whole range of working and business life. The laborer at the bench, the toiler in the field, the merchant, the professional man, the banker and every other member of the body politic, knows and respects him. He is in touch with more varieties of wholesome life than any other class of business men living. Behind him may be an organization with millions of dollars of assets backing his every promise. He is the embodiment of the qualities which go to make up an honorable success—energy, probity, tact, perseverance, good nature and zeal —and is the incarnation of something always dear to the American fancy "a smart man."—Ex.

Timidity creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform which overcomes difficulties that others think cannot be surmounted.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

A. C. QUINBY.

MAKING HOOPS AND SHINGLES — CANAL BOATING — DEALING IN NURSERY STOCK—LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

THE SUBJECT of this article is a rare specimen of humanity, easy going and of a cheerful temperament generally, pugnacious, not quarrelsome, but wanted to have his turn in the merry-go-round. He wanted to see the ins and outs of a job, didn't propose to experiment long at a hard job of work to find whether it would pay.

In his days of early manhood riving and shaving shingles and making hoops was his forte, and he became quite an expert in the business, and it was as lucrative a business as one could engage in and little capital was required for an outfit; besides, one could work on the shady side of a log, stump or tree, on a hot day. This was appropriate, as Clark said he didn't believe in rubbing the hair up or sweating his linen fabric too much. I never stopped to argue that matter with him because I thought his head was level on the sweating labor question.

Boating on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal frequently afforded employment for whole families. Clark bought the canal boat Kellog, and with his father and brothers, Lew, Marsh and George, made a full crew, with one to spare for a reserve corps, and engaged to boat lumber for the writer from Conneautville, Spring, Jerusalem, Tighthole, Albion, and other places, to Erie. Many loads were

shipped and many happy hours I spent with Capt. Quinby. Clark had a pet horse he called Comet—

He was as big as a moose,
But he found it was of no use
To try to make him steady draw
A basswood horse, if ever you saw.

However his weight on the tow line meant something, and very good time was made.

Where once was the canal, makes me sad,
Thinking of the good old times we had
Along its line from Pittsburg to Erie;
Musing o'er those scenes never will grow weary.

The canal captain will pull his boat up to the shore,
Always ready to take aboard something more;
Whether it be lumber, potatoes or your corn,
When off she goes, driver cracks his whip and toots his horn.

He will promptly deliver anywhere on the line,
Albion, Tighthole or at Lock Twenty-nine;
At a much cheaper rate of expense
Than it has been transported ever since
The railroad gobbled the old canal;
She is entirely a different gal.

Before the closing of the canal he traded off his boat, went to work for Powell Brothers, Shadeland, in the nursery business, and later he went into the same business for himself, and in 1872–3 he removed to Titusville, where he with his son are in their element, operating successfuly a large livery and sale stable.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE TRIO.

THE LEGAL TRIO to whom we refer is Messrs. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa.; J. B. Burrows, Painesville, Ohio, and S. A. Northway, of Jefferson, Ohio, who are well known throughout Pennsylvania and Ohio for their logic, eloquence, ingenuity and skill in trying cases.

The individual who finds himself so unfortunate as to become entangled in the meshes of criminal law is considered lucky in retaining either of the above named gentlemen to defend him.

In the prime of life in legal and literary attainments, matured and ripe for the fray, in 1844, A. B. Richmond, then a youth, was trying one of his first cases, the suit of Mr. Cowan vs. Col. Hiram Butler, at Spring, Pa., wherein a large difference existed in the measurement of 400 white-wood saw logs, sold by Cowan to Butler. The eminent lawyer, Darwin A. Finney, of Meadville, was arrayed against young Richmond, to defend the Colonel. The young lawyer created a good deal of amusement in the court room by teasing and spurring at his antagonist at every opportunity. It was a cool day in April, and Mr. Finney wore low shoes, with silk stockings, he having an

unusual warmth in his feet, produced by a febrile disease, the gout, of which young Richmond took special notice.

The writer, then quite a young lad, was much amused during the trial, to see these Meadville lawyers exchange shots, and on returning home told his father that young flaxen-haired Richmond made lots of fun for them, and he was going to make a big lawyer, because he had lots of lip and wit and as much confidence in himself as a mule. As time rolled on, that statement was verified by the growing legal business of Mr. Richmond, and he soon became the leading criminal lawyer of Crawford County, Pa. Of him, the country well knows his ability. As well do they of the legal lion of the Western Reserve, J. B. Burrows, who was engaged for the prosecution in the famous Jones-Amidon murder case, and A. B. Richmond for the defense.

The great trial of eight week's duration was brought to a close Friday afternoon, when Stanley M. Jones was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing lawyer A. A. Amidon, on the evening of August 30, 1889. Jones' friends were sanguine that the jury would fail to agree. When the verdict was announced Jones did not move a muscle nor indicate in any manner that he was the person most affected by the awful words, but retained the same unconcerned, characteristic action throughout the entire trial. His attorneys filed a motion for a new trial, which came up for hearing Wednesday, June 11th. The shooting occurred on Friday, and as the jury brought in a verdict on Friday it caused the superstitious to hint that Jones was doomed.

Jones was sentenced to be hung, but in April and May a petition was circulated and signed by many hundreds of citizens for a commutation of the death sentence to that of imprisonment for life. This the Pardon Board granted, in June, 1891.

S. A. Northway is also famous for the masterly manner in which he throws his whole soul into the work in trying important cases. For instance, the great Webster trial for the murder of Perry Harrington.

We shall not attempt herein to write a life sketch of these eminent legal gentlemen. Suffice it to say—

That few jurists yet were ever made
To wield a stronger, sharper blade,
In Pennsylvania or in the State of Ohio,
Than either of this famous legal trio.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

CONNEAUT LAKE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL inland lake in Sadsburg Township, Crawford County, Pa., now about five miles long and three miles wide, from the topography of the country around it seems to have been much larger on some former day. On its shores where now stand fine residences, hotels and summer resorts, a century ago was the bivouac and resort of the Indian. Conneaut Lake and the Pymatuning, from relics, early malaria and ague, abundant fish, game and millions of pigeons, conspired to create a paradise for the Indian. To the outlet of this lake was the spot where they took their captive Van Horn, whom they captured on the Meadville Flats in the spring of 1795.

The perpetration of many of the cruel atrocities of the red men upon the white man, probably to a great extent was due to the feeling that he looked upon the white man as his enemy, invading his original domain. When we consider that the same malignant spirit exists to an alarming extent among the white races let us, like Pope, have some forbearance, for—

> Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind,
> His soul's proud science never taught to stray
> Far as the solar walks or treads the milky way.

Then let the heritage and untutorship of the Indian to some degree offset the lunatic frenzy of the white man of to-day.

In the winter of 1835 Amos Fish was driving Willis Benedict's team with a sleighload of grain from Evansburg to Harmonsburg. While crossing Conneaut Lake, when near the middle the ice gave way. Mr. Fish jumped from the sleigh and saved himself, but the team and load went under the ice and were lost.

About the same time Frederick Bolard on horse back, and Wicks Parker with a team and wagonload of goods, came to the lake, and when Mr. Bolard proposed to go around it Mr. Parker laughed at him and drove on the ice. When part way across they found the ice sunk about one foot under the water. When Mr. Bolard thought of turning back his heart bounded within him, and he said that at that moment he would have given all he possessed to be off the ice and safe on land. But Mr. Parker drove on and Bolard followed him in awful suspense, and was greatly relieved when nearing the shore. When men will venture like this with loaded teams out upon the ice, how can we expect that boys will not venture, too, upon the glary, bending ice on their skates, with frequently the sad result of going under the ice to rise no more?

John McMurtry, of Sadsbury, Pa., who died in 1885 at the advanced age of 102 years, was a soldier in the War of 1812 and the Mexican War, being in the advance guard in entering the City of Mexico. He lived a life of single blessedness; had contracted marriage in an early day, was jilted: but later a daughter of his affianced bore him a daughter, on which offspring he bequeathed the sum of $3,000, though previous to this bequest the girl married

well and is now living in Meadville. His sister, Sallie, who married Snowden Barrickman, and who now lives in the Pymatuming Swamp, is 90 years of age.

John McTeer, an old settler of Hayfield Township, Pa., was unjustly charged with killing a man at Conneaut Lake and was sent to the penitentiary for life; he served a term of ten or twelve years and was then pardoned. The man who committed the murder for which McTeer was convicted, upon his death bed confessed that he done the awful deed; thereupon McTeer was released. This is an instance where the innocent was made to suffer for the crime of the guilty. James McDowell, brother of Alex and John F. McDowell, informed my ancestor that he was engaged with Aaron Burr on an expedition down the Ohio River, which turned out to be rather a nefarious and speculative venture, and the expedition was authoritatively checked, which business we understand to have been running off negroes via the underground railroad.

Alex and John F. McDowell, of Summerhill, were old settlers who were in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, whose descendents now hold some of the old Continental money. After the war they built a distillery near Dixonburg, Pa., at which place and upon their farms they lived many years, up to the time of their demise.

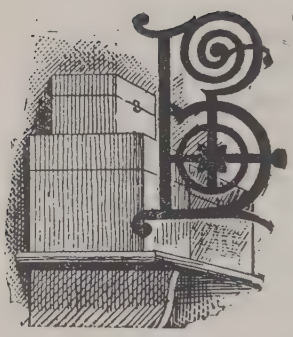
Jeremiah Hadlock emigrated from Vermont at an early day and settled in the woods of Richmond Township, Pa., sixteen miles east of Meadville, and cleared up a farm. He died at the age of 92 years from the effects of a tree falling on him, breaking one of his legs and injuring his spine.

Freeman Hadlock, a son of Jeremiah, also took up 160 acres of government land across the street opposite his father's, and lived upon said land many years. He said it seemed to be more work to clear the land of the numerous sand rocks than of the timber. A sad accident happened on the place: Lucinda Hadlock, a young girl eight years of age, fell into a spring on the farm near the house, and was drowned. Mr. Freeman Hadlock now lives in Dorset, Ashtabula County, Ohio, at the advanced age of 93 years, in the enjoyment of quite good health.

If the people throughout our country would pan out like the McMurtrys and Hadlocks we could soon refer back with good grace, in longevity, to the days of Noah.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

R. D. CHEESEMAN



BORN IN ALBION, PA., where he attended school. At the age of 15 or 16 he engaged to work for A. Denio, proprietor of the Handle Mills (now Otsego Fork Mills), Miles Grove, Pa., where he faithfully served his employer day in and day out; and when Mr. Denio consolidated his steel mills at Baldwinsville, N. Y., and handle mills and removed and rebuilt the same at Miles Grove Mr. Cheeseman went with him in the capacity of foreman in the wooden department of the celebrated Otsego Fork Mills. And during the long space of thirty years R. D. Cheeseman has accomplished one thing which the writer could not even hope to do, viz: through all those years he has faithfully served his employer ten hours per day, which will probably foot up more hours of constant daily toil than can be duplicated by few in Erie county; and should his sun not go down at noonday, he bids fair to remain in the same capacity for coming decades.

Mr. Cheeseman is a man of temperate and frugal habits, has a pleasant home, a family (wife and two children), who apparently enjoy the even tenor of life in the pleasant village of Miles Grove, Pa.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

P. O. PAUL.

THE GANDER—AGENT—STAGING—LIVERY—NURSERY STOCK—HORSE DEALER.

P. O. PAUL was born in Conneaut Township, Erie County, Pa., where he spent his boyhood and youthful days on the farm.

An incident is related of him when a boy of five or six years. His uncle Prosper Keep had a cross gander which he promised to give to the boy Paul if he would carry him home. The boy eagerly grappled onto the gander and started homeward. There were a pair of bars he had to pass which were made in the old-fashioned style from split timber and were heavy. Here came the query how to manage the gander, as he would have to use both hands to let down and put up those heavy bars, and when young Paul came to the bars he put the gander on the ground and placed his feet upon each wing, and in this position he held his gander until he had let down and put up the bars. When his uncle and father saw that he could manage that gander they concluded that he could get through the race course of life.

At the age of 16 he had a desire to do something for himself other than farming, and engaged to sell nursery stock for L. C. McLaughlin, Spring, Pa. Later he got married and worked his father's farm some three years, and during a portion of the time taught school and sold lightning rods for a year. Afterwards he removed to Titusville with his family and went staging from that place to Pleas-

antville and Shamburg, and when business became dull he ran a livery and sale stable in Titusville for some years. Later, Bullion, Red Rock and Bradford fields were tried, when he returned to Springboro and engaged in the nursery stock business on his own account, and has for years past continued in that business, having in the meantime built a fine residence at Springboro. On said premises and upon his farm is kept a good stock of horses, and among the fleetest, over which he takes as much pleasure in pulling the reins as he did in his boyhood days stepping on the wings of the gander.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

A. C. MARTINDALE.

THE SUBJECT of this sketch is more than an ordinary man. Mr. Martindale first came to our notice in 1850, at Albion, near where he purchased 100 acres of land. He engaged in boating on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal in the coal trade from Sharon and elsewhere to Erie, Pa.

In the winter of 1854–5 Mr. Martindale contracted to furnish Andrew Hofsies, of Erie, a large quantity of propeller steamboat wood, to be delivered on the Public Dock at Erie the following summer. He proceeded with his usual native goaheadativeness to the work; a gang of wood choppers were set to work in his woods, while he and others with oxen and sleds were engaged in hauling the wood to the birm side of the canal at Jackson's, near Albion, about a mile distant from the woods. Mr. Martindale drove a large yoke of cattle, and the man who hauled as much wood as he from daylight until dark had something to do. Before springtime he had hundreds of cords of the best kind of beech and maple wood, cut four feet long, piled up on the bank of the canal ready for shipment on the opening of navigation.

There was lots of hard work in this wood business and not as much money as there should have been, but Martin dale made it pay, anyhow, by doing a good share of the work himself. During six or eight months of the year he would skip the shoemaker and ask no odds of his sole

leather or uppers on his feet. He could chase a mink or a coon through the woods or through thistle and brier patches barefooted, as unerringly and with all the avidity of a hound after a deer. When Abe Martindale started out after a mink or a coon, with his dog and axe, they were his meat, sure.

Well Abe, like Davy Crockett, liked recreation, and on off business days you could see him circulating around his neighbor's premises, four or five miles off, inspecting their crop of rabbits, mink and coon, and he would be sure to carry some of them home at night, as trophies of the day. He was unpretentious, generally minding his own business, a good talker, and a hard worker. He did not wait for a golden opportunity to turn up, but he set to work and turned up something. This was his nature.

In the vicinity where Mr. Martindale lived there was a good deal of beech timber in the forest and many beech nuts grew upon the trees. Abe conceived the idea that hogs could be wintered cheaply on beech nuts, and he soon became the owner of several hundred hogs. These porkers began to help their owner 'turn up something,' and it came to pass that these rooters began to plow his neighbor's land at rather an unpropitious time of the year. Mr. Martindale, however, was not the man to trespass upon his neighbor, and generally kept a vigilant eye upon his drove, and when he found his pigs were going for his neighbor's angle worms he took them away, and when the shack season was over, and these beech nuts had propagated scions (young beech trees) corn planting time came on, acres of corn were planted, and when the corn had formed a stalk, yet unear'd, loads of it were cut for the pigs, which was devoured with a relish, stalk, silk, leaf and tassel. They must have something to fill even up so they could breathe a healthy hog grunt.

it is too expensive in Pennsylvania to make a grunting hog fat on solid corn, and Abe knew this as well as any one, and he emerged from the hog business smilling. Presently you see upon his farm six or eight hundred sheep; and he gave the sheep, lamb, mutton and wool business a thorough test. He did nothing by the halves; whatever he engaged in, he threw his whole soul into the business, and when the time came for a change he was on deck for a shift.

Next we see him stocking up his farm with horses—colts principally. Later, Mr. Martindale being aware that there were many abandoned farms in the oil region, Pitthole and vicinity, there you see him with fifty or sixty cows, engaged in selling the lacteal fluid, also butter and buttermilk, to the denizens of Oil City and Titusville. And yet later, he engaged in manufacturing lumber near Titusville. During the past few years he has bought additions to his farm near Albion, which now comprises several hundred acres of good land.

We find him now quietly engaged upon his farm in the poultry business, with nearly a thousand chicks. He proposes to be second to none in his region in the hen fruit business. Success to you, Abe.

It makes no difference whether he wants to go shod or bare-footed a portion of the year, his imprints are his own, and he has made his mark on more than one landscape. Always industrious, genial and apparently happy, rendering unto Cæsar the things that are his, and, for aught we know, unto God the things that are his; and the people in his neighborhood will know that Abe Martindale lives among them to be congratulated.

> As he marches down the hillside of life,
> Through past scenes of varied strife;
> And with his rifle, wad or leaden bullets,
> From his dunghill can shoot his pullets.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

LEXINGTON.

ITS NAME derived from Revoluionary fame, was settled in 18—, by people from New York and the New England States, in whose veins coursed the blood of their sires of Lexington of old.

Among its earlier settlers were Elijah Dury Johnson, Ray S. Silverthorn, —— Rattibone, Judge Miles, Mathew Anderson, Sanford Salisbury, Eber Holbrook, Simeon Knight, Philip Bristol (a pioneer school teacher at Lexington), Peter Holbrook, John Hay, Robert Large, Samuel and Cornelius Ball, —— Cook, William and Daniel Sawdy, Seth Devore, —— Strong, Hymenius and Zedock Smith, and others.

These early settlers of Girard and Lexington, as elsewhere, had to undergo their trials and privations in early life, but they rose equal to the occasion.

They wisely chose and settled upon one of the most favored spots of earth—a prolific soil, excellent water and timber, throughout Girard, Fairview and Millercek. A healthy climate, exceedingly so, according to Dan Rice's version of it, who said he lived in the healthiest place in the world; there were no deaths among the early settlers for forty years, and then they had to send off forty miles to buy

a corpse to start a burying ground. But this is Dan's way of putting it.

Thrilling scenes and incidents happened among the pioneers. Two girls, Jane and Elizabeth Hanna, while on their way to school, when at Crooked Creek, saw a couple of black, curly puppies, near the stream. They took after the little beauties and gave them a lively chase. Presently the pups started to climb a tree and one of them fell back to the ground. The girls caught it, and it instantly gave a startling cry, and the mother of the cubs came growling after them. The girls had found more than they bargained for. They ran to the school house, considering themselves quite fortunate in getting off without the prize.

Such like and other causes had a tendency to make some of the stalwart boys and girls tardy, late at school, and the school master said that he would have to punish the scholar who should be ten minutes late at school, with out a sufficient reason from the parent. One Ame Ball, who was noted for his inflation of matters and things in general, came into school one morning late and puffing. The teacher said:

"What made you so late, Ball?"

Ball—"Chased by a bear."

Teacher—"Where?"

Ball—"Down near the creek."

Teacher—"How big was the bear?"

Ball—"Big as that yearlin' out there."

Teacher—"How long was his tail?"

Ball—"Oh, God; long as my arm."

"Teacher—That bear's tail was too long; you may stand up here." Then a good dose of beech oil was administered to him for his tardiness and his long bear "tale."

Captain David Sawdy settled in Lexington in 1814. He was a sea captain and owned the ship Nancy Belle. At the commencement of the War of 1812 he sailed to Sweden and loaded his ship with Swedish iron and steel, which would have yielded him immense profits had he reached American shores with it. But fate was against him. As he was off the coast of Scotland his ship sprung a leak and he was compelled to put into the port of Glasgow for repairs.

The authorities there took advantage of his situation, seized his ship and cargo, imprisoned the captain and crew, confiscated his property and left him penniless.

Being released in the course of a year he made his way to Philadelphia, where he became acquainted with a Quaker lady whom he married, and she furnished him money to buy 300 acres of land and to build a store and blacksmith shop, which place he named Lexington. In 1836 he was elected to the Legislature, where he served his constituents well. Returning to Lexington he settled upon his farm, where he spent the most of his time quietly until death.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

S. SALISBURY.

SANFORD and his wife, Sarah Salisbury, emigrated from Cortland County, N. Y., in 1824, and settled upon land about one mile northeast of Lockport, Pa., where, in due course of time, the timber was cleared off and a good farm opened for cultivation, and a saw mill erected on the place. Like other early settlers in a primeval forest, they had to hew their way. Their family consisted of eleven children, seven boys and four girls.

Sanford Salisbury, though a quiet man and a good farmer, possessed a rare mechanical genius, which was developed in the family, especially Henry, Darius, Tracy and Lawrence. Some incidents in the life of his eldest son Henry we might mention. When a youth of sixteen years, a neighbor (Mr. Sherman) had a water power saw mill that did not run to his satisfaction, whereupon the boy, Henry, told Mr. Sherman that he could rig his mill to run much better. The owner, somewhat skeptical however, set the boy to work, when in a short space of time that saw mill danced a much livelier gait.

Soon after he went to Hancock, N. Y., where he built a mill on the Deleware River, at which place he married and later returned to Lockport, where he improved and invented machinery for Ezekiel Page, in his large oar factory; and later, assisted by his brother Tracy, built the first oar blading machine and improved oar turning lathe, used at

Albion, Pa., Richmond and Edgerton, Ohio, at which latter place, in company with Wm. Webb, of New York, and Henry E. Salisbury, they done a large business in the manufacture of oars. Having passed through former difficulties, and when in the height of a prosperous and a future prospective business, his wife died, and a few months later he followed her.

Sanford Salisbury and sons, Henry, James and Darius, built and run one of the first canal boats on the Erie & Pittsburg Canal. And, later, he and his son James built and sold the first revolving wooden horse hay rake used in the country, which are still in use and have proved to be one of the best labor-saving implements, for its cost, ever invented. Messrs. Cook and Salisbury sold many of them.

James went to Kansas in an early day,
Where he found an elephant in the way,
He found a Lecompton and a Topeka constitution,
One for, the other against a slavery institution.

However, he built a cabin on his land,
And went to work with a willing hand;
When he was ordered to get up and go,
"No," said Jim, "that I will never do.

I have as good a right to Kansas land
As you, border ruffians, or any other man:
On the soil of Kansas I'm going to make my home,
Whomsoever else may come."

Time passed on, mid trials and tribulation,
While some left their places of destination;
When the breeze kicked up by John Brown's caper
Gave to Kansas an anti-slavery legislature.

Thrilling scenes there enacted, and in other places
When in '60 pro-slavery kicked clear out of its traces.
Lincoln being elected, he sailed the ship aright,
But during his voyage he had an ungodly fight!

Early in '65, when peace was echoed through the land,
The great Lincoln, cut down by the assassin's hand,
Shocked many millions for the spell
His tragic death by a demoniac of hell.

The people of Kansas having been loyal to themselves and to their country, they now enjoy a common heritage of a free State, free schools, under a system second to none in the Union, and has made greater advancement than perhaps any other State in the same space of time.

James P. Salisbury, I understand, introduced the first mowing machine into Kansas, which he used in cutting large quantities of hay, for which Fort Leavenworth furnished an excellent market in the early settlement of Kansas, it being the great station for the overland wagon trains to purchase their outfit.

He was captain of a military company to aid in driving General Price from their borders; afterwards elected to the State Senate. Having acquired a competency for old age, he quietly resides on his farm, near Leavenworth.

Darius, third son of Sanford and Sally Salisbury, removed to Ashtabula County, Ohio, in 1855 and purchased eighty acres of land, containing some twenty acres of upland, the remainder being hillsides and flat land, with the Ashtabula Creek running through it, on which was considerable timber on the hillsides and bottom lands and an unknown quantity of stone in the creek bed, and a mountainous, circuitous hill to climb up and down, long and steep enough to tire a greyhound in making one round trip up and down this declivity.

Darius being lured on in the belief that there was great value to be derived in a future day from the timber and stone, he built a saw-mill to cut a portion of said timber

into lumber, which was done in time, perhaps, with some profit for the few years that the mill stood, and with a great deal of hard work. But afterwards, every cord of wood and every cord of stone that he got out of that hell-hole cost him more than he got for it. He being a good mechanic his two hands, most anywhere out on God's domain, would have netted him more than any team and wagon hauling wood and stone out of that gulf of Charybdis. Though he was a man of small stature, he stood up heroically battling with the logs and rocks, his farm work intermixed with other arduous work on that place and vicinity for nearly thirty years of incessant toil. When, through over over work and exhaustion, he took to his bed he was the most patient sufferer for six months I ever saw, when he peacefully passed away.

> As he toiled o'er life's rugged way
> Characteristically he looked for a better day;
> Patiently, heroically, he lingered on,
> Awaiting his departure to the great beyond.

Tracy, the mechanic, is at Ashtabula, and working in different parts of Ohio. Albert and Lawrence live in Albion, Erie County, Pa., the former as a gardener principally. Though a natural mechanic, he was prevented from striking out in any particular line on account of poor health for many years of his early life.

Lawrence, after leaving the farm to go to where the family had removed in Williams County, Ohio, returned to Albion and went to work for James Van Sickle, who furnished him a kit of tinner's tools with which to make cups, basins, tin pans, sap buckets, and to roof buildings. On the evening of the first day's service he came out a full-fledged tinner. He continued his tinsmithing at good

wages for several years and then struck out for himself and for the past twenty years he and his sons have dispensed the tin and hardware business in all its varieties. Some years ago his former employer removed from Albion, leaving to Lawrence clear sailing "alone to his glory."

Diana, the eldest daughter, died at the old homestead in 1850, aged 22.

Malvina married the writer of this sketch in 1854, with whom she now lives at Ashtabula, Ohio.

Maria married William Keyes, with whom she was living in 1874 in Wisconsin at the time of her death.

Eliza R. Salisbury, the youngest daughter, lives near Leavenworth, Kansas, where she has spent the greater portion of her life.

Cyrus, the second youngest boy, in 1864 served nearly a year in the army, up to the close of the war. He died on the farm in Williams County, Ohio, a year afterwards.

Sanford Salisbury, the father, died in Williams County, Ohio, at an advanced age.

Sally Salisbury, the mother, died in Albion, Pa., in 1885, whither she had removed from Williams County, Ohio, after the death of her husband and son, in the full enjoyment of all her faculties up to the closing drama of an exemplary Christian life, beloved by all who knew her.

A kind word she had for all with a good cheer,
Withholds for us her memory dear;
A gleam of sunshine flit o'er her radiant face,
Always betokening a Christian grace.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

LOCKPORT—CRANESVILLE—ALBION—GIRARD—ACROSS LAKE ERIE IN A CANOE.

JACOB COFFMAN was the first settler in Lockport, having removed from Somerset County, Pa., in 1806 to Lockport, where he settled on lands near the present site of the village. He raised quite a large family, and was grandfather to the present race of Coffmans, now residents of Lockport.

Some of the early settlers and business men were Wm. Tyler, Wm. Aldrich, Mr. Leech, Sidney Sawdy, Eli Sawdy; and at the time of building the locks of the Erie & Pittsburg Canal, 1840–43, Messrs. Baldwin, Himrod & Co. were prominent figures in trade, when they had scores of teams with sleds from all parts of the country hauling stones in winter from a quarry about three miles east of the place, to be used in building the Lockport locks. Money didn't make the mare go in those days in Lockport near as much as did "Blue Crackee," a scrip generally used by that firm to pay off the teamsters and quarry men. Occasionally you could discount a crackee to get 25 cents to pay postage on a letter, or such like; but the inevitable crackee was the legal tender for labor, dry goods and provisions, or to pay the "boot" in a cow, colt, or horse trade.

Finally the canal was built and boating commenced, which brought in some "shad-scales" (silver) and currency sufficient for the benefit of a sore eye, which in time was healed.

Quaint chaps and incidents apparently hovered, as elsewhere, about Lockport. One morning John Eaton met Canal Superintendent Colt. Eaton had been turning a wicket in one of the locks, and Colt said: "Hello, sir! Stop that." "Who are you?" said Eaton. "I am Superintendent Colt, of Erie." "Well," said Eaton, "if you are the colt of Erie, I am the 'hoss' of Lockport."

Colt drove off laughing for the while,
While Eaton let his wicket bile
Awhile, then shut the wicket of the lock
And went off crowing like a game-cock.

CRANESVILLE.

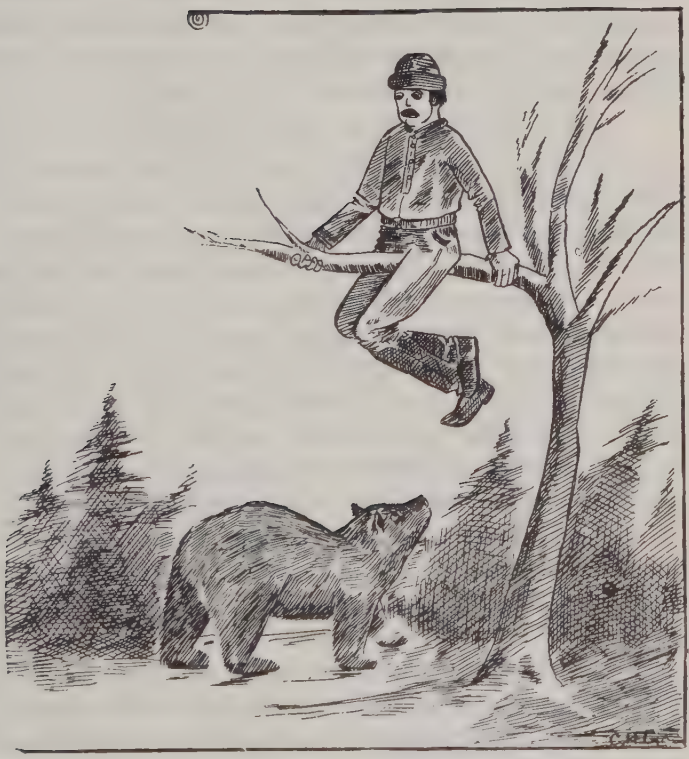
This burg is one of the has beens. It sprang into existence at the opening of the Erie & Pittsburg Canal. Among its early settlers were Adenijah Crane, Fowler and Elihu Crane, the Bradishes, Randalls, farmers, and Elisha Cook, Adam Deet and John Connor, in trade.

ALBION.

Situated one mile south, one the line of the old E. & P. Canal, where now is located the Shenango Railroad. This has been quite an enterprising village for the past forty years. Several important concerns have been in operation during that time—foundry, grist-mill, saw-mills, oar factory, handle factory, woollen mill, rake factory, blacksmith shops, stores, hotels, schools and churches. Its early settlers we have mentioned elsewhere.

Albion recently lost its leading spirit in the person of Jeduthan Wells, who was engaged in various business ventures which, while benefiting himself, redounded to the benefit of the community. He did more for the people, during his business, official and clerical career, than perhaps any other man in Albion. He was a kind-hearted, reliable Christian man, who dared to show his colors and to speak his views on all occasions.

That the reader may know that Girard Township was something of a bear section in its day, we mention an incident related and experienced by John K. Ward, who is now living, hale and hearty, at the age of about 92 years. He says he was the first white child born in Girard Township, Pa., near the lake north of Miles Grove, at which place he lived more than four score years until 1886, when he removed to Michigan, where he is now living with a relative. In early days, when he was a youth, the present site of Miles Grove was a dense wilderness. He was perambulating in the wood and when near the spring and little run southeast of the Postoffice, he came upon a bear and her cub. A small-sized dog he had with him commenced barking and the cub ran a short distance, followed by its mother. The cub climbed up a tree, and the mother seeing her cub safely elevated in the tree, turned upon the dog and young Ward for war. Young Ward didn't fancy the determined look of his shaggy belligerent, and he, too, climbed a tree and left the bear master of the situation. For his amusement he would set the dog onto the bear, when she would start off to the cub's tree, soon to return to take another grin at her Johnny up in the tree. Johnny saw the sun sinking fast in the western horizon, and the idea of his roosting all night on his lofty perch, with the



TREED BY A BEAR.

appalling thought that should he go to sleep and fall from the tree, he would either break his neck or make a breakfast for the bears, was anything but encouraging. Necessity being the mother of invention, he hissed his dog, who went ferociously for the bear, and when she started away from the tree he slid down therefrom and ran for his life, reaching home safely just at dark.

About five miles west of Girard, in the township of Springfield, on the lake shore, an early settler whose name we have not, was chopping on the bank of the lake when a deer came at full speed, followed closely by a hound. The deer made directly for the water, bounding into lake and swam out into it, thus eluding his pursuer. The wood chopper quickly launched his log canoe, which he had near by, not waiting to put on his hat, but took his axe and a single paddle oar with him and started in pursuit of the deer. He paddled like a beaver, and all went well for a while, with some prospects of venison, when suddenly there came up a brisk land breeze, which steadily increased, and he soon found that he hadn't sufficient propelling power to reach shore, and his only alternative was to go before the wind straight for Canada, where he safely arrived the next day. He did not care to venture a return trip across the lake in his log canoe, so he set out on foot down the Canadian shore to opposite Buffalo, from where he was ferried across the Niagara River, thence from Buffalo up the shore to the scene from whence he started. His friends finding his hat on the shore and himself and canoe gone, were much alarmed over his mysterious disappearance during a period of seven days, but rejoiced when he returned to relate his deer experience.

Medad Pomeroy was one of the early settlers of Lexington; was born in Massachusetts and came to Lexington in 1815; married, had a family of twelve children, eight boys and four girls; was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was wounded seven times at the battle of Germantown and others. After settling at Lexington he engaged in farming and lived to the age of 97 years, which closed the drama of a long, useful and eventful life.

Among the early settlers of Albion and vicinity were: the Rev. Sturtz, Enos King, Obediah and Michael Jackson, Francis Randall, Pearson Clark, Wm. Warner, Elisha and Michael Alderman, Sheffield and Stephen Randall, the Wickwins, Brooks, Amplers and Alsworth Cole, John Herron, Prosper Keep, Park and Samuel Paul, David and Johnathan Spaulding, Wm., James and Harley Sherman, Julius Wells and Maj. Fleming, of Lundy's Lane, Geo. Colton, Martin Hartson, Mr. Culver, Jabez and Samuel Clark, Chas. Scott, Hiram Griffith, David and Samuel Smith and the Joslyns. The above named were an earnest body of men who had to cut their way through many obstacles, and build many miles of corduroy road to ride over. Were good citizens, generally, and paid their honest debts. Was acquainted with most of them, some, however, I have not seen since I was eight years old; Barney Cole, in particular, the country shoemaker who measured my foot to make my first pair of boots, with the enjoiner to be sure to make them large to fit a young kid's growing foot.

"Certainly," said the shoemaker, "and I will have them made for you in three weeks."

I was highly elated with the idea of having a new pair of boots in three weeks and my youthful imagination was

worked up with the thoughts of coming winter, and how much better I would be fixed, in bouncing into snow banks or wading through mud puddles and streams, than some of the boys with shoes on. Finally the long-looked-for day came when my boots were to be done, and I mounted Old Fan and set out for the shoemaker's, through wood and field, down the Conneaut Creek valley, three mile; arriving, the shoemaker said:

"Well, my boy, I have not got your boots done; have been drove with work, and you come next week for them."

Patiently I waited and thought of the good time coming, and in one week appeared at the shoemaker's.

"Well, my young lad, your boots are not done yet. I stuck an awl in my thumb, and I had to take a deer hunt. But you come in one week and get your boots, and they will be dandies."

I had waited five weeks and traveled twelve miles and yet got no boots. But, as faith and patience remove mountains and soothes a broken heart, I waited as serenely as possible. When the six weeks were up I went for my boots, with mingled thoughts of doubt and happiness. The boots were made, but my feet had been growing all this time and I couldn't get my boots on. The shoemaker put some tallow on my socks and inside of my boots, and finally I slipped my feet into them. With accents of joy and sorrow I exclaimed, "You have been so long making them, my foot has outgrown the boots."

"Never mind, my boy; if they are pretty tight now, when you wear them out in the wet they will stretch and be easy on your feet."

The boots were made of heavy cowhide uppers and heavy soles, hemlock tanned, and made in the strong, good old style. But "give and be easy on my feet," as the shoemaker said—"give, no!"—when night came I was glad to get them off and give vent to my feet.

Reader, if you ever want your patience tried,
Get a pair of boots made small, from cowhide;
Of hemlock tanned sole and upper leather,
They'll give you corns, in dry or rainy weather.

Yes, just as sure as you are born,
On top your toes they'll breed a corn;
You'll wish the shoemaker ne'er was born,
To put you in such pain—forlorn.

CHAPTER XC.

A. DENIO.

A DENIO is the proprietor of the Otsego Forks Mills, of Miles Grove, Erie County, Pa., which is one of the prominent manufacturing industries of Erie County. For many years this establishment has been in full operation, the Godsend as it were, and a great factor in the creation and building up of the pleasant village of Miles Grove.

Messrs. North and Denio formerly run the business at Fly Creek, Otsego County, N. Y., with the wooden department at Albion, Pa., in 1865. At Baldwins, in 1872, to which place the fork mills had been removed, Mr. E. Denio died, leaving the business to which he had devoted the best years of a well-spent life, in the hands of his only son, Mr. A. Denio, the present proprietor. The son removed the wooden or handle department from Albion to Miles Grove, and later, in 1876, the Otsego Fork Mills, at Baldwinsville were removed and consolidated thereto, where new brick buildings were erected, with special reference to the wants of the business. The buildings are substantial brick structures, and present a fine outward appearance, in which are employed on the average seventy-five men, who are engaged in the manufacture and handling of various agricultural implements, forks, rakes, hoes, shovels, etc., which for quality and beauty are unsurpassed.

The Otsego Fork Mills are not run on the thunder shower principle, but constantly, except when necessary to

shut down for repairs. The popular demand for the A. Denio implements has opened a market, not only throughout America, but in the old world, England, France and Germany.

Mr. Denio possesses the happy faculty of retaining veteran skilled workmen and assistants in his business. Messrs. Casper Matteson, Mathias Hess, William Murray and Charles N. Brownell are among the veterans in the different branches in his employ. R. D. Cheeseman has been a foreman in Mr. Denio's employ 24 years of the 28 years of consecutive service, and many other expert workmen have been in employ for many years, which largely aids in the manufacture of the excellent implements for which the Otsego mills are famous. Luckily, too, for Mr. Denio, he is located contiguously to the best quality of white ash timber in the world, for handles. The apparent easy manner in which this timber is now obtained augurs well that he can obtain a supply for years to come.

To A. Denio the people of Miles Grove owe much gratitude for his great enterprise located in their midst. He has been the one man power for years in this great concern until recently, when he wisely associated with him Messrs. Andrews, Hall and Sullivan, to prepare for the inevitable, a natural emergency, to come on a time when no man can tell—the closing drama of a busy life.

CHAPTER XCI.

AMERICA.

WHAT OTHER NATION of so recent birth
That can compare, upon this earth,
With America, the bounteous land,
From the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean
Her commerce under perpetual motion,
That she may never retrogade
In this or any coming decade.

America has the resources, and were invincible,
Who carved her out upon first principles;
Who came here a determined band;
Americans, forever united stand!

Columbus snuffed in the western breezes land to the westward. His superstitious people sought to strangle his ideas, but to no avail. San Salvador, Cuba, and other islands were discovered, and finally the American Continent. But not much headway was made in the way of settling and populating the country until the beginning of the sixteenth century, when in Virginia and Massachusetts a band of determined men set to work. The mettle of those Puritans has been tested, and is well known to have been made to count from the time of their landing on the American shores and along down the ages.

Lo was there, however, in all the glory nature had provided him—

With all sorts of wild game that he could wish,
Also with the otter, the muskrat and the fish;
Sometimes without any other means of help
With bow and arrow he'd take a white man's scalp.

But the Indian race is becoming quite extinct; and of that other family of which there has been so much speculation, the lost tribes of Israel, we have but a meager tradition, but we have evidence that some nation more powerful than the Indian preoccupied this country, but their record seems to have been too precious to preserve. However, with or without that record, we have in America nationalities to-day, quite enough for the propagation of a first-class hybrid at least.

America has room and material to grow, and already she has assumed such gigantic proportions that she may now rest easy. The four great nations of Europe, Russia, England, Germany and France:

The Russian Bear and her sporting whale,
Old England and her British Lion's tail;
Germany, her lager beer and her iron rule
France with money and her Fashion School.
Four great nations, singly or altogether,
Must not pull the American Eagle's feather.

The greatness of a country is measured by its intelligent rule and code of laws, its system of free schools, its resources and industry of its people which, when united, pull strongly together. Its political and religious policy must work in harmony. Riots and wars are exhaustive to a nation, blightening, poisonous and destructive. Desolation, crime and pauperism follow in its wake.

Union in sentiment, union in action, brings peace, plenty, happiness and prosperity to the individual and to

the nation, which is characteristic of America—to be free from entangling alliances, and at peace in her commercial intercourse with all nations. No distant islands of the sea to protect, nor large standing or regular army, menacing or sapping the revenues of our government. This conspires to make America what she is—the sweet land of liberty—full of new blood, vigor and genius. Her generals, or her jobbers, would have gone out onto Solomon's hills of valuable woods with a few men and a yoke of cattle and moved off more timber than did his 2,000 Jews, but it seems that Jew lumbermen were plenty and cheap in his day around about Jerusalem, and they had their way of doing things, too.

With the past and present influx of immigration to America one would think that our continent would soon be overstocked. It is true we have had quite enough, especially of a certain class of emigrants—the pauper element, the tramp, the rioter and the dynamiter. For such we have no demand. But the honest toiler, the man of industrious, frugal and temperate habits, a law-abiding citizen, can still find room in America, and a remunerative price for his labor. There is something for every man to do in America if he is not too shiftless and lazy to go to work at something. There is no need of this tramp nuisance in America.

Yet a sad picture occasionally presents itself. The skilled artisan strikes a town and looks about for a job, but there is no opening just then for a machinist or for his particular line of trade. He says, "My trade is machinist, and I can't do anything else." Days and weeks roll by, his money is getting low and his spirits, too; he gets the blues, and finally throws his last dollar for drink and smoke and becomes a reckless tramp and bummer.

Suppose that Grant and Sherman had clung to and resorted to the same tactics on the battlefield that they had been accustomed to on other fields. When surveying the field they used the line best adapted for the emergency and pitched into the enemy and finally ousted them from their strongholds.

Young man, when upon life's battleground you become shipwrecked, if you can't get into a good-fashioned boat to sail in, take a raft or a float and live it out for the time of emergency. And when on board your crude ship, if you can't make but a dollar per day, it is better to be sure of that than to wait for three dollars per day and be lost in the whirlpool of idleness and destruction.

Employment in any branch of industry (respectable) is honorable. I have known men to get rich on a small capital, raising turnips and potatoes. I have known men, without capital, to get rich hulling and popping corn and selling it. Others who have made a good living selling paper and matches. Others, in selling saurkraut and buttermilk.

A man once got into a good job by simply being willing to do what he was told to do. On applying for work he was asked if he could make a pin; he said he could try; he was told to take a double bitted axe and make a wooden pin on a rock; he made the pin—then he said he always stuck the axe in the block—

Then he raised the axe above the rock,
And let 'er drive into the block;
Said the man: "You've done a good job at that,
Willing to work at what I set you at;
You have knocked off my axe both edges,
But I'll hire you and give you good wages.

Opportunities there are for all whom we have,
From the hair pin to the grindstone;
The lawyer and the prophetic seer,
The school boy to the statesman without a peer.

Therefore young man, there is no need for you to go hungry nor idle. If you can't get just what you desire at the onset, start in at the best thing you can get and watch your opportunity and you will certainly win something that will suit you in the race for life. Resolutely take hold and turn up something and not wait for the opportunity golden to turn up to you.

Look out upon the grandeur, the vastness of Young America, with her teeming millions keeping pace in the busy hum of agricultural, mechanical and commercial life. Look out upon her beautiful Garden City, Chicago, with her million souls, and only a half century old. Young man, the same sun rises and sets in your horizon; the same refreshing waters roll to quench your thirst and bathe your weary feet—

Golden avenues stretch out before you on every hand,
Throughout America's broad and beneficent land.

Then be loyal to your country, loyal and true to yourself; then it may be said your country is none the worse, but the better for your existence therein.

CHAPTER XCII.

THE FATHER OF WATERS.

ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI—ITS WATERS COVER THE REMAINS OF THE FIRST EUROPEAN WHO TRAVERSED THEM—FERDINAND DE SOTO, LASALLE AND OTHERS.

THE HISTORY of the Mississippi River for the past 350 years is a story of romance and tragedy. Far back in the early days of the sixteenth century the adventurous Spaniard, spurred on by a thirst for gold, began the exploration of the river and survey of the surrounding country.

But the bold European who first ventured upon the waters of the mighty stream found not in them the gold he sought, but a rgave.

In 1539 Ferdinand De Soto left the Island of Cuba, over which for some years he had been Governor, in his wife's charge, and set sail for Florida, lured on by the reports of the boundless wealth in the sunny peninsula's soil. He arrived safely and disembarked his men, and in order that none should be tempted to return or abandon the enterprise they had entered upon, he sent the ships back to Cuba.

De Soto pushed through the strange land with his followers, and after a roundabout journey reached the Mississippi at the bluffs now known as the Lower Chickasaw, where the city of Memphis stands. The party crossed the

river at this point and explored the country beyond until they came upon the White River, some 200 miles from its junction with the great stream. De Soto then dispatched a portion of his men to explore the region of the Missouri, but they encountered such difficulties that they were forced to return. At the end of two years the expedition wintered near the hot springs and salt streams of the Washita, but the canoes of the party got entangled in the bayous and marshes of the Red River and were lost.

At length the Spaniards succeeded in striking the great river lower down, and the country was carefully surveyed, without, however, showing any signs of the gold for which they were seeking. All this time the Spaniards had to contend with the hostility of the Indians, who were ever on the alert to attack them. At length, dispirited by the dangers and disappointments he had endured, the leader succumbed to a malignant fever which attacked him, and on the 21st of May, 1542, after three years of exploration, De Soto died.

The story of his burial has been graphically told by the historian. "Amid the sorrows of the moment and fears of the future, his body was wrapped in a mantle and sunk in the middle of the river. A requiem broke the midnight gloom and the morning rose upon the consternation of the survivors. De Soto sought for gold, but found nothing so great as his burial place."

Such was the end of the first attempt to explore the Mississippi and the adjacent country. Thousands journey on the mighty river yearly now, but few of those who pass and repass on its waters have any idea that in the bed of the stream rest the remains of the gallant Spaniard who was the first European to traverse the Mississippi.

After the death of De Soto, the expedition was under the command of Louis De Moscoso, and, after enduring every calamity that could befall man, the party set to work and built seventeen brigantines. Having accomplished this they passed out of one of the mouths of the river, and following the coast eastward, reached Cuba in the autumn of 1543. The men lost half of their number in the four years they had been away—only 300 out of 600 who started, returning to the Island.

MARQUETTE AND JOLIET.

For more than a century after De Soto's expedition the talk of further exploring the Mississippi remained in abeyance. But in 1673 a Catholic priest named Marquette and a French trader named Joliet made an attempt to survey some parts of the river, and there is no doubt but that the example set by these two resolute men moved the Chevalier De Lasalle to the important work of discovery he took in hand shortly afterwards, the most important in the history of Mississippi exploration.

LASALLE'S WORK.

In the first place Lasalle dispatched Father Louis Henepin to survey the upper waters as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, which were discovered by the priest and named after his patron saint.

In 1682 Lasalle started with 23 Frenchmen and 18 Indians to explore the lower reaches of the river. He entered the Mississippi from Illinois and journeyed down the stream until he reached the "Passes," as they are called, by which the waters make their way to the sea. He sent parties to survey each of the three channels of the Mississippi Delta and sailed into the open Gulf of Mexico.

The party then retraced their steps to Quebec, and Lasalle returned to France.

In 1684, aided by the French Government, the Chevalier sailed with four vessels for the Gulf of Mexico in order to enter the Mississippi from the sea, but he failed to accomplish this task. Lasalle lost his ships; and after making a vain attempt to reach the river overland he was assassinated by one of his followers in March, 1687, the second and greater explorer of the stream meeting a fate even more tragic than that which overtook his predecessor, Ferdinand De Soto.

Twelve years later the mouths of the Mississippi were discovered by Iberville. The source of the river has been sought for, at different times, by travelers of nearly every nationality.

1805 the United States Government sent Lieutenant Pike to survey the region in which the Mississippi was supposed to have its origin; and in 1820 Governor Cass, of Michigan, undertook a similar task, but they were unsuccessful in their attempts to trace it, and the source of the river remained still unknown.

In 1832 Henry Rowe Schoolcraft explored Lake Itasca, which he regarded as the source of the stream. It had long been suspected, however, that the Mississippi had its fountain-head higher up than Lake Itasca; and in July, 1881, an expedition, led by Captain Willard Glazier, discovered a lake south of Itasca a mile and a-half in diameter, and falling into Itasca by a permanent stream. Beyond this there is no water connected with the river, and hence Lake Glazier is now generally recognized as its source.

CHAPTER XCIII.

COOPED BY A LION.

IN MY second trip to Africa as agent of the Hamberg Animal House, one night encamped on a stream in the Transvaal there arose a storm of such severity that most of our live stock broke away and ran off in terror. As soon as daylight came we started out to recover the animals. Two horses which I was after led me a long chase, and as I passed over some broken ground close to a great mass of rock, my horse stumbled and threw me over his head. I wasn't hurt much by the fall, but the horse acted in a manner unaccountable to me. He ran off at the top of his speed, never heeding my calls, and my rifle was strapped to the saddle and my revolvers in the holsters. For a minute I was lost in astonishment at his conduct, but soon the mystery was explained in a way to startle me. About five rods off, standing by a bush, was one of the largest lions I ever saw. He stood facing me, and was switching his tail right and left.

In the mass of rock ten feet to my right was an opening and I jumped for it and squeezed in just as the lion came up. Luckily for me, at least on this occasion, I was thin in flesh, weighing less than 120 pounds. The hole was very irregular and ran back about eight feet, and was high enough for me to stand up in. It was also lucky that the lion was a big fellow, for he worked his hardest to get at me, and gave up only after 15 minutes' trial. His head was

too big for the opening, and when he reached for me with his paws he fell short by three or four feet. When I first realized that I was safe, I regarded the situation as a good joke on the lion, but later on I had reason to change my views.

The lion had been asleep under the bush when I came galloping up. His near presence was what scared my horse into running off as he did, and the beast had been somewhat confused over the row and had delayed rushing upon me until I had gained shelter. When he found me beyond his reach he got very mad and growled and roared and bit at the rocks, and I shouted and kicked at him to keep the fun going. After ten or fifteen minutes' useless work the lion backed away and laid down in front of my prison, and then I began to realize the situation.

It was a hot morning and I was already thirsty, while I had been in such a hurry to leave camp that I had eaten nothing. The rocks were still dripping with the rain of the previous night, and I could thus take the edge off my thirst. I also had matches and cigars, and was not so badly off for a brief siege.

I fully expected his majesty to retire within an hour or two, as he lay full in the sun, and it is the custom of all the feline tribe to sleep by day and to retire to a shady and secluded spot. I judged my distance from camp to be about six miles, and if any of our boys should come that way, the lion would be pretty sure to make a sneak. Up to noon I was momentarily expecting their approach. It then occurred to me that no one would know exactly which way I went or how far I had galloped, and they might search for a whole day and not come within miles of me.

By high noon the lion was panting with the heat, but would not move, although there was shade only 20 feet away.

I could not stretch out at full length, but I got a comfortable position and fell asleep soon after noon, and did not open my eyes again until just at sundown. I could not see that the lion had moved an inch, but he lay with his head on his paws as if he had also taken a long nap. My people had no doubt searched for me, but they had not come in the right direction, and I might as well prepare to spend the night in the cave. I was very hungry and thirsty by this time. I licked the damp rocks all around me to cool my tongue, but had not a morsel to stay my stomach. With a loose stone I broke off pieces from the rocks and flung them out at the lion, but he only growled and showed his teeth in reply. I then made as if I would crawl out but he had his head at the opening in an instant, and his eyes were so full of fire, they were almost like lanterns. While the situation was unpleasant it might be worse, and as my sleep had been broken for several nights I turned in as soon as darkness came down, and was soon oblivious of all things earthly. Some time in the night I was aroused by the lion roaring and making a great fuss, and I made out that another male was in the neighborhood and challenging him to fight. It was none of my affair, however, and after listening awhile I dropped asleep, and did not awaken again until daylight. The first thing I saw, as I looked out, was my lion. He had not moved a rod and had lost none of his determination to make a meal of my poor flesh. I was hopeful up to noon, but heard nothing. All the long afternoon I felt sure help would come, but the sun went down and I was still a prisoner and the lion had not moved. He must be thirsty and hungry,

and his remaining where he was showed that he possessed a dogged obstinacy unknown in many others of his kind. The nearest water was about four miles away. As darkness came I determined to add to the brute's sufferings, and I therefore worked my body as near the opening as I dared to, and kicked at him, until he was worked into a state of fury. This added to his thirst, and when he finally quieted down he walked about uneasily. Had he trotted off in the direction of the river I should not have dared leave my retreat (as the route to camp was a dangerous one by night) but he did not go.

About 9 o'clock in the evening I heard another lion roar close by, and he was instantly answered by my jailer. I had made the old fellow mad all the way through, and he was now anxious to fight. The other must have been in the same frame of mind, for it was not ten minutes before he advanced to the attack, and although I could see nothing, I could catch the sound of a most tremendous struggle. I believe the fight lasted a full half hour, and two or three times the combatants rolled against the mass of rock. They finally drew away, the sounds became fainter, and I went to sleep hoping for release in the morning. When morning came my jailer was not visible. After taking due precautions against surprise I crept out, to find the coast actually clear, and I made a bee line for camp, and reached it without adventure.

The men had just got news that a lion had been captured in a pit about two miles away. I went with them after breakfast to get him out, and from certain marks on the body I recognized the animal as the one who had besieged me. We had no more trouble in getting him out

than as if he had been a dog, but the mystery was explained as we lifted him out. He was half dead with the injuries received in the fight with the other lion. His right eye was destroyed, his jaw fractured, the end of his tongue bitten off, his left hind leg broken and he had been bitten and clawed in fifty different places. We did not believe he would ever get well and therefore killed him for the value of his hide.—*Sun.*

CHAPTER XCIV.

LOVING WORDS.

LOVING words will cost but little
Journeying up the hill of life,
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver, for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow
For the ones who walk beside you—
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So as up life's hill we journey
Let us scatter all the way
Kindly words, to serve as sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word, my brother,
As along through life you go;
To the ones who journey with you—
If you love them, tell them so.

CHAPTER XCV.

PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG was settled in 1770 by Wm. Pitt and others. It is beautifully situated on the Ohio, at the conflux of the Allegheny, Monongahela and the Youghiogheny, announcing from the start, to the reader, that its site bears no lack of rivers bearing Indian names, fraught with historic and picturesque scenes.

Lo, the poor Indian, well knew by this great conflux of streams, its lofty hills, its forests and beautiful valleys, that it would afford a paradise for him. Up the Allegheny he found his Indian God, his Patterson and Montgomery Falls and Pegg's Chute, his Clarion, wonderful Bear Creek, Red Bank and the Ox Bow.

It is along these mountains that we can behold grandeur not to be seen elsewhere. Its overhanging trees and rocks, its rich minerals, its outcropping veins of bituminous coal and limestone. But what has all this to do with Pittsburg? Much. Its sagacious founder no doubt knew this: that the iron manufacturer had all the material at hand with which to operate, and so did Pittsburg become, and was for years, the greatest ordnance and heavy goods manufacturing city in America. And we have noticed that as a large city she has, through past decades, apparently suffered less from panics than many other cities.

Pittsburg is one of the oldest and wealthiest cities in our country. Its inhabitants savor somewhat of the Quaker and German elements, and the majority have come to stay. Its present population is about 315,000, having made great progress during the last decade.

CHAPTER XCVI.

BUTLER.

BUTLER is the county seat of Butler County, Pa. Like Franklin and other inland towns, it has enjoyed a slow but steady growth. Its people are of a staunch order, generally mean what they say, and pay for what they get. It contains several churches, schools, hotels, stores and manufactories. Its people can congratulate themselves that they have at hand a plenty of the black diamond variety of fuel for domestic, mechanical and commercial purposes for generations to come.

Butler County has, perhaps, more bituminous coal than any other county in Western Pennsylvania. The Shenango Railroad, recently constructed, which taps Butler's vast coal fields, will prove a valuable factor to its wealth and resources by opening a much more extensive market for her hidden treasures. A good portion of the county abounds with good farming lands; its farmers are well-to-do and generally out of debt. Her oil production has been, and is still, of considerable value altogether. I predict a prosperous future for Butler, and that it will become one of the wealthiest counties of Western Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XCVII.

COLONEL DRAKE,

THE DISCOVERER OF PETROLEUM OIL.

COLONEL DRAKE drilled the first oil well in Oildom, on Watson's Flats, on Oil Creek, just below Titusville, by hand power, using a spring pole as the motive power. He came from York State, and went to work drilling for Seneca oil in 1858 under adverse circumstances—poor in pocket, but with the firm conviction he would discover petroleum oil in the rock below.

He was called by some wiseacres a crazy fanatic, but undaunted, he kept on drilling. Without money or credit he persevered, and at the depth of 69 feet he struck the pent-up treasure. Then it was, as in all other cases, "How do you do, Colonel Drake. Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Drake, on your good fortune," etc.

This man, for the discovery of one of the most useful commodities in our land, should long be remembered as a benefactor to the people, at least of this generation.

Mr. Drake died comparatively a poor man, and during his later years some noble-hearted oil men raised for him a purse to smooth his pathway down the close of his life's journey.

Colonel Drake's great discovery bestired the people. Leasing and purchasing land set in briskly. Analytical tests by experts were made, and this petroleum oil was found to contain component ingredients susceptible of great value, hence Oil Creek, from Titusville to Oil City, was soon alive, and many a rabbit and rattlesnake were driven from their seclusc by the constant tramp of the oil seekers. Millions of dollars were soon expended in the erection of oil rigs, buildings and refineries, and drilling. Millions of dollars' worth of oil have been produced, and millions have been made in refining and shipment, and $100,000,000 is said to have been made by one man—Rockafeller, of the Standard Oil Company—in the business.

Well, this latter deal seems to cap the climax. However, "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

Let us not forget to honor Colonel Drake, the pioneer driller and the discoverer of petroleum oil.

TO OIL DRILLERS:

To drill an oil well should you undertake,
Breathe a kind thought to the memory of Col. Drake.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

FRANKLIN.

RANKLIN is situated at the junction of French Creek and on the north side of the Allegheny River, and is the county seat of Venango County, Pa. It is one of the oldest cities in Western Pennsylvania, and there are no fears of the town getting away. From every point of the compass the mountainous hills look frowningly down upon the place. The valley at this point is about one mile wide and about three miles long. The scenery is picturesque and beautiful. Much might be written about this town, which was first settled by the French. A fort was erected and called Fort Macault. The road that General Washington traveled over in revolutionary days from Philadelphia, Pittsburg and northward, ran through this place, as did many an Indian trail.

Franklin contains about 1,300 inhabitants, and is noted for its fine wide streets, its durable stone sidewalks and its staid people, its mammoth hills, its beautiful Venango and Allegheny Rivers, abounding in fish, its long-winded oil wells of twenty years' production, and finally its situation between the lofty hills, that a cyclone would have to swoop down like a hen hawk to reach its inhabitants.

Two great oil refineries are located here, one of which, the Eclipse, is rightly named. As far as the writer has ever seen, this mammoth refinery eclipses everything of the

kind on earth. Barnum ought to buy it. But the Standard Oil Company, the owner, is not in the market, but proposes to eclipse it.

The Evans well, on the flats of French Creek, was the second oil well drilled in oildom, that of Colonel Drake's, at Titusville, being the first, in 1858, and from that date onward for fifteen years, through the palmy days of oildom, never was there before, and perhaps there never will be again such a vast operation and such a speculation through all hands, in oil lands, as there was in Venango County from 1858 to 1870. The countryman and the expert, the oil smeller and the speculator, the gambler and the capitalist, the laborer and the dude, all met in one common plane, besmattered in mud, grease, rain, snow or sunshine, to buy, sell or lease, to put up a derrick or to pump, or swindle you out of an oil well.

More fortunes were made and lost in Venango County Pa., between 1860 and 1870, than in any other spot of the same area on the American Continent.

Losses by fire were immense, oil tanks being struck by lightning and set on fire by other causes, exploding the large tanks. The oil running along the ground and into the river followed by the lapping flame, and on its course down the river would burn everything it touched—

> Then onward down the stream—
> The grandest blaze and nightly scene
> That I ever beheld.

However, the trade became a legitimate business, and many good men were engaged in it.

For some time oil sold at very remunerative prices—one to five dollars per barrel, which paid the producer well. At one time it reached a fabulous price. In August, 1863, Jacob Shirk, dealer and shipper at Oil City, paid $14.00 per barrel to finish loading my boat for Kittanning—the Valley Railroad then terminating at that place.

CHAPTER XCIX.

OIL CITY.

IL CITY is situated seven miles above Franklin, in Venango County, Pa., on the Allegheny River and at the mouth of Oil Creek. It is noted as the hub of the oil region and for its rapid growth from a wild country vacuum to a city of 10,000 inhabitants. Cottage Hill and South Oil City, with many fine residences, are pleasant portions of the city.

The mountains on the north side of the town, tunneled by the Lake Shore Railroad, with a race course on its top, overlooking the city from its dizzy height, affords a grand and picturesque view.

Immense transactions were carried on in all things pertaining to the oil business from 1860 to 1870, and gave to the huckster and the farmer the best market in the country for his products.

The writer has measured up coal aboard of his boat at fifty cents per bushel to the Oil Creek scalper, put from 200 to 500 bushels aboard of his giper, and with his horses hitched to the bow he would drive up Oil Creek four miles to Cherry Run, and there sell his cargo of coal at from $1 to $1.25 per bushel at the oil wells.

Then, you see, the oil business was at fever height,
The oil producer would hustle with all his might,
To pump from the ground the oil, if it didn't flow
From a God-forsaken spot where nothing would grow.

Away back to the time of the earliest settler of Oil Creek, or of Venango and Crawford Counties, 1795 up to 1810, the Seneca Indians were accustomed to gather oil from different springs and places in Oil Creek, which was then and subsequently sold as Seneca Oil in one-ounce phials at 25 cents, as a great medicine and liniment for the cure of frost bites, burns, scalds, rheumatism, etc. Quite a difference then, was it not, in the price of 25 cents per ounce and 25 cents per barrel in 1862 for the same Seneca?

This is only one of the many wonderful things developed on Oil Creek, its tributaries and in other fields in the vicinity, for the pioneer land owner, who originally bought at from 25 cents to one, two and three dollars per acre, some of whom, for years, lived principally by hunting, fishing, log cutting, lumbering in a small way, and running out of Oil Creek down the Allegheny, as it were, to eke out a subsistence.

Many of these heroic, hardy pioneers struggled hard for a life's subsistence on the same lands which in after years yielded them a princely fortune in the space of one week, one month, or one year's time. The developments were from a 50 to a 3,000-barrel oil well, which made these fellows so rich and greasy that they slid right out of that country and bought lands and places to suit their mind's eye.

The oil business had assumed great proportions, thousands of oil derricks and buildings already dotting the valleys, the hillsides and the hilltops throughout the Oil Creek region. A vast amount of oil was stored in wooden and

iron tanks. Refineries were built, and also machine shops for the manufacture of drilling tools, boilers, engines, etc. The hillsides and the valleys were lit at night by the gas from the oil wells. The gas was also utilized for fuel in drilling and pumping oil wells.

Many boats were used on Oil Creek, and in times of a sudden rise of water in this mountainous stream, boats would break away from their moorings and be hurled down the stream. Soon great numbers would become gorged, and the fire that followed and the great destruction of property was a terrible sight to behold, and will be long remembered by the old timers on Oil Creek.

Scenes and incidents might be written of this oleaginous region to fill a volume. Rouseville four miles up the creek had become a prominent place; also Petroleum Centre eight miles above Oil City. At these points a large amount of oil was produced.

Oil operations had now extended down the Allegheny River to Scrubb Grass, Parker's Landing, Bear Creek and other places contiguous thereto, also up the Allegheny, Tidioute and other places and on to Bradford. A good proportion of that land acreage, in this great oil field, was rough and untillable and apparently was of little value. But it has been demonstrated time and again, that the oil produced from one acre and less, of this rough, unearthly land would buy 10,000 acres of good, arable farming lands. In taking a retrospective view of this wonderful oil region, its rugged, rocky, mountainous hills, its native drawbacks, its original, secluded locality, we cannot gainsay that were we its masterpiece, that we would have bettered it.

Oil City is still the centre of the oil business, operations at its oil exchange, daily quotations go out to New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland, and to all the principal cities, and become one of the great factors in commerce. And during all its ups and downs, through panic times, Oil City continued to become more solid and city like, and to-day she can boast of many fine residences and business blocks and good hotels, churches, and a very fine oil exchange.

CHAPTER C.

THE STEELE FARM.

ABOUT THREE MILES above Oil City, on Oil Creek, is situated the Steele Farm, which became famous as an oil producing farm. Upwards of two millions of dollars were realized as royalty of the oil production of this farm.

John Steele (or "Coal Oil Johnny, as he was called) came in possession of this vast sum of money, and he proceeded at once to show the people—

That he could light his cigar with a ten-dollar bill,
This he often would do to gratify his will;
In cities with fine rigs he'd drive out on a bum,
Sometimes he would buy out the whole rig before he got home

Thus this fast young man recklessly slung out his greenbacks, and in so doing he soon brought around him a horde of suckers and leeches who spurred him onward, down, down, in his wild and lavish career, and he soon succumbed, like a field of grain before the reaper's sickle.

Of this oil prince other things we might tell,
How he bought out a Philadelphia hotel,
As he went in to have a rousing time,
To brush off the dust and take a shine.

He called up freely the wine and refreshments, and when the landlord was loth to furnish more until the bill was settled the young greaser inquired, "What will you

take for your hotel and get right out?" "Fifty thousand dollars," the landlord replied.

A bargain was struck and this young blood run hotel that day. In the course of a few months he became an oil teamster and continued in this occupation for some years. One day he received a letter from a banker stating that there was in the bank the sum of $20,000 to the credit of the account of John Steele, (having previously been deposited by him.) This money was used more economically than his former twenty thousands. I understand that he is now living in Minnesota engaged as a telegraph lineman and his son as an operator.

CHAPTER CI.

THE BENNEHOFF FARM.

A BRIEF mention of John Bennehoff may be of interest to some. The famous Bennehoff Farm was situated about one mile from Petroleum Centre. This farm was principally located on the highlands, much above the level of Oil Creek and Bennehoff Run. His dwelling was located in quite a secluded spot, a considerable distance from any other habitation.

As the oil-smeller and the oil-driller moved back from the valleys this farm was leased, and operations commenced in earnest. The whale's back was struck, and the derricks and the flowing oil wells soon dotted the Bennehoff Farm, and he became the millionaire instead of the staid old German farmer.

Mr. Bennehoff conceived the idea of being his own banker, and from time to time he placed his greenbacks in a simply-constructed iron safe in his dwelling house. Jim Saeger, of Saegertown, Pa., being aware of this private banking house, took it into his head to call at Mr. Bennehoff's some fine evening and carry off those greenbacks. He stood six feet two, straight as arrow, with raven hair and eyes like a hawk, and he proceeded to prepare for the business. A German neighbor of Saeger, by the name of Loui Weldy, was sent to interview the German hired man of Bennehoff, who gave the information that Mr. Bennehoff,

wife and two daughters, Joseph Bennehoff and the hired man comprised the family, and that Joseph attended church certain evenings, and would leave the house before 7 o'clock.

Saeger then secured the services of a couple of sharp desperadoes from Philadelphia, promising them, it was said, in case of a successful haul, $25,000 each; also Weldy and one Miller, of Saegertown, $8,000 and $5,000.

The expedition being planned Saeger, with a span of horses and sleigh, one wintry evening started with his gang from Saegertown across the country fourteen miles for the Bennehoff Farm.

On arriving within two miles of their destination he drove his team into a thicket, and the party proceeded on foot to the Bennehoff house. Knocking on the door, he and two of his dare-devils went in while the others kept watch outside. Their revolvers demanded silence, and Mr. Bennehoff and wife were bound and gagged, as also was the hired man and the girls.

The key to the safe being found in Mr. B.'s pocket, it was unlocked and a-half million dollars in greenbacks were taken and put into a flour sack—a much safer place, they thought,—and ready for transportation.

They next proceeded to examine Joseph's safe, which contained $300,000, but they found no key to open it, as Joseph was at church and had the key in his pocket.

However, they seemed pretty well satisfied with their flour sack of greenbacks, and they cooly retired for a repast to the pantry, where they filled up with bread, milk, and cream, fried cakes, honey and saurkraut, which took a longer time than it did to rob the safe.

The hired man was then untied and marched to the barn and ordered to hitch up a team to a sleigh, then retied, the robbers driving off the team to the place where they had left theirs; they left this team tied to a tree and with their own drove into Meadville, which place they reached in good time the fore part of the same night—

An while they went into the tavern to warm, without and within,
The flour sack of greenbacks was left in the sleigh outside of the inn.

The news of the robbery spread like wildfire the next morning, but Saeger and his pals had cooly departed, Miller and Weldy returning to their homes in Saegertown.

The affair for a long time was a mystery. No clue; no suspicion rested on any one. It was noticed that Mr. Weldy exhibited more money than usual, and finally he purchased a valuable farm, which created a suspicion and he was arrested as being implicated in the Bennehoff robbery. He made a clean-breasted confession and he and Miller were sent to the state prison for a term of years.

Nothing was heard of the two reputed Philadelphians. In the meantime Mr. Bennehoff had offered a reward of $100,000 for the capture and conviction of Saeger, and the recovery of the money. A few years later he was, by an acquaintance, identified at Denver, Colorado, as he called into a restaurant and ordered "a dozen fried."

The lady in attendance saluted him with a "How do you do, Jim Saeger?"

With piercing look and quick response he replied, "You are mistaken madam, I am not Jim Saeger."

To which his interlocutor replied, "You can't fool me. I know you, Jim Saeger."

"But hush, hush; keep mum," he said.

The landlord was informed, also the sheriff, and Saeger was arrested.

But said he, "I have a drove of cattle just outside the limits, with a good herd of cow boys, and you'll have a nice time in taking me east."

Saeger was held and the Bennehoffs notified, and Chief Rouse of Titusville was sent to bring on his man. But young Bennehoff found that the prospects of recovering any great portion of his money was then doubtful because Saeger's capital consisted principally in herds of cattle roaming over Texas and New Mexico. But at all events, the situation, for some cause, did not suit him sufficiently to put up the $100,000 reward, and Mr. Rouse, it was said, became disgusted over the affair, came home and at last accounts Jim Saeger was still in the far southwest.

The probabilities are that Saeger has given—

John Bennehoff's boodle larger circulation
Throughout the western nation,
From Denver to the Rio Grande,
Than would the miserly old German.

But this isn't a good example to follow,
To first gag one so he can't halloo;
Then steal away his greenbacks,
Doughnuts, cheese, honey and saurkraut.

Saeger soon became a ranchman in the west,
And scattered his half million right and left
In herds of cattle o'er the southwestern plain;
He claimed 'twas Bennehoff's loss, but other's gain.

Months later, at a Denver Inn, he called for oysters fried,
When by a Pennsylvania woman he was espied;
Then followed Jim Saeger's arrest,
Released, to roam again in the wild west.

Had he stolen Bennehoff's cow, mule or ass,
When they got him, they'd held him fast;
But as he simply stole half a million dollars,
He was treated as a gentlemen and a scholar.

One need not go to Wall Street, New York, to see how a lively exchange business is carried on, for you can see it at Oil City.

BULL AND BEAR.

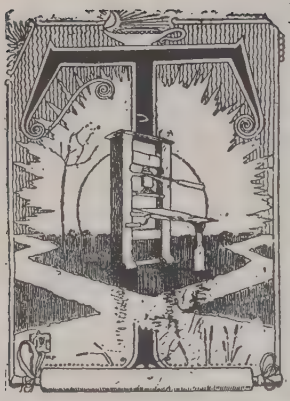
A member springs to his feet in the Oil City Exchange,
With blood in his eye and oil on his brain;
He shouts and he bellows, the bull is there
And 'mid the excitement up comes the bear.

Then 'twas bull and bear
In the arena, everywhere,
Novice would do well to understand
A single word from any man.

And when the bulls and bears retire
They'll figure you up if you desire;
They'll do you up in long or short,
Most generally in the latter sort.

CHAPTER CII.

TITUSVILLE.



TITUSVILLE is situated, on Oil Creek, seventeen miles above Oil City, and is the second city in size in Crawford County, Pa. Like Oil City, it is a young town, it having developed from a country hamlet to a city, soon after the outbreak of the oil excitement in 1858.

Titusville is noted for its pleasant site in a broad valley and a pleasant country around. Its streets are well laid out and skirted with beautiful shade trees, and it is not lacking for good churches and schools, public buildings and fine residences. Altogether, Titusville is one of the best and pleasantest towns in Western Pennsylvania.

All through the palmy days of oildom, and at the present time, it was and is the home of many of the oil men, many of whom and families possessed great wealth and refinement.

The evening scene at the Titusville postoffice at most times from 1865 to 1875 could not, I presume to say, be duplicated in any other city of the same size on the American continent. As its inhabitants and many transients called for their evening mail, together with the hundreds of day laborers for their missives, they would form in line outside

the postoffice, each one to take his turn up to the captain's office to see what was in store for him, and as the office closed many a one had to go unserved to return on the following day.

Through a great portion of these days the oil boom and the traffic were immense and red hot between Titusville, Pleasantville and Shamburg.

A plank road, six miles to Pleasantville, was built, and the hum and rattle of the numerous lines of stages told the traveler that there was something going on about there. The everlasting, solicitous, chin music of the stage driver was sufficient for you to get in and ride, whether you really wanted to or not, to get a rest.

In and around the villages of Pleasantville and Shamburg a city of oil derricks was erected—

> And the oil business was pushed with a will,
> Days, nights and Sundays you could hear the tap of the drill
> Going on downward into the first, second and third sand,
> To probe and to extract the oil from the land.

Oil wells, hundreds of them, in this Pleasantville and Shamburg field, were struck in so close that ere long they exhausted the field.

Church Run, near Titusville, soon after became quite an oil-producing field.

CHAPTER CIII.

CONNEAUT- HARBOR—EARLY SETTLERS.

CONNEAUT, situated two miles from the shore of Lake Erie, about one mile from the Pennsylvania State line, on the old North Ridge stage road, in Conneaut Township, Ashtabula County, Ohio, was settled in 1802. Among the early settlers of 1802–6–7 were Aaron Wright, William Brooks, Zephner Lake, Lewis Thayre, John Brown, William Foster, David Ford, Isaac Ford, Johnson Gilbert, Greenleaf Fifield, Charles Benton, Alexander Leroux, Elisha Grant, Riley Kilborn, S. Beckwith, Whitney Grant, George Tweedy, Nathan L. Carter, John Ellis and William Rich.

Soon after the War of 1812–3, emigration from the New England States to the Western Reserve set in at a lively rate, also creating quite a commerce at Lake Erie ports (1830–35–40.)

At this time Conneaut Harbor presented a pretty lively appearance. Its fine harbor was then superior to any on Lake Erie, with perhaps the exception of Fairport, and was considered by vessel men to have a much better port of entry than Ashtabula. And if Conneaut gets that much talked of railroad to her harbor Uncle Sam will furnish the necessary lucre to scoop out the sand from the gill of Conneaut Creek, and then she will have her just deserts—an even show with Ashtabula and Fairport.

Conneaut is located upon good, dry land,
Where its residents can stand
With their feet upon the sand,
And a plenty of gravel at their command,

which suits the lady and gent pedestrian; also the spring gardener to make an early start in planting—

His lettuce, beets, string beans and potatoes;
Also his onions, peas, corn and tomatoes:
A valuable consideration in a home
To have a plenty of garden sass of your own.

Messrs. Cleveland & Lyon were among the first great traders in the village. Their trade was large, extending to different parts in Pennsylvania, as they kept a stock of general merchandise, and "Bob" Lyon would buy almost anything that you could name. People came from Spring, Pa., at dawn of day; others passing in wagons from Conneautville, and others from more distant points twenty to thirty-five miles to Bob Lyon's to trade. This man Lyon was a live man from head to foot, with electric tongue, an active brain, a double-geared movement and active hands behind his counter, affording a rare treat to the countryman to behold his genial face.

Messrs. Hyde & Sargent kept tavern at Conneaut. No hotels in those days, all taverns and inns, and many of them, too, between Conneaut and Cleveland, where the stage driver and his load could wet their whistles for three cents each or at 25 cents per gallon from the Simon pure, unadulterated stuff made from corn and rye.

The traveler generally received hospitable entertainment at these taverns. A meal or a night's lodging cost 15 cents, and one enterprising fellow said he was going to build a "condition" on his tavern so he could treat strangers in a more "hostile" manner.

From 1825 to 1850 Conneaut had her share of the marine business of the lakes. Prior to the day of railroads its harbor was of considerable importance, not only to its inhabitants and others in that vicinity, but to inhabitants of Northwestern Pennsylvania, at Albion, Spring, Conneautville, Mosiertown, Saegertown and Meadville, Pa.

As heretofore mentioned, the valuable timber so mercilessly cut down to be cleared out of the way, throughout this region by the pioneer, only found a market in the condensed form of black salts, which, delivered at Conneaut Harbor, would fetch the money to pay the twenty-five cents postage stamp on a letter and twenty-five cents per yard for cotton cloth to make a shirt.

Conneaut, like most other lake ports, had a rather slow growth from this time on up to the day of railroads. The building of the Lake Shore Railroad gave it something of an impetus, but nothing compared with the one which came in 1883, when the Nickel Plate located at Conneaut its railroad shops. Then everything moved at a lively gait. A real estate and building boom was created, which has more than doubled its population in the past six years. It now has fine churches, school houses, hotels and residences, business blocks and elegant stores, a good town hall and a lively trade. Its people are alive to the interests and welfare of their town, and full of pluck, pride and enterprise, and I predict that they will not rest satisfied until they boom her onward to a city of no small dimensions.

CHAPTER CIV.

PITHOLE CITY.

ITHOLE was the mushroom city of oildom, becoming a grown up city in one day and collapsing in another.

Several flowing oil wells were struck at this place, and the most wonderful excitement followed that was ever known in this country.

How such a movement was kicked up is hard to explain, but everything and the people seemed to be in trim for such a demonstration.

The great oil wells of former days had considerably run down and the boomers were looking for a new field of excitement and they found it at Pithole. The United States well, (one of the largest) was struck, and others followed. The people wildly rushed to the scene of this new eldorado. Greenbacks were plenty and the people apparently slung them out free as water. Most everybody was bound for Pithole—

> And many a one had to sleep on the soft side of the floor,
> And many another chap, on the ground, out of door.

In the course of two or three months a city was built, not in the most substantial manner, but it was built all the same; neither did they wait for the surveyor to give them a grade for their streets or sidewalks, or a majority of coun-

cilmen to say whether they should build of brick or stone, but up went Pithole City. With most all kinds of business people and things to behold, the town, the streets and the woods were full of people, and everything went booming. But alas, Pithole, like the dog, had its day. Its owner went off, visiting other fields, and the biggest hotel in the city was afterward sold for $10.

CHAPTER CVI.

ROADS IN OILDOM.

THE WAGON ROADS around Pithole, as most others throughout the oil region, are of a peculiar sort. They lead off at nearly every point of the compass through field and underbrush, through wood and stream, o'er hills and valleys, (and during six or eight months of the year) through mud everywhere. Thousands of acres thrown open to the commons gave the oil teamster a free pass from point to point, a privilege which was highly appreciated many times, when the road track became so mellow that his wagon wheel could not touch bottom, then the driver could switch off on to another track. Frequently you could see two wheels of his wagon upon a rock, the other two wheels feeling for a bottom and the off side of his wagon box in the mud. The whole cargo was inclined on an angle of about 45 degrees, and you would wonder how anyone but an Oil Creek teamster could come out of such a perdicament right side up. As you passed onward you could notice that some poor horse had quit the business, shaken off his harness and lain down on the side of the road to take a rest, his poor carcass to furnish food for the ravenous buzzard and the crow.

Myron Young, of Ashtabula, gives his experience on a trip over the roads in oildom with horses, wagon and three barrels of oil. When he came into one of those extra

fertile spots, his horses stopped and couldn't budge. He got down from his wagon, unhitched his horses from it and succeeded in getting one of them out onto terra firma, and with this horse and a long rope hitched around the roadster's neck and pulled him out. The same tactics were resorted to on the wagon.

We might reasonably infer that on such roads the oil teamster must have the faith of a Christian and the heart of a lion to venture upon the road from Pithole to Petroleum Centre.

CHAPTER CVII.

ASHTABULA, OHIO—HARBOR—EARLY SETTLERS—GROWTH.

SHTABULA and its harbor is situated on Lake Erie, in the northeastern portion of the State of Ohio, and about 14 miles west of the Pennsylvania state line, and was settled in 1800. It is the largest town in Ashtabula County, containing 10,000 inhabitants, and has at present the largest commercial trade in iron ore of any other lake port on the great chain of lakes. Its coal exports are also immense.

The growth of Ashtabula was phenomenally small until the completion of the Franklin & Oil City branch of the Lake Shore and the Ashtabula, Youngstown & Pittsburg Railroads in 1875, which opened commerce to the bituminous coal fields of Mahoning, Lawrence, Beaver and Allegheny Counties, Pa., and also afforded an outlet for the shipment of iron ore from its harbor to the furnaces and iron mills of the Mahoning, Shenango, Allegheny and Youghiogheny valleys. It was then that Ashtabula began to boom.

However, back to the days of the old stage coach—1830 to 1845—Ashtabula was a small village with a tavern, a store, a scool house, a blacksmith shop and a few dwelling houses and groggeries; there was, however, quite a trade at the harbor. Steam and sail craft on the lakes transported the country's merchandise and a portion of the human freight, the stage coach claiming the balance of the passenger traffic. Quite a lively appearance was presented at our

lake ports then in the absence of any railroads on the chain of lakes.

The pioneer settlers of Ashtabula were Mathew Hubbard, who came in 1803 from Buffalo, in company with another man. They came in an open boat, put into Ashtabula Creek and stayed the first night under a big log in the valley on Capt. Scoville's farm; and during that summer and fall an old Indian furnished them with wild game for their meat. Mr. Hubbard cleared off land and sowed some wheat that fall (1803), and returned to Holland Patten, where his wife was living. He remained there for a time and then returned to Ashtabula. His wife Mrs Mary Hubbard, accompanied by Mrs. Amos Fisk, came to Ashtabula on horse back in 1807.

Mr. Strong, father of Elisha C. Strong, Asher and John Blakesley, Ziba Seymour and others by the name of Seymour, were among the first settlers of Ashtabula and vicinity.

Hall Smith built the first mill and opened the first tavern on the spot where the Children's Home now stands.

The Sweet family, Isaac Sweet and the Metcalfs were among the first settlers on the east side.

William Humphrey, grand-father of Alfred and Russell C. Humphrey, built the second mill in Ashtabula, and afterwards, had a lot of hogs on board a vessel westward bound. When near Fairport the vessel foundered and Mr. Humphrey and crew were drowned, but some of the hogs swam ashore.

Amos Fisk came on to Ashtabula about 1803, and was engaged with Mathew Hubbard in shipping salt from Buffalo to Ashtabula, in open boats, which business to-day

would be considered a pretty hazardous one, even for the expert sailor.

A Mr. Mendall, who lived in a log cabin on Bunker Hill on Mathew Hubbard's farm, had several hogs in his pen, said to weigh from 300 to 400 pounds each. About midnight one night he and Mr. Hubbard were awakened by the squealing of a hog. They hurried out to the pig pen and found bruin pulling one of the hogs out of the pen; the bear proceeded at once to walk off with his porker. Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Mendall followed him over four different fences. Finally the hog stopped squealing; they returned to the house for a light and a trap, and, returning, found the hog dead. They then set the trap, with a chain made fast to a sapling, so that when Mr. Bear returned for his breakfast they would catch him. Afterwards, on going to their trap, they found both trap and sapling gone. People turned out, and traced bear, trap and sapling to the north woods in Saybrook and came upon the whole outfit. Bruin showed fight, and lunged at Amos Fisk, who sprang aside and threw down his hat, which the bear tore in pieces, instead of Mr. Fisk. The bear was killed, leaving one less in the bruin family.—*Ext. from Notes of N. Hubbard.*

In November, 1806, Seth Thayre, one of the pioneers of Ashtabula, was clearing land on Bunker Hill, and tree after tree necessarily had to be felled. When cutting down a gigantic hickory it carried with it two other trees, a beach and a chestnut, together in mass over the road with a crash that echoed in the forest far around.

Great was his astonishment at hearing the furious barking of a dog. On running to the spot and peering beneath the fallen mass his dismay may be imagined at seeing a whole family, with oxen, sled and dog (all unharmed) sur-

rounded and covered by the fallen trees. It proved to be the family of Wm. Perrin, wife and two small children, who were on their way to visit the said Seth Thayre, riding on an ox sled, the usual conveyance in those days.

When they arrived at this point they neither saw nor suspected danger until too late to attempt to escape. The first intimation of what was coming was the whistling of the branches through the air. Instant retreat was cut off, and the advance was wholly obstructed. A mass of timber filled the road. The chestnut was broken up, the beech lay across the road on a level with the oxen's necks. One ponderous branch of the stately hickory was across the middle of the sled, and immediately behind it was another branch of equal size; and between these branches was Mrs. Perrin and her two children, all unharmed.

Their escape from instant death was miraculous. A moment before the fall he occupied the place where a massive branch fell which threatened to crush them to atoms, which was averted only by its falling across a large pile of brush. The furious barking of the dog, the bellowing of the cattle occasioned by the infliction of many stripes of the small limbs, the startling screams of the woman and the shrill cries of the children, and the amazement of the men created a scene which may be better imagined than described. Axes were procured and in the course of half an hour they were liberated, and the rescued party were again on their way.—*Notes from Wm. Perrin, Jr.*

In the year 1807, as Joseph Kerr and Esq. Perrin were in a log cabin, a sort of farm work shop, a sudden crashing sound startled them. As they sprang out of the door Esq. Perrin turned to the right and Kerr to the left, the latter held a little boy in his arms. At this moment a large but-

ternut tree fell upon the cabin and crumbled it down with the three persons under it, and confined them there. Mrs. Kerr, hearing the noise, rushed out to them. Groans mingled with the sound of the falling tree. By scooping away some earth she drew Esq. Perrin from under the tree. In a few moments he had so recovered himself that, with the use of the axe and Mrs. Kerr's assistance, they extricated the other two. None, except Mr. Kerr, were materially injured. He had several ribs broken and discharged much blood, but in a few months he fully recovered and lived many years. These worthy people were among the first settlers of Ashtabula, Ohio.—*Extract from Notes of Matthew Hubbard.*

In 1820–21 Nehemiah Hubbard, who is now 77 years of age and the venerable clerk of Ashtabula Township, was attending school in a log cabin on the spot where Richard Radford's buildings now stand. While on his way from school, at a point near the South Park, then a primeval forest, he met a couple of Indians. He wore a knit cap with a red tassel on it. One of the Indians grabbed the tassel and pulled the cap from Nehemiah's head and would not give it back to him, and he had to go home bareheaded. His father, Matthew Hubbard, and Mr. Mendall went down to Ashtabula Corners that night and had a high time with the Indians, but could not get the cap. The Indians thought they would keep the boy's cap to get a big treat in fire water, beads and trinkets.

Later as Mr. Hubbard and his brother, several years his senior, were going home, at a point in the woods near the Ashtabula Tool Company's present site, they saw a long trail of Indians, about 200 in number, dressed in their war costume, with paint and feathers, and as they brandished

their tomahawks it was a sight to behold, and it made the eyes of young Nehemiah stick out, while the older brother said they dared not hurt them, The Indians were on their way to the Indian Reserve, Cattaraugus Creek, near Buffalo, from a trip to Toledo, where they had been.

In 1850 the Lake Shore Railroad was built, which gave to the shipper, the merchant, the tourist and the people generally a more rapid transit, which as a matter of expedience to a great degree supplanted the vessel business on the lakes, and many of the hitherto grand white winged messengers (sailing vessels of the lake) were laid up, to be, as occasion would require, supplanted by a larger steam craft.

Extensive iron mines were discovered and developed in the northwest, and gigantic strides in improvements throughout our Western States, creating a great demand for iron; then it came to pass that hundreds of steamboats and a good number of sail vessels were brought into requisition to transport this iron ore from the mines of the northwest, and many cargoes of grain from Duluth and Chicago, for which the Lake Shore Railroad could not compete, even had it the capacity. And now, on most any day during the shipping season one can here see a fleet of twenty to forty vessels of a tonnage of from 1,250 to 2,500 tons.

The people of Ashtabula during the last fifteen years have had a pretty big elephant on their hands. For its number of inhabitants, it has a large area of territory to improve. It contains several small farms in its corporate limits, it has many miles of streets and sidewalks to keep up, and many miles of water mains, electric and gasoline lights, a fine city hall, ten churches, school buildings, the High School building, one of the finest in the State, some

SCALPED !

fine residence and business blocks, and several prominent manufactories, and a street car railroad torn up to make room for another which we hope to have.

While its municipal taxation is high we must have other improvements which are in vogue; and before the close of this season we expect to see a high lever bridge across the river and an electric street car line to the Harbor. And allow me to say to whom it may concern that there is no more suitable place for an iron plant than Ashtabula Harbor. A most excellent site for such an enterprise can be had, and there is already afforded the best facilities for shipping by water and by rail to any point desired. Ashtabula possesses the elements to become a city of forty thousand inhabitants in a short period of time.

1st. It is endowed with natural advantages.

2nd. It contains sufficient area of land in her corporate limits.

3rd. It contains cheap sites upon which to build, and excellent locations upon the railway side track to erect manufactories, and the best facilities for shipment by water and rail to any point.

4th. It affords an excellent and cheap drainage for a good system of sewerage which, sooner or later, must come in as a great factor in the sanitary condition of any well regulated city.

5th. It has a good farming country around it.

6th. It contains a populace of intelligent, law and order abiding citizens and shrewd business men, numerous churches and excellent schools.

Then, in view of the above elements already at hand, what is there to hinder but to put our shoulders to the wheel and boom her onward to the zenith where she naturally belongs.

CHAPTER CVIII.

EAST SIDE.

WITHIN the past two years unusual activity in business and building has been going on at the Harbor on both sides of the river, especially on the East Side. Real estate has changed hands to a wonderful extent, and extensive building of docks and appliances for increasing the facilities for handling coal and iron ore. A school house, church, stores and many dwellings have been erected, which augurs well for the Harbor people; but there has been one important factor that has precipitated this East Side real estate and building boom to a great extent. The Field property had been offered for sale for years past but there was no purchaser, as the snug sum of $29,000 had to be put up for its purchase. Finally the time came for its sale—

> A man of pluck and venture from our country;
> The name of this man was R. C. Humphrey,

who bought this magnificent property and proceeded at once to improve it, laying out and making streets and selling allotments. A fine street called Harbor Avenue, from Pacific Street, Harbor, to the Lake Shore Railroad, 80 feet wide, is nearly completed, which will be one of the finest streets in the country.

It is the intention of Mr. Humphrey and other land owners to build or aid largely in the construction of a high-

lever bridge across the river at a point near the Lake Shore Railroad this summer, which when completed will be of great value, not only to the land-owners on the East Side but to all people who want to go to the Harbor and Woodland Park, East Side.

Desirable lots and acres are being sold by Messrs. Humphrey, Sherman, Cook Brothers and Blythe & Haskell at reasonable rates and easy terms.

And reader please allow me to say,
If perchance you should come this way,

I would be pleased to show terms and prices of this desirable property.

CHAPTER CIX.

EARLY SETTLERS OF ASHTABULA.

PELIG SWEET came from Connecticut to Ashtabula in the year 1808, and traded his Connecticut farm for the Holms' tract, comprising several hundred acres, located at the East Village and extending from the north line of Jasen Fargo's farm, now occupied by the Fargo Bros., to the Lake Shore. Mr. Sweet died in 1825, and previous to his death he gave to his sons Isaac, Pelig, Rufus, William and Ira and to his four daughters all a farm. His son Isaac lived to the advanced age of 95 years. We notice by papers of Mr. Sweet transactions with early settlers in Ashtabula of John and Wm. Wetmore, Eli Holcomb, Asa Amsden, Benj. W. Allen, N. Wilcox, Chester Wood, Caleb Parish.

Jasen Fargo was one of the prominent hard working early settlers of Ashtabula, East Side.

John Loyd, now a resident of Westfield, N. Y., was one of our pioneer lake men. He is now 88 years old, straight as an arrow and mentally bright. In his boyhood days he sailed upon the Atlantic Ocean. In 1825 he commenced to sail upon the chain of lakes on board the White Pigeon till 1827, then master of steamer William Peacock, belonging to Seth Reed, of Erie, and the William Penn and Charles Townsend, which were the only steamers on the lake at that time.

When on board the Kenningston, Capt. Curtis, from Liverpool to New York, was three months and three days in making the voyage. He got shipwrecked on Georges Banks, Newfoundland and had nothing but crackers to eat and no water to drink for three days, except the little they could lap from the dew on the sails of the vessel.

Anen Harmon, one of the early settlers of Ashtabula, took up the large tract of land known as the "Harmon Flats," and also the uplands extending to the East Village and north of the Lake Shore Railroad. This man Harmon did not accustom himself to do things by halves, nor in those former crude days did he stop to polish words to express himself. At the time when the first baptism took place in Ashtabula, in ice cold weather, when the lady who was being baptized came out of the water the preacher asked her if she was not cold, to which the lady replied "no," whereupon Mr. Harmon quickly said to the minister, "Put her in again, d–m her, until she stops lying." Mr. Harmon thought the lady must have been cold and he thus frankly and roughly expressed himself, as he always did, in a stentorian voice. On another occasion Preacher Sanders was holding a series of Campbellite meetings and quite an interest was taken in them. At the close of the evening services the minister made the announcement that if there were any present who wanted to be baptized to rise up. One Martin Watrous, who was present and who was chock full of the "white horse," said, looking toward the minister—"I believe Mr. Harmon rose up;" to which Mr. Harmon quickly replied, "Its a d–d lie, for I never stirred." The preacher laughed heartily, as also did the congregation. Mr. Birdsey Metcalf, now an aged citizen of East Ashtabula, was present at the time and sat at

the side of Mr. Harmon, whose speech, he said, created quite a flutter and a laughable scene at the close of that evening's meeting.

While we consider that it takes all sorts of people to make up a community, we will have to excuse the bluff style of Mr. Harmon, it being characteristic in him to spontaneously blurt out whatever came to his mind, alike to the saint and the sinner.

We understand that Mr. Harmon possessed redeeming qualities, was a stirring, energetic and a useful man in the community—

> Rough diamonds, when put to the test,
> Sometimes turn out to be the best.

CHAPTER CX.

JOHN METCALF.

HE subject of this sketch came to Ashtabula in 1808. He carried the mail from Erie to Cleveland when this country was a howling wilderness, with no roads and few settlers. No bridges on which to cross the streams, oftentimes he had to swim across the swollen streams, carrying his mail pouch lashed to his head.

In 1812, there having been some improvements made, he was enabled to carry the mail in a double wagon. On the ridge, in favored places, he could get along quite well; but a considerable part of the way he had to pound along over corduroy. In 1815he used a small stage coach.

Bidders for such a mail route, for the salary paid for running it, would not be easily found to-day. The privations and the exposures would be too great of course for the average man of 1891.

On a certain occasion a party was to come off at Bunker Hill, and the gentlemen were given the names of the ladies to take to the dance. John Metcalf was delegated to take Miss Lucy Strong. Horseback was the mode of conveyance in those days. When the hour arrived Metcalf

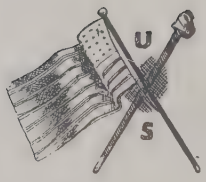
was on hand for his Miss Lucy, who took passage on the horse's back behind John, and as Lucy happened to be one of the plump variety, of more than the ordinary avoirdupois and obesity, there did not appear to be sufficient room aboard for her, and she slipped off. She got on again and presently slipped off again. Undaunted she mounted again and off she slipped and exclaimed, "I am off again." John replied, "No, you are not," and kept right on his way to Bunker Hill, and sent an ox team and a sled after Lucy and got her at last to the party, and on went the dance, and a pleasant time they had at Bunker Hill and the boys didn't go home with the girls until the wee hours of the morning.

In 1814 he married Miss Clarissa Sweet, a daughter of Pelig Sweet of East Ashtabula, and afterwards engaged in the fur trade at Green Bay, Wis. John Law, of this place, with whom he stopped, furnished him with plenty Johnny cake or hominy and bear's grease while at Green Bay, which was the standard ration for the Green Bay man at that time, and was said to be a very good diet for the consumptive and the dyspeptic, or to tickle the appetite, and also to make the hair grow on the lip of a dude.

Mr. Metcalf generally sold his furs in Albany and Troy, New York, which business seems to have been a very lucrative one with the Astors, and all who engaged in the business on an extensive scale.

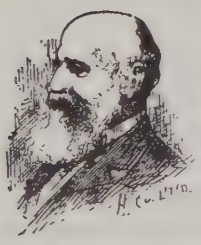
Mr. Metcalf will be remembered as one of the heroic pioneers of the Western Reserve, who had to stand upon his merits and cut his way through from crude privation to a competency, and the perseverence and the energy exhibited by him has met its reward, in the industrious, correct

traits of character developed in his sons, Birdsey and Ezra Metcalf, prominent and wealthy citizens and farmers of East Ashtabula, which affords a consolation to the sire as he looks back through the dim vista to behold that he left competent hands at the ship and at the plow.



CHAPTER CXI.

THE FIRST VESSEL BUILT AT ASHTABULA.



THE FIRST vessel launched at Ashtabula was built by Anen Harmon, and was the occasion for a great turn out of the people all over the country. The day was pleasant, and the vessel was launched successfully. Aboard of it were a good number of men, women and children, and several babes in their mothers' arms. Captain Jack and the intrepid Anen Harmon were also aboard. The latter, it was said, was liquored up to a reckless degree, which was probably the cause of the saddest event in the early history of Ashtabula.

Soon after the launching of the vessel, when two or three hundred people were aboad, its owner wanted to test its rocking powers, and he called on the people to stand on one side of the vessel and rock her, which they did. "Rock her more," he shouted. This being done, he again said: "Rock her more." At this juncture Captain Jack said: "She has been rocked all she can stand." "Pshaw!" said Harmon. "Well," said Captain Jack, "if you persist, I am going ashore," and he got off the boat. The people, thinking that Captain Jack was rather timid, and

perhaps didn't know much about the boat, again obeyed Harmon's command to "rock her," and over went the boat, throwing the men, women, children and babes into the water.

In the excitement that followed some of the babes floated from their mother's arms and were saved, as were also the women, but strange to say, seven stalwart, worthy young men were drowned, casting sorrow over the community, into seven stricken families, leaving seven vacant chairs. Stranger still is the coincidence that all of the seven drowned were of an age between 22 and 23 years. Among the number was Amos Bachelor, of Kingsville, who was a very promising and intelligent young man, beloved by all who knew him for his reliable and manly traits of character. He had declined several times to go, being engaged in burning off a fallow. Finally two men rode into the field and said to him that he must go. He consented, and upon arriving at the house his mother said to him, "I'm glad you are going with the rest." "But," said he, "it seems to me I ought not to go." When the sad news was conveyed to his mother she was overcome with grief.

This was a day long to be remembered by the friends of the victims. There was a great difference between the cool judgment of Captain Jack and the whisky clamor of the vessel owner, who, wanting to do something, capsized his vessel and drowned seven men.

CHAPTER CXII.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY was one of the early settlers and business men of Ashtalula. His venture was in the grocery, provision and bakery business at Ashtabula Harbor. Later he acquired considerable real estate situate on and in close proximity to some of the principal streets in Ashtabula, several of which bear the names of members of his family. In the early days he purchased a large tract of land in the big marsh in Plymouth Township, through which the Jefferson plank road was laid, a good portion of which is now drained, cleared off and has become the most productive land in the county.

Mr. Humphrey possessed an excellent judgment, and for the same outlay on the first cost of his real estate transactions realized a greater value therefrom than any other man, with the exception of H. E. Parson's Chicago deal.

Mr. Humphrey was eccentric, but he generally looked out for Humphrey, and went through all right without a tag on. A transaction is related of him during his early days in trade at the Harbor. While in Buffalo buying goods he attended an auction. The auctioneer was selling tobacco. "How much am I offered for a pound or for the lot?" he cried. Humphrey bid and it was struck off to him. "How much will you take?" "I will take the whole lot."

"Ah, no sir; I can't let the whole lot go at that price." "I bought the whole lot," said Humphrey. The auctioneer went on. Presently Humphrey said to him, "I want my tobacco; I will insist on it if it takes all summer." He got the tobacco and realized a good thing on it.

One day Mrs. Humphrey accidentally fell into the river near her residence and was about to sink under the surface of the water when Thomas Mosher, of Ashtabula, jumped into the water just in time to save her. When Mr. Humphrey returned home he was informed of the accident and the timely rescue, to which he replied, "If you had let her alone she probably would have got out herself."

Afterward, by many, he was called "Old Probability." His estimable wife, at all events, was spared to aid him, and proved a great helpmate to him. Years later, when the Lake business fell off, Mr Humphrey moved up town, where he kept a large stock of general merchandise and continued in trade for some years. His wife having died, he again married a worthy lady lady of more than ordinary attainments, who lives in her pleasant home left by her departed husband. She was reading in a newspaper of a lady who had been buried alive and she said to her husband, "Here is another of those sad happenings of persons buried alive; and William, it is my request that my body be kept a sufficient time in a vault after I am dead. The idea of being buried alive is shocking!" "Have no fear, my dear," said Humphrey; "the folks will know you are dead when you stop talking."

Mr. Humphrey was a man of few words, but made them count, as he did his business transactions. He left a fine property and a worthy wife and family to inherit it, whom we know to be well-to-do, and are industrious and reliable citizens.

CHAPTER CXIII.

L. W. SMITH.

THE SUBJECT of this sketch, L. W. Smith, was born in Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1825. With the exception of twenty years in middle life spent in the mercantile business in New York, he has been engaged in the mercantile business in Ashtabula, in which he was prosperous, and it soon became apparent that he had come to stay, to be recognized as one of the prominent citizens and traders of Ashtabula. Possessing the happy faculty of a sound judgment in matters generally, pertaining to his business, he early learned the value of a dollar, how to make it and how to keep it. He invested in real estate and when the signs came right, the prospect that Ashtabula was to become a point of some importance, his real estate possessions were steadily augmented. In 1873 the southern roads, the Franklin branch and the Ashtabula & Pittsburg railroads were built. Quite a boom was given to Ashtabula, then containing 2,800 inhabitants. With an eye to the growing village by an influx of people, creating a demand for dwelling houses, Mr. Smith soon erected numerous dwelling houses, which were eagerly taken by renters, and when the roads were completed to the Harbor the Swede and the Finlander followed in their wake.

The advent of business at Ashtabula Harbor created a boom in Harbor and uptown property, and rents and property were higher for a time than ever before in the history of Ashtabula.

The opera house, the brick blocks, and the numerous dwelling houses owned and erected by L. W. Smith, of Ashtabula, if they all stood upon a rural site would make quite a burg. Mr. Smith has been an inveterate worker; took off his coat and put his hand to the plow on many a field, and turned up a prolific soil, which will prove a consolation to him in his declining years that it will be remunerative to himself and to his posterity. His only son, Mr. James L. Smith, on account of the declining health of his father, principally assumes the management of the business affairs. He is a courteous gentleman, and we believe fully capable of its successful management.

CHAPTER CXIV.

FARGO BROTHERS.

THE FARGO BROTHERS, of East Ashtabula, live on the site selected by their ancestor, Jasen Fargo, who was one of the early settlers of Ashtabula. This estate originally contained upwards of 300 acres. The Fargo Brothers have added considerably to it, and it now comprises 500 acres, and there is no finer estate in Ashtabula County. It contains the elements requisite for an excellent dairy farm, a variety of soil for pasture, meadow and plough lands, and an abundance of good water for stock, lined by the Ashtabula Creek on two sides and centrally having an abundant supply of good spring water.

The Fargo Brothers are the pioneer milk dealers of Ashtabula, and for many years have thoroughly run their routes. When the floods came and submerged the roads leading to the city, they crossed the dizzy height of the Nickel Plate bridge and got a hand car with which to transport their cans of milk. Then with a livery rig they dispensed the lacteal fluid to their customers.

This sort of valor took much better with their customers than to have said to them: "You will have to drink water or lager for a spell, or milk your mountain goats until the waters shall have subsided over the valley of Ashtabula."

The people well know that the Fargo Brothers are useful and important factors in the community, and know that

from their hands they are served to the best quality of milk, and good measure, 365 days in the year.

The courteous and honorable treatment extended to their patrons during all these years bespeak well for them, and they have not only held their ground, but their trade has constantly increased.

Their two veteran peddlers on the route, Messrs. Ed. Woodard and Jepp Jensen, than whom no better men can be found for the business, are still on deck to-day, "ungripped" and unmarried.

Nothing succeeds like success.

CHAPTER CXV.

THE ASHTABULA DISASTER.

[See Cut on page 241.]

N THE EVENING of December 29th, 1876, Lake Shore train No. 5, three hours late, during a terrific snow storm, went down with the Ashtabula bridge, seventy-six feet to the icy bed of the river below. The train was a heavy one, loaded with passengers, many of them on a New Year's excursion to visit friends. When upon this bridge, it suddenly collapsed, and the great train with its precious load was hurled into the river below. A hundred or more never rose from that icy bed, and the wreck was soon enveloped in flames, to add horror to the awful scene. The fury of the storm, with the mercury ten degrees below zero, the heart-rending shrieks of those who could not be extricated from the lap of the fiery flames which transformed many precious bodies to charred and blackened dust, created a scene better imagined than described. The click of the telegraph wire conveying the news of the sad disaster, the hurrying of anxious friends from Maine to California and nearer by to this awful scene, the anxious look, the terrible supense, the searching through the ice to discover some relic of the dear one who was known to have been on the ill-fated train; then from the valley of the death up to the morgue to look over the charred remains, the agonizing look of despair, never will, by the many, be forgotten.

Messrs. Kepler and A. H. Stockwell, of Ashtabula, and Garwood Stowe, of Geneva, and the evangelist and great singer Bliss and his wife were among the victims. Mr. Martin, wife and two children, of Lenox, Ashtabula County, were injured. Mr. Martin was pretty badly crushed and had a few ribs broken. Mrs. Martin, who was in delicate health from an untimely childbirth, and their two small children miraculously escaped.

Of this horror much has already been written, and suffice it to say that something like a half million dollars was paid by the Lake Shore Railroad Company as damages for the dead and injured in one of the greatest railroad horrors on the American Continent.

CHAPTER CXVI.

GRANVILLE LOOMIS.

HIS BOYHOOD—HE STARTS FOR MENOMINEE, WIS.—HIS MURDER AT STONY RIDGE, OHIO—DETECTIVES SQUIRES AND BROWN.

THE SUBJECT of this sketch was an eccentric young man, though honest, peaceful and industrious. In 1878 he bought a lot on what is now Auburn Street, then on the Commons of Ashtabula, which location appeared to suit his desire to live a sort of pioneer life. He therefore placed on his lot a couple of large dry goods boxes, in which he took up his abode. In one of these boxes he done his cooking, kitchen and house work; the other he used for his sleeping room, which was the second story of his cabin on the plain, as he called it, the box in which he slept setting on top of his kitchen. This eccentric lad had a shot gun with which he occasionally shot a bird or a rabbit, and a string of fish, that he now and then caught, supplied him principally with meat. This manner of living seemed to suit him.

However, he became anxious to be earning something more for himself by way of a steady employment. He therefore went to work out by the month in Saybrook, O., on a farm in an adjoining town, where he received pretty harsh treatment for a trivial cause at the hands of his employer. The matter was taken to the courts and quite a sum in damages awarded him. Soon after Loomis bought a horse and skeleton buggy and was living in Orwell, Ohio, where he formed an acquaintance with a young man by the

name of A. J. Grover, whose parents lived in Menominee, Mich. Thereupon an expediton was planed to go west. Loomis, with his horse, buggy and trunk, accompanied by Grover, set out on their journey for the west. It appears that they traveled on together to a point in Wood County, Stony Ridge, where some four days later the dead body of Loomis was found, his head being crushed, showing unmistakable signs of a foul murder, and by papers and letters worked into his clothing they identified his former residence.

This information soon reached the friends of the murdered boy, who engaged the services of S. A. Squires, an Ashtabula detective, and he at once started in pursuit to ferret out, and if possible, to capture the murderer. On arriving at Stony Ridge, where the body of Loomis was found by a farmer near a log-heap, where evidently they had stayed over night. A portion of his head and face was cut off to obliterate a scar.

Sheriff Brown, in the meantime, had diligently searched the country around, but could get no clue of the murderer, whereupon a consultation was held, and he and Mr. Squires went to Toledo and thence to Adrian, Michigan, where an uncle of Grover lived, who was a minister. He, however, had not seen Grover for some time, and said he was a vicious fellow—that he (Grover) would maim and torture animals; that he had killed a cow with a pitchfork; that he was a destructive fellow, and he did not want him about his premises.

He however informed the detectives that Grover had a sister at Saginaw, to which place they went. After a fruitless search for three days they started for Menominee, Michigan, hearing nothing on the route except that a party had seen a horse and buggy answering the description of

the one that Loomis started out with. On reaching Menominee they found Loomis' trunk and tool chest, which had been shipped on, and had just arrived there from a station west of Cleveland via the Lake Shore Railroad; but no one had seen Grover since the fall before. Thereupon Mr. Squires made a confidante of the freight agent at Menominee and agreed with him to have him let them know at once, by messenger, if anyone should call for this baggage, as he and the sheriff were going to reconnoitre the country around—to Grover's father's, some five miles out, to Grover's farm, 45 miles out, and at other places where they might intercept him—for at this juncture these wily detectives, like sleuth bloodhounds, seemed to scent the murderer afar off.

Daily communication was had with the railroad agent at Menominee. They learned at the lumber mills, where Grover had previously worked, that he was considered a tough, that a couple of their men, Italians, with five or six hundred dollars in money, disappeared one night when in company with Grover, and suspicion rested on him.

They visited Grover's place at Prairie Farm, a secluded spot, but found no one about there. They forced an entrance to his cabin, and found therein most all sort of paraphernalia, portions of harness and tackle, a half dozen revolvers, bowie knives and love letters from and to his girl.

They according set out to visit the girl, and her parents, of course, at Cross Keys, about twenty-eight miles from Menominee and twelve miles from Grover's place. With fish-poles in hand these (now land buyers) started up the stream, baited their hooks and caught some fish in sight of her father's house, who, by the way, was a minister and a

nice man, and had a nice daughter, too. But the gallant Squires found that she was engaged to Grover.

At this place the detectives took dinner, and of course they were well acquainted all at once with Grover, but neither of them had ever seen him. The old lady finally said Grover was a good fellow, anyhow, because he had done them a good deed by saving their home, as a mortgage would have closed on it had it not been for him, who put up the money. Then came an opportunity for the inquisitive Sandy Squires, who asked the young lady if she was not engaged to marry Grover. She smiled and said: "Perhaps."

Days and weeks had passed and their prey had not put in an appearance. Time wore on monotonously, but Sandy and the Sheriff thought they would work on that web-line if it took all summer. Mr. Brown repaired to Prairie Farm and Squires to Black River Falls.

With the information Squires and Brown had already obtained about Arthur J. Grover, they were still constantly on the alert to fortify their case against this culprit for any unforseen emergency that might arise in his behalf. They sought people and places, high and low, and on coming across a disreputable house outside the city of Menominee the detectives found that Grover had there been employed as a night watchman, and while thus employed had made love to the boss sport of the premises and agreed to marry her, for which she bought him a $50 wedding suit. But Grover, after getting the new suit, failed to comply with his part of the contract. The woman then declared she would shoot him and he fled to Orwell, Ashtabula County, Ohio, to some relatives, where he stayed over winter, pre-

vious to starting out with Loomis in the following spring, as hereinbefore mentioned.

Brown now being at Prairie Farm, with a view of intercepting Grover at that point, while Squires remained at Black River Falls, with an eye to the same purpose; and just at dark Grover emerged from the woods with horse and buggy and made for a point to cross the river, but found the bridge gone. He returned to take another route when Squires captured him. He was then twenty-eight miles from Menominee, to which place Grover was bound. Mr. Squires told him he would take him to Menominee and put him in jail there, or he would take him to Madison. Grover said he would not go to Menominee. Squires told him he had better go to Menominee, as he would be there a week, and he would have an opportunity to see his parents and friends, as it would probably be a long, cold day before he would see them at home again. Grover replied that if they would let his friends come and see him he would consent to go to Menominee, to which place he was jailed to await for the necessary requisition papers.

Some four days were required to obtain the papers, and during that time knots and groups of men were seen gathering in places, and a considerable feeling was manifested, and talk of not letting the officers take away their prisoner.

> In Grover they had traced a dark career
> Already for one so young in years.

Grover's father and mother called at the jail to see him; also Mr. and Mrs. and Miss ——, his affianced. And when the young lady noticed the two agreeable gentlemen in charge of Grover, who a few days before had dined with her parents and herself, she looked upon them with amaze-

ment; and upon realizing the enormity of the crime with which her lover was charged, the poor girl was overcome with grief and despair.

> This was a scene in life's cruel dramatic side,
> Bringing hopes forlorn to the intended bride.
> Far better for her to know before she had wed,
> To heap remorseless pangs upon her youthful head.

He had traveled with horse and buggy by night time from Stony Ridge, Ohio, this long journey and secreted himself in the woods in the daytime. His parents and relatives generally were respectable people—

> But it seems the aggregation of vituperation
> In him had its concentration.

The hour of midnight of the fifth day after the capture was fixed upon to take Grover from the jail to Madison, Wis. At 10 o'clock the same night two men called on Brown, saying, "When are you going to take away the prisoner," and added, "in the morning, we conclude, as your companion Squires has gone with the horse," to which Brown replied, "In the course of three or four days." But in two hours he started with his prisoner for Madison; there getting the necessary authority, he proceeded to Bowling Green, Ohio, with his prisoner, and safely lodged him in jail, in June 1882, there to await his trial. Mr. Squires had a tedious drive across the country with horse and buggy, which he turned over to the State.

The trial of Grover for the murder of Granville Loomis came off at the first term of Court in August. He was ably defended by James Tyler, Esq., formerly of Ashtabula, O. Grover was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung, and he paid the penalty for his crime.

I presume the reader will never find
In history of relentless crime,
On criminal record the world over,
A fouler murder than by this man Grover.

Mr. Squires of Ashtabula, and Mr. George M. Brown, of Bowling Green, Ohio, are entitled to much praise at the hands of a law abiding people throughout the community for their sagacity and perseverance in the Grover-Loomis murder case in capturing and bringing to justice a young hardened criminal, who evidently from his makeup, would have been a living terror in our community. Mr. Squires' traveling expenses on this case were $518, and he covered 2,976 miles.

The wedding suit which Grover obtained—

Through the fast woman of Menominee,
As you now so strangely see,
Is the same suit which he
Wore from the gallows to eternity.

CHAPTER CXVII.

PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

PAINESVILLE is the county seat of Lake County, Ohio, situated about three miles from Lake Erie, and its harbor (Fairport) at the mouth of Grand River. Grand River is rightly named, as it affords one of the grandest harbors on the chain of lakes, susceptible of making an extensive harbor at comparatively light expense.

The incoming of the B., P. & F. R. R. to Fairport in 188– created a coal and ore trade with the Mahoning, Shenango and Allegheny valleys which has already become quite extensive, creating a lively real estate and building boom at Fairport and giving the uptown business quite an impetus, which bids fair to continue, because there seems to be a good prospect for another railroad to Fairport, and because Painesville is the most solid, well-built up and nicest and most pleasantly situated towns on the Western Reserve. It has an intelligent and refined class of citizens, with good schools and churches. Its people are principally of the New England stock, who believe in having everything run in a pretty good degree of taste and order. The streets and the sidewalks throughout the town are in good condition, and many a pedestrian will return thanks to the city dads when they are engaged in that sacred line of duty.

Among the early settlers of Painesville and vicinity were Joel Holcomb, Marcus Holcomb, Lovisa Holcomb, James Wright, E. D. Howe, Benjamin Tracy, William Kerr, Hezekiah Cole, Josephus Huntington, Milo Harris, S. Racy, Calvin Cole, James H. Paine, Stephen Matthews, Marvin Huntington, Milton Armstrong, Harry Ables, David Page, Reuben Hitchcock, Robert Blaire, Chester Stocking, Joel Parmley, Thomas Wright, Jonathan Veasey and John McMurphy.

Little Mountain, the charming resort in Lake County, is where many people find rest and recreation. It is a perplexing question with many people of the United States at this time of the year who are seeking a place of rest from the busy cares of the world, to know where to go. The matter of distance and expense is an important factor with the masses, though places that are remote have a greater attraction for the wealthy than the most delightful retreats nature has provided near at home.

Little Mountain is situated a few miles southwest from Painesville and is one of the most charming places for a summer resort. It is a grand natural curiosity. It rises at an altitude of 700 feet above Lake Erie, and is covered with lofty pines and the broad plateau on the summit embraces about 100 acres. From the summit the view is magnificent. The villages and hamlets on the plains below for miles away spread out before the eye, and a broad expanse of Lake Erie, dotted with numerous white-winged messengers of commerce and trade come within the range.

From 1810 to 1820 there seems to have been a lively emigration from the New England States and from York State to the Western Reserve, then called the Far West,

and Painesville and Warren got their full share of this exodus. In those days the pioneer settlers along the route from Buffalo to Erie would halloo the passing wagon trains of emigrants, "Where are you bound for?" and the response was, "To the Western Reserve." Painesville, Cleveland, Warren, Burton, Ravenna, Akron, Geneva, Ashtabula, Jefferson and Conneaut still bear evidence of these still living pioneers, who at Painesville (throughout Lake County) yearly assemble, for social intercourse in relating their experience of pioneer life.

It is a grand thing to look in upon these pioneer meetings, to notice the zeal and enthusiasm manifested by the venerable sires and the matrons in rehearsing the experience, scenes and incidents of early days of the pioneer settlers of this country. We cannot pay too great a tribute to these people. Their heroic struggles in early days furnishes us an exemplary index to industry, frugality, honesty and line of an honorable life.

CHAPTER CXVIII.

JEFFERSON.

JEFFERSON, the county seat of Ashtabula County, Ohio, and the home of Benj. F. Wade and Joshua R. Giddings, is pleasantly situated on a commanding eminence of country about twelve miles south of Lake Erie. Ashtabula County is the largest county, containing the greatest area of arable land, of any county in the State. Then, it being the largest county, it is not to be wondered that it has produced some of the biggest men.

Among its early settlers were the intrepid Joshua R. Giddings and Benj. F. Wade, who always spoke with no uncertain sound in the halls of Congress and the United States Senate. They were imbued with a sentiment of freedom, loyalty and American patriotism, and this they unflinchingly administered on all occasions and in all places. For the lack, in number, of such men, principally in 1861, the great American conflict was precipitated. Such men would say—

> 'Tis enough to battle the vicissitudes of life,
> Not to engage with a brother in deadly strife;
> And pick up the battle axe, thus to wield
> On many a Southern battlefield.

During his anti-slavery sentiment in a speech on the Missouri Compromise in 1841, Mr. Giddings was attacked by Mr. Black, of Mississippi. He undauntingly continued his speech, waving in one hand his weapon, with the other his logic, and had his say out. And during the same year

we shall not forget his great anti-slavery speech at Conneautville, the first and only time the writer ever had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Giddings.

In 1861 I head Benj. F. Wade at Erie. He spoke with no uncertain sound, and his logic and loyal sentiment went home to the heart of every loyal man. Peace to their ashes.

Jefferson is well provided with good schools, churches, stores and hotels, some mills and manufactories, a railroad, and some able jurists to adorn the court-house, and, as a matter of course, to relieve the client occasionally of some of his surplus lucre.

Several law firms there necessarily have to transact a considerable legal business. Among them is the law firm of Northway & Fitch, who appear to have considerable legal business to attend to over at the Hub. And during the past fifteen years, in political campaigns, many times the argumentative, silvery-tongued S. A. Northway has been called out. His speeches are delivered in a masterly manner, holding, as it were, spell-bound his audiences on many occasions; and in the political arena throughout this section of the country he has been an important factor.

CHAPTER CXIX.

GENEVA, OHIO.

GENEVA is situated upon and along both sides of the North Ridge Road, about three miles south of Lake Erie, in the Township of Geneva, Ashtabula County, Ohio. It is noted for its fine soil and the site upon which the village is located. Its inhabitants do not have to chafe over the prospects and location of the different high level bridges, over which to span an almost impassible gulf, nor the amount of money to be appropriated by Uncle Sam in the improvement of their lake harbor, and seemingly, are content with a pleasantly located and prosperous town of about 7,000 inhabitants, comprising fine residences, schools, churches, stores, manufactories, some fine new business blocks and with all a good lively country trade. These are elements which go hand in hand with an intelligent and earnest people. The Genevite need not go abroad to Erie or Cleveland to purchase good goods for such can be found at home in those new spacious stores.

The new brick blocks lately erected in Geneva add greatly to the appearance and stability of the town, and other larger places assuming the proportions of a city would do well to imitate. It seems that the Genevites do not believe in doing things by halves, from the prompt manner and the style in which they rebuilt their burnt district. When the time comes, which will not be at a far distant day, we will expect to see still greater improvements in the pleasant and substantial town of Geneva.

Among the old contractors of Geneva we notice H. W. Stone, who is still on deck, a rival for all, as the work will show for itself on Morgan's store and Pat Grace's porch. The large number of buildings in Geneva built by Mr. Stone in years past still affords a pleasant reminder that he has not lost his grip in doing a good job, when he undertakes to, among the pioneers of Geneva.

CHAPTER CXX.

WARREN.

WARREN, the county seat of Trumbull County, Ohio, was settled nearly a century ago, upon a pleasant rolling site on the Mahoning River. It contains a population of from 6,000 to 7,000 inhabitants. It has good churches, schools, public buildings, hotels and spacious stores, rolling mills and other prominent manufactories. It has good railway facilities: The Ashtabula, Youngstown & Pittsburg, the N. Y. P. & O., the P. P. & F. Railroads, and the Mahoning Coal Road run through the town, and an Electric Street Railroad to Niles.

Warren is a progressive town, and with the steady march of time one will notice improvements going on of a substantial character, and like its sister city, Painesville, it takes much pride in its streets, residences, lawns, shade trees and sanitary condition, to make it what it is:—one of the nicest and pleasantest towns in Ohio.

Among its pioneers who have passed on were Charles and Henry King, Vangorder, Dr. Harmon, the Quinbys, Perkins, Judge Kinsman, the Ables, Adams, Judge King and Judge Spear. Among the early business men, and

who are still operating, are Smith & McCombs, Mr. Iddings, Mr. Griswold, Anderson & Ralph, Hoyte Brothers, Parks & Wentz, the Smiths, Thomas McClure, Warren Packard and others.

Towns and cities, like nations, are measured by the calibre and intelligence of its people, the outcome of which is to make them strong, prosperous and happy.

CHAPTER CXXI.

THE INDIAN.

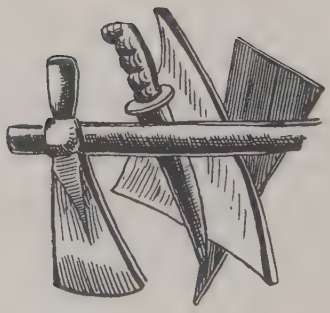
WHILE THE Indian has, at times, overstepped his bounds, Col. Dodge, in his "Thirty Years Among the Indians," says that they have been mistreated and they have been no more in the wrong than has the white man. In an Indian delegation recently at Washington, was the Rev. Charles Cook, a full-blooded Sioux Episcopal minister at Pine Ridge.

It seems that there should be something better in store for poor Lo. He is an ideal of originality, naturally of quick perception and intelligence. Many instances prove that whenever he has set out in the pursuit of knowledge he has succeeded, which should serve as an incentive for the Red man to make a general move in the direction of civilization, agriculture, schools and a right to citizenship in the land he originally preoccupied.

He has named many of our principal rivers, streams and places. He has also named himself after animals, reptiles and the elements, fire, water, thunder and lightning. He has shown us that he could make a nicer bark canoe, moccasin or a bow and arrow and other fancy articles beautifully trimmed with the quill of the porcupine, than can the white man. Also that he is susceptible of improvement in education and can become an eloquent orator, and on more than one field he has proved himself brave in battle. But we freely send our missionaries—

To India's distant land,
To educate her heathen on her coral strand;
Also into China and Japan,
Into the Dark Continent, Afric's burning sand.

We believe that a little more missionary work, moral suasion and square dealing would have a salutary effect in our Indian Territory and thereby save powder and ball, cutlass and grape shot; and much more, the lives of many brave soldiers.



CHAPTER CXXII.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

JOSEPH BENNETT came to Kingsville in 1803, and he and a Mr. Harrington, who came about the same time, were two of the early settlers of Kingsville Township, O. Mr. Bennett married at quite an early age, and when Zalmon Bennett, his eldest son (former husband of Mrs. Merritt, who now lives on the old homestead), was a child ten months old, an old Indian was discovered to be lurking around the neighborhood and who managed to call at the dwellings of Bennett and Harrington when the men were not about the house. The audacity and demands of this old Indian in ordering meals, etc., had become oppressive and unbearable. One day he called at Bennett's house and took the young child Zalmon by the hair of the head with one hand and drew his hunting knife with the other and brandished it over the child's head, indicative of the manner of scalping it. Mrs. Bennett was horrified at the sight, and with womanly wit ran to the door and exclaimed, "Mr. Bennett is coming," and the Indian fled from the house. Soon afterwards Mr. Bennett and Mr. Harrington took their rifles and went out hunting, and when near Panther Creek they espied the old Indian crossing the stream on a log. Soon after the Indian's body was found under the log with two bullet holes through it. Mr. Bennett said that probably the old Indian fell on that log and stuck a couple of knot holes through him.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

INDIAN CHIEFS.

MONG the number of Indian chiefs first known by the early settlers of Western Pennsylvania were Half Town, Logan, Stinking Fish, Cheat, Twenty Canoes, Laughing Thief and Surly Bear. These chiefs, with their tribes, roamed about the Allegheny and Venango Rivers, and the sites of Franklin and Meadville were their headquarters for many years. Later, other prominent chiefs were conspicuous in battle—Tecumseh, Pocahontas, Black Hawk and others, in different parts of the country.

The Indian, however, still seems to be very tenacious and venerative in preserving their dandy names for their leaders, which, no doubt, have an ideal meaning,

> Which, if we had an idea of their "whim,"
> We might understand their synonym.

Among the names of Sioux chiefs who recently went to talk with President Harrison at Washington, were Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, American Horse, Little Wound, Big Road, Spotted Elk, Fast Thunder, Spotted Horse, Fire Lightning and He Dog. The hostile Brules were represented by Two Strike, High Pipe and High Hawk. He Dog was the special representative of Red Cloud. Big Road was third in command at the Custer massacre.

They recently had a battle, and many of their number fell, including women who were shamefully slain at the Pine Ridge onslaught, with a comparatively light loss of the regular government troops.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND is situated about midway on the southern coast of Lake Erie, and is perhaps more akin to Chicago than any other city in America, in its rapid growth to a city of 250,000 inhabitants, and of its great commercial importance, and comprising all kinds of large, extensive manufactories.

Cleveland and Chicago—the greatest cities on the great chain of lakes, though much younger than Buffalo and Detroit. And we predict that Chicago is to be the second city of our Union, and that Cleveland will be about the sixth city in size.

Chicago is situated at the head of Lake Michigan, and is the headquarters of the Great West, which will naturally boom her on, and forever give her an impetus that neither New Englanders or New Yorkers can manipulate.

Cleveland, the beautiful Forest City, is already a large city of great commerce, and comprises the elements to continue to hold her own in the great American strides for supremacy.

Time changes all things, and especially the growth of many of our American cities. In 1840 the writer, accompanied by his mother and cousin, R. H. Sargent, a young lad a couple of years older than himself, started for Cleveland to visit relatives. Two days was the time

required to make the journey with horse and buggy from Spring, Crawford County, Pa., to Cleveland. We enjoyed our journey much, and everything went smoothly until we reached the old float bridge that crossed the Cuyahoga River, when as the wheels struck the bridge from the edge of the bank a sudden drop down broke the fore axletree of the buggy, leaving us in a bad predicament, as the roadway of the bridge lay several inches under water. There were side planks on each side of the bridge for pedestrians to walk on. The river was full of vessels, and some gallant sailors came to our rescue with ropes and scantling and lashed up and stayed the broken axletree. We then pursued our journey on foot to the top of the hill to the residence of Albert Powell, the manufacturer of axes and edge tools on the Island, whose residence was our destination.

The west side, then called Ohio City, was a small village. Pearl, Kentucky, Franklin and Detroit Streets were then commons. The cows with their ding dong bells on were everywhere grazing with impunity, with full stomachs from the succulent grasses of Ohio City.

The young nimrod was out with fowling piece, shooting away at the English black birds in the trees and at the rabbits in the thicket of underbrush, and the lady of the house would say at evening, "Come, boys, it's time now to drive up the cows from the commons," where now stands the great city of Cleveland, west side. The Ohio Exchange and A. Powell's axe and edge tool shop were the two principal buildings then on the west side flats, and a few stores and a comparatively small business done upon the west side hill. To-day there is great change. Cleveland, east side, was larger, but only a village of a few thousand inhabitants

and only one old float bridge on which to cross and re-cross the river from the east to west side at same point, over which is now constructed the magnificent viaduct, costing several millions of dollars.

Many other nice iron bridges span the Cuyahoga at different points above and below the viaduct and the site of the old lone float bridge. The changes and improvements that one would notice since 1840 up and down the river, its hillsides and valleys, and everywhere for miles around, on the west side to Rocky River, and on the east side out to Lake View Park, are most grand and wonderful to behold, demonstrating that the Clevelander is bound at any rate to have the finest city in the State, populated by the New Englander and the Old Englander, the Jew and the Gentile, the Teuton and the Hibernian, and most all natives of the globe, pegging away, pursuing all the trades and representing nearly all kinds of manufacturing. Therefore, I see nothing to retard the steady growth of Cleveland.

Cleveland and Chicago alike have the consolation of knowing that, when they can get no more nice farms to cut into lots on which to build, they can drive pegs out in the lake and build thereon and have plenty of drinking and bath water, duck and goose ponds.

A drive up Superior Street and out Euclid Avenue to Lake View, tells the visitor and impresses the stranger that there is something there—wealth and grandeur.

We have not the time nor space herein to attempt a description of Cleveland, its early settlers, its prominent business enterprises, etc. Suffice it to say that Cleveland is full of promises and destined to a great future, with few superiors and few equals on the Continent.

CHAPTER CXXV.

YOUNGSTOWN.

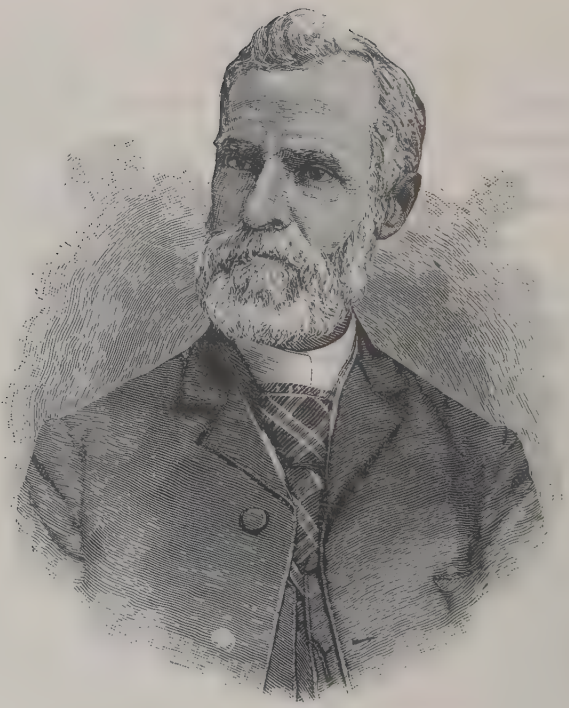
OUNGSTOWN is located in Mahoning County, Ohio, on the Mahoning River, and is beautifully situated on its flats and hillsides, containing a population of 40,000 inhabitants. It is the busiest and loveliest town in Northeastern Ohio, and more men get into line in the bucket brigade than in any other city of its size in the State. Its iron plants are the largest and manufacture more iron than any other city in Ohio. This we may look for when its citizens are among the progressive and wide-awake class, losing no opportunity to foster and advance the business interests of their vigorous and growing city.

We think Youngstown will continue to grow and prosper, notwithstanding it is claimed that the iron interests of the Mahoning and Shenango Valleys will be materially weakened by the growing iron business of Tennessee and Alabama, there being concentrated all the material for its manufacture.

The great iron and coal fields of Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama having lain dormant through the period of slavery, soon after the War of the Rebellion northern capital and manufacturers began to look southward for investment, and now in the line of iron making Greek meets Greek. But while the iron manufacturer of the south has

his material concentrated, the northern manufacturer as yet turns out the best quality of iron; while Vanderbilt & Co. have recently purchased several million dollars' worth of iron lands in the Lake Superior region, from which they can mine in a future day, if necessary, to ship on to their immense dockage which they are at present engaged in building at Ashtabula Harbor, thence to be re-shipped over their southern branch of the Lake Shore Railroad to the iron mills of the Mahoning, Shenango and Allegheny Valleys.

The other railway king, Jay Gould, having recently bought the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pittsburg & Fairport Railways, he, too, may water his iron horses in Lake Erie, and we apprehend that he will gobble a few million dollars of iron-ore lands in the northwest as a future feeder for his recent railway purchase, which also runs down the Mahoning and Shenango Valley iron mill region. With the immense outlay of capital invested in iron plants in Youngstown and vicinity, its operators may feel sure, while they manufacture a superior grade of iron, that they can light their fires with good results for at least the coming decade. The growing demands for iron, the increasing facilities for transporting the raw material, augurs well for Youngstown, enabling her to surmount adverse seasons or periods of panic, and continue to grow and thrive for time to come.



CURTIS GODDARD, ASHTABULA, O.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

CURTIS GODDARD.

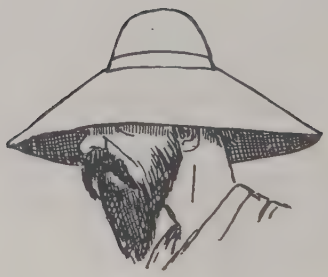
BIRTH—BOYHOOD—MANUFACTURER—REMOVAL TO ASHTABULA.

CURTIS GODDARD was born in Granby, Connecticut, July 22, 1823. While in his infancy his parents, Joab and Martha Goddard, removed to the Western Reserve, Ohio, then called the Far West, and settled in Winsor, Ashtabula County. This journey was made with an ox team, which took 26 days, and was said to be the quickest time on record (from Connecticut to Ohio) made by horned horses. The family remained in Winsor about one year and removed to Deerfield, Portage County; lived there five years, then removed to Eddenburg, same county, where he lived his boyhood and youthful days, starting in the woods living a pioneer life.

Presently young Goddard began to develop his New England Yankee inventive proclivities, not in wooden clocks nor nutmegs, but in bed rail knobs, clothes pins and such, when at length he got out an improved corn sheller, of which he manufactured and sold many thousands at Alliance, Ohio, and it proved a lucrative venture. About a year ago he revolved into the Revolving Book and Show Case business and revolved around to Ashtabula, where he has fitted up the spacious bolt and shaft works, he having purchased this valuable property, also the Ellis property on West Street, preparatory to manufacturing revolving book and show cases.

About these show cases, need not take you long to solve,
For you'll see they are useful beauties as they revolve;
And will readily sell most everywhere,
Being more useful and nicer than the revolving chair.

So send along your order, which will be promptly filled,
Made from best material, by workmen skilled;
Or call into my office, No. 7, Ann Street,
And examine goods and prices, hard to beat.



CHAPTER CXXVII.

THE PRIVATIONS OF EARLY SETTLERS.

THE PRIVATIONS of the early settlers were on every hand. As late as 1825–30 grist mills were scarce, and none but water mills. In Crawford County the Powers mill at Powerstown and one at Venango, ten miles above Meadville on French Creek, were the only mills within a distance of eighteen miles. There came a drouth, and no grists could be ground at the Powers mill. At the old block house on the hill, in Spring township, in which resided the family of Capt. Phineas Sargent, it was discovered that a fresh supply of bread timber was required. The grist mill at Venango or the one at Conneaut, Ohio, must be visited.

The road to the former was not as good as was the road to the latter place, therefore the grist of corn and wheat was loaded on to an ox team wagon, and with the boy Alfred Sargent as teamster, steersman and conductor, set out early one morning for Conneaut, Ohio, to get that grist ground, expecting to make the trip in two days. A part of the way the roadway was of corduroy to hold up the ox from sinking out of sight in a blue clay pit or a quicksand maelstrom. With good luck on the way out, he arrived at Conneaut before night, and found to his dismay that there were so many grists ahead of his that no grind-

ing could be done for him that week. He, therefore, turned about and reached Lexington about midnight, when one of the oxen got his foot fast in the corduroy. The ox's foot had slipped down over the hoof between the two poles, and with the aid of the teamster could not be extricated. He slipped off the ox-bow from the animal and moved the other to the roadside. He cried out for help, when Medad Pomeroy came to his assistance; the corduroy was torn up and the ox released, in a very lame condition. The oxen were turned into a field of good grass, where for the remainder of the night they fared as sumptuously as did Nebuchadnezzar. The young teamster was invited indoors to partake of the hospitalities of the generous pioneer.

The next day he arrived home with a lame ox which had to go to grass for three weeks. The neighbors chipped in and secured a team of horses, and with a wagon loaded he started for Venango, where in a couple of days he got the grist ground.

It was a rule in those days with the people on all occasions to aid each other and to confide in each other. That was what made them happy and strong. That gave us our American Independence. True, the pioneer woman could not don her morning dress and at 10 A. M. rehabilitate, and again in the evening; and Mrs. Smith could not make her daily rounds in calling on Mrs. Jones, Brown and Robinson and chat with that broad affectation and superfluous emphasis as she does to-day—

> But simply spoke the honest accents of the will;
> And I am of the same opinion still,
> That this unnatural conversational strain
> Is calculated to give you a pain.
> Let's away from unnatural affectations stoutly steer
> And cherish the axioms of the woman pioneer.

CHAPTER CXXVIII.

THE RAILROAD BRAKEMAN.

IN ALL business pursuits every department must have its operators. Upon the sea there is the captain, mates, steward, engineers, wheelmen, the watchman, common sailor and the roustabout. Upon the rail is the engineer, conductor, fireman and the brakeman. But we notice through all the different branches of industry there is no occupation so hazardous as the railroad freight brakeman, to which the casualities, the maiming for life of many of our stalwart young men too often attest.

As he glides o'er hill and valley through the land,
He takes his precious life in hand;
At his brakes through sunshine and storm,
Through blackened night, to the coming morn.

Through blasting winds, rain in torrents pour,
As he hustles over the cars of coal and iron ore;
His train comes thundering down Plymouth or Munson Hill,
The engineer whistles loud and shrill.

One, two, for down brakes,
Which the brakeman quickly undertakes
To check the motion of the flying train,
As it goes rattling down the plane;
Something is wrong, it is too late,
The train is running at a fearful rate.

A link or drawhead broke, his train is in twain,
But the brakeman at his post remains;
The danger of the wreck he bravely doth defy,
To jump from the train is but to die.

On the P. Y. & A. or the Franklin Branch,
You would say "might as well chase a western avalanche;"
A hazardous business, you can only make it,
Whatever way you please to take it.

The train is derailed, the cars careen,
A more heroic act ne'er was seen;
He jumps from his train as a last resort
To save his life, at whatever cost.

Reader if you think that a railroad brakeman has a soft snap just try it once.

CHAPTER CXXIX.

THE ASHTABULA STRIKE.

N THE 8th day of May, 1891, about 800 dock laborers at Ashtabula Harbor went out on a strike, and accordingly formed in line of march to demonstrate their strength and their grievance.

A dozen Italians were at the head of the procession as they marched up Thayer hill, bearing the American flag, followed by Americans, Hibernians, Italians, Swedes, Finlanders, Hollanders, Portuguese, Slavonians, Bohemians and Norwegians, they marched, with various instruments of music, representing a formidable body of men.

It appears that some of the Finns were loth to go out, and some of them, after the strike was declared, commenced to load some cars with ore, but were promptly stopped by the strikers.

The ore traffic had not opened as early that Spring as usual, consequently there were but two boats in port to be unloaded and be caught in the strike, and as soon as the vessel men found that they could not discharge their cargoes, sailed for other ports.

It appears that the demands of the strikers were not without just claims for grievance. The year previous dock proprietors received from vessel owners 18 cents per ton for unloading ore from the vessels—and they paid the dock laborers 10 cents per ton for doing the work of unloading.

The engineers, or hoisters, were cut from $60 to $55 per month, and $3.50 per Sunday or a night.

The dock laborers got 18 cents per hour Sunday or night work, but they were cut to 15 cents per hour for extra work and 9 cents per ton for unloading versels.

Years ago the dock owners had 16 cents a ton from the vessel men, and paid the laborers 10 cents, and when they got 18 cents per ton they were not willing to advance or share it with the laborers or dock men.

They also paid the wall builders and day men $1.75 per day; they cut them to $1.50 and required 12 hours for a day's work. Hence the strike.

In view of the facts and circumstances precipitating the strike, it is not meet to say that the strikers were reckless and foolish and in the blame, as it would be unAmerican not to contend for right and justice.

These dock laborers were engaged in the hardest kind of manual labor, and thereby earning every cent they got. When they cut them it struck deep, and they had no other weapon to use but to strike in retaliation, with the hope thereby to receive a fair adjustment of their grievance.

The humane American individual is filled with unpleasant forebodings in witnessing a spectacle of this kind. In dark England, where, by the hand of iron rule, millions of paupers are created, they are eking out a miserable existence to-day. Is this sort of epidemic coming across the waters to pollute the soil of America? God forbid!

In our boasted free land of America, with her broad fertile domain, we hope not to see her wheels of commerce blocked in every curve and grade, along our great commercial avenues.

Strikes are generally productive of no good, but are pernicious and disastrous generally to the capitalist and the laborer.

Bygone scenes effected through "strikes" should afford a lesson and a warning to the employer and the employe for all time to come "to dodge the strike as you would a mad dog."

The strike having continued over a month and no terms of settlement having been accomplished, the agents of the ore companies appointed a meeting, which took place at the Town Hall, Ashtabula, June 9, 1891. The Lake Shore Company made up a train of 11 cars, which were packed full of brawny hard-handed men. As they marched in procession from the Lake Shore Depot it was estimated that 1,000 men were in the ranks.

Mr. Mather, of the firm of Pickands & Mather, one of the largest ore handling firms, took the platform. He expressed his surprise at the action of the men after hearing the circumstances, and explained that owing to the low price of ore, the cost of handling had to be reduced. The vessel-owners had forced the companies to handle the ore for two cents per ton less than the year previous. It was then 18 cents, and now all they would give was 16. They shared the reduction with the men.

He promised them that as soon as times got better and they could get the old price, they would share it with the men. He asked them to accept this promise and go to work; if not, he was authorized to say, in behalf of all the dock interests, that they would submit the matter to arbitration, the companies choosing a man, the men another, and those two a third, all agreeing to abide by the result, the men to go to work pending the arbitration. If the men refused to accept this offer, the companies would be compelled, against their wishes, to bring in new men, and fight it out on that line.

Mark Hanna was the next speaker. He said he could answer for all the ore interests on the Pittsburg, Youngstown & Ashtabula side. He endorsed all that Mr. Mather said. He thought there would be no trouble to find arbitrators that would be acceptable to both sides. He urged the men to accept the proposition and said the companies wanted to be fair, and above all didn't want to see men that worked for them crowded out; but if they were forced to put in new men, they would stay and be protected. He urged them to carefully consider before answering, and said if the men were not ready to answer then they could answer to the agents of the company at the dock offices the next morning.

M. H. Taylor, Vice President of the Youghiogheny Coal and Ore Company, in substance said the same, after which Mr. Hanna said the companies had made all the propositions they wanted to and would retire, leaving the meeting in the hands of the men.

There was some confusion as the ten or twelve representatives of the dock companies filed from the hall, a good many of the men hissing. One individual repeatedly interrupted the speaker, and once Mr. Hanna lost patience and said, "I'm not talking to you, sir."

After the withdrawal of the representatives of the companies an engineer stood up and asked the men what their answer was. "It is 10 cents or nothing," with a yell that shook the windows, the men unanimously shouted. "Ten cents or nothing," and so the war was continued.

For five weeks the business at Ashtabula Harbor was paralyzed, and it is estimated that during this time over $4,000 of a daily circulating medium was blocked.

Finally on Saturday, June 13, the men notified the companies that they would go to work at 9½ cents, with a promise of a raise when the price of ore advanced, which the companies accepted and ordered the men to go to work Monday morning, June 15.

Again the wheels of commerce were set in motion at the Harbor, the ore and coal traffic became red-hot, and thus closed one of the largest, most determined, persistent strikes ever experienced on the chain of lakes.

CHAPTER CXXX.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

THE RECENT strikes at Ashtabula Harbor and Cleveland demonstrate that labor, as well as capital, has a market value. While the one cannot exist without the other, we are constrained to believe that the one is a factor of as much importance as the other, and demand an impartial recognition at the hands of the law abiding intelligent citizens, and from our legislative bodies as well. The laboring man in European countries had a long struggle to ascend to a plane higher than a slave or an ox; their price was fixed; they were yoked in or harnessed up, and they had to go along. Time, and a greater degree of intelligence among the working classes finally wrought a change and a labor organization was formed, which the reader has long been familiar with its ebb and flow, in Europe and later in America.

Labor has had, for years past and now, a heavy dead weight with which to contend: a constant influx of foreign emigration; many thousands of foreign laborers yearly, bums, thugs, thieves and paupers, are dumped onto our American shores. Except of the sober, working element, what good are they? The records of our almshouses, lockups and prisons tell the story. There should be some wise legislation, some change of law on this exodus matter, or else in a few coming decades America can count her paupers, like England, by the millions.

A higher standard of civility and education must be the safeguard of the working man of America. Know

thyself; let us cultivate the brain as well as the muscle, that we may be able to cope, confer and win respect from our employers or superiors.

Capital must have labor for the advance guard and skirmisher, to clear away the thorns and thistles, to plant his batteries; then he must have labor to man the guns. Then let us be cool, temperate and wise, and make our position count. Make no unreasonable demands on capital; let your cause for grievance be calmly, firmly and wisely presented; when of no avail, resist in like good manner.

The same canopy floats over our head,
The same waters roll to bathe our weary feet.

For a time, if we leave off about where we begun,
And have not played the card that won,
Fellow worker don't be discouraged with your lot,
For there is always plenty of room at the top.

Keep your eye on the American gun,
Look at England and see what she has done;
Five millions of paupers created in her land;
Americans, resist the like on every hand.

CHAPTER CXXXI.

DO YOU EVER THINK?

DO YOU ever think as the hearse drives by,
That it won't be long till you and I
Will both ride out in the big plumed hack,
And we'll never, never, never, ride back?

Do you ever think as you strive for gold,
That a dead man's hand can't a dollar hold;
We may tug and toil and pinch and save,
And we'll lose it all when we reach the grave?

Do you ever think, as you closely clasp
Your bag of gold with a firmer grasp,
If the hungry hearts of the world were fed,
It might bring peace to your dying bed?

LIFE'S SEVEN STAGES.

Only a Baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.
Only a Child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.
Only a Boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by a sterner rule.
Only a Youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.
Only a Man,
Battling with life,
Shared in now by a loving wife.
Only a Father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark brown hair.
Only a Graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.
Only a Mound,
Oe'r grown with grass,
Dreams unrealized---Rest at last.

Underwriter.

CHAPTER CXXXII.

EARLY SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE GRAPE VINE SWING.

IT WAS on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, away back in October, 1822, the young people of both sexes comprising the Sargents, Sturtevants, Powells, Wells and Woodards, sallied forth through the wood two or three miles away to the Anderson lot, an old clearing of a few acres, which was surrounded by a dense forest, where they found an abundance of wild grape vines three to five inches in diameter towering to the top of of the highest forest trees, which all along up its branches were loaded with grapes. It was soon after a few sharp frost and these wild grapes were delicious.

After a sumptuous feast of the grapes, the flavor of which far surpasses that of the tame grape, they selected two of the largest vines, cut off the lower ends, bored an auger hole through them about three feet from the ground and securely connected them with a good seat, making as grand a swing for a fellow and his girl as ever swung, the top of which firmly secured 75 to 100 feet heavenward, in the tree tops, interwoven by a thousand chords of viny network, safely suspending the long flying trapese in its semi-circular movements of 50 to 75 feet, so that it was quite necessary for the swingers to embrace the grape vine with one arm and their partners with the other.

First into the towering tree tops the boys did climb
With ease and agility, all in their prime,
To pluck the wild and luscious grape
Which the boys and girls freely did partake.

Then into the grape vine swing through space did whirl,
Beside him sat his rosy-cheek girl;
To and fro, grandly swinging,
Happily and merrily singing.

With one arm around the grape vine he clung,
The other around his darling as they swung.
A heaven on earth they experienced there,
Majestically swinging through mid-air.

Since the morning of creation
Never has been invented by any nation
A swing so grand, so safely entwined,
As the stately wild grape vine.

CHAPTER CXXXIII.

THE BLIND MAN EVERETT.

HE SUBJECT of this sketch was born in Vermont in 1802. Some years later he removed to Ripley, Chautauqua County, N. Y., where he built a grist mill and ran the same for some years. Afterwards he removed to Summer Hill, Crawford County, Pa., and engaged in the manufacture of capstan bars. Later he removed to Wells' Mills, Spring Township, and there engaged to run a grist mill and saw mill, which he attended to most wonderfully, as he had been blind ever since he was six years old. Mr. Everett raised a family of eight children, and died at the age of 70 years.

Mr. Everett was a good cabinetmaker, cooper, millwright, wood turner and sawyer. On one occasion Alfred Sargent, father of the writer, took a nice piece of second-growth white ash timber to him to have a neck yoke made. Mr Everett examined the timber and pronounced it all right, from which he said he would make a good neck yoke, and he did; he turned out a dandy one.

About this time the Erie & Pittsburg Railroad was built and ran by Mr Everett's place of business, which was at Wells' Grist and Saw Mills, Spring, Crawford County, Pa., and as the cars stopped at Wells' one dark night a couple of ladies peered out of the car windows into the darkness. Within 40 feet of them they heard the music of

an upright saw dancing through the knots of a big hemlock "saw-log," and all was as dark as Egypt. The saw is through the log; they hear the clinker of the crowbar; already the saw is set for another inch board; the water gate hoisted, the saw again dances forward 16 feet and another board drops, darkness still brooding o'er the scene. The ladies exclaimed, "What in the world is that?" "A saw mill running away alone in the dark," said the second. A gentleman sitting near by said, "No, ladies; there is a sawyer there, the old man Everett, blind as a bat, and he saws as good lumber in the dark as if he had a dozen lanterns lighted; it's all the same to him." The mystery was explained.

Mr. Everett would saw as good lumber as any man; get as much out of a log; grind your grist as well; toll it as honestly; repair the saw or grist mill, make you a secretary or wardrobe, or a nice bracket or piece of furniture, or a nice black walnut casket to lay away a departed soul in the tomb, as nicely as any man who had two good eyes and wore a pair of double concavo-convex Dutch spectacles.

Then is not Mr. Martin Everett to be credited with performing something quite wonderful and miraculous? This should afford a lesson to mankind of what can be accomplished by will power and a thorough cultivation of the senses.

CHAPTER CXXXIV.

AN INTERESTING CORPSE.

N THE 28th of August, 1884, Mr. John H. Gately, of Oswego, N. Y., effected an insurance in the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association for $2.000. On the 21st of July, 1890, a body was found floating in the Erie Canal, near Syracuse, which was taken to the morgue, where it was left in the custody of the well known undertaker, Mr. John McCarthy. Gately, the party insured, having previously disappeared, his brother, with other citizens of Syracuse visited the morgue, and after carefully viewing the corpse, positively declared that it was not the body of his missing brother. After the usual exhibition of the remains they were buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, at the expense of the municipality.

Mrs. Gately, who was the beneficiary under the policy of insurance, and who in the absence of her husband had kept up payment of the premiums thereon, was determined that the corpse recovered from the canal was none other than the body of her own dear John, with whom, unfortunately, she had not lived for several years. But her much-mourned-for husband was of more account to her dead than alive. She had $2,000 of stock in his cold clay which she desired to capture as a balm to her laceratad feelings. So she would insist that John's light had gone out in Lighton's Lock on the Erie, and that she was a veritable widow. To remove all possible doubt, her husband's relatives arranged

that she should go with them to Syracuse where the body would be exhumed and all could view it together.

Mrs. Gately, however, failed to put in an appearance, but two days thereafter, accompanied by a Mr. Kennyon, she caused the body to be raised, and amid tears that welled out into a black bordered handkerchief, both she and her friend identified it as the body of her husband. To make assurance doubly sure, on the 30th day of July, at the request of Mrs. Gately, her son-in-law, Mr. Lyman Mason, with Mr. E. W. Kennyon, Mr. Morris Conners and Mr. John Keefe, all of Oswego, went over to Syracuse and had the body again taken up, which all identified as that of John H. Gately, declaring that the marks described by Mrs. Gately as being marks on her husband's body were found on the body buried at Syracuse. The evidence was deemed conclusive, at least so far as Mrs. Gately was concerned, and she lost no time in forwarding notice of the death of her husband to the Association from the funds of which she hoped to replenish her exchequer to the extent of the insurance claimed. The usual blank forms for proof of death were immediately forwarded for execution, to which Mrs. Gately's attorney responded as follows:

LAW OFFICE 6 AND 7 GRANT BLOCK,
OSWEGO, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1890.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York City:

GENTLEMEN: John H. Gately, who was insured under your policy of insurance 23254, is dead, as you already know. He was drowned in the Erie Canal at Syracuse, N. Y. In making up the proofs of his death we cannot furnish you any physicians or clergyman's affidavit, nor do I think we can furnish you with affidavit of undertaker, except on information and belief, as the undertaker did not know deceased. There

was no inquest held. Will you please send me instructions as to what kind of proofs of death will be satisfactory under the circumstances, and greatly oblige

Yours, very respectfully,
C. N. BULGER, Att'y for Beneficiary.

While this bold game was being played on the part of the claimant in order to identify the body of the unknown as that of her husband, the officers of the Mutual Reserve were rather suspicious that their insured member was still meandering around somewhere outside the confines of the necropolis. Consequently Mr. E. W. Thomas, the special agent of the Association, bethought himself of the propriety of running up to the city on the lake, with the view of ascertaining how matters were. It took him a very short time to take in the situation and tumble on to the alleged defunct absentee, who had all the time been quietly rusticating on a small farm near Syracuse, where he had unconcernedly read the interesting notice of his own demise. An excellent photograph of him was taken so as to establish his identity should he again take it into his head to disappear. Mrs. Gately's would-be husband still lives among the unknown in Woodlawn Cemetery, but whether the quasi widow will renew wifely acquaintance with the lamented original John, for whom she had shed a Niagara of tears, is not yet a matter of history.

CHAPTER CXXXV.

A PIONEER MORTGAGE.

HE BOUGHT in 1665 a farm of stumps and stones,
His name was God-be-glorified, his surname it was Jones,
He put a mortgage on the farm, and then in conscious pride,
In twenty years I'll pay it up, said God-be-glorified.

The mortgage had a hungry maw, that swallowed corn and wheat,
He toiled with patience night and day, to let the monster eat;
He slowly worked himself to death, and on the calm hillside,
They laid beyond the monster's reach, God-be-glorified.

And the farm with its encumbrances of mortgages, stumps and stones,
It fell to young Melchizedeck Paul Adoniram Jones;
Melchizedeck was a likely youth, a holy, Godly man,
And he vowed to raise that mortgage, like a noble Puritan.

And he went forth every morning, to the rugged mountain side,
And he dug, as dug before him, poor old God-be-glorified;
He raised pumpkins and potatoes, down the monster's throat to pour,
He gulped them down and smacked his jaws and calmly asked for more.

He worked until his back was bent, until his hair was gray,
On the hill side through a snow drift, they dug his grave one day.
His first born son, Eliphalit, had no time to weep and brood,
For the monster by his doorstep growled perpetually for food.

He fed him on his garden truck, he stuffed his ribs with hay,
And fed him eggs and butter, but he would not go away;
And Eliphalit, he staggered with the burden, and then he died,
And slept with old Melchizedeck and God-be-glorified.

Then the farm it fell to Thomas, and from Thomas fell to John,
Then from John to Elezur, but the mortgage still lived on;
Then it fell to Ralph, Peter, Eli, Absolom and Paul,
Down through the generations, but the mortgage killed them all.

CHAPTER CXXXVI.

THE COURT HOUSE REMOVAL.

THE removal of the Jefferson Court House to Ashtabula,
Is now the all absorbing question, surely;
Last spring the beligerents went to the Columbus Legislature,
To talk about something of this very nature.

Ashtabula desired to get a vote of the people,
To build a new court house with a grand and lofty steeple;
Their forces were arrayed with very good tact,
But the "lever" of the Jeffersonian killed the enabling act.

And there was wafted in the breezes a singular warning,
That Jeffersonian lawyers rise early in the morning;
And before the bill came up for discussion,
A log roller touched it off with one percussion.

And when the smoke of that percussion had cleared away,
'Twas found recorded "killed" (resurrected at some future day);
And the beligerents retired to their quiet homes
To dream of prospective court houses, spires and domes.

Ashtabula being the largest county in the State,
And the old court house not large enough at any rate,
Then came the natural spur, for removal to Ashtabula,
And there build a court house grand and spacious, truly.

Jefferson thought of its intrepid war horses, Giddings and Wade,
Whom in their quiet sepulchers they have laid;
What! remove the capitol? whose bell peeled forth its chime
Oe'r the last sad rites of its heroes requiem.

Jeffersonians and the commissioners went for the county fund.
Already grand improvements have begun;
And the enlarged court house will not be inferior
In grandeur, to many others, on the exterior.

It might be possible to cut Ashtabula County in twain,
For there is territory enough in her domain
To make two counties large as Geauga and Lake,
But this would be unpleasant to undertake.

And now, please allow me to ask,
If removing an old county seat is an easy task?
To move it off its original domain,
Or improve the same and there let it remain.

CHAPTER CXXXVII.

A SAD INCIDENT.

THE FARMER – THE TAVERN KEEPER—A FARM CONSUMED BY WHISKY —REMOVAL—DOWNFALL AND TRIAL OF A YOUNG GIRL—RELEASE —LICENSE TAKEN FROM THE TAVERN KEEPER.

THE FOLLOWING occurred at Meadville, Pa., some years ago: A man who, with his family, resided on his farm in Crawford County, became addicted to the use of liquor. A tavern near by was frequented by the farmer, who in time became an inebriate, as also did his wife. Their liquor bills in time consumed their farm, and their once happy home passed into the hands of the tavern keeper. Then the family repaired to an old dilapidated building to live, and soon fell into the depths of degradation, living a carousal and dissolute life. Mary, their young girl, aged 14 years, became the mother of a child and was turned out of doors by her unnatural parents, with nothing but a blanket to wrap around her babe. Thus driven from home, not knowing where to go, she went to the tavern kept by the landlord who got away her father's farm for whisky, and owed her for husking corn. That night, when it was time for retiring, the tavern keeper made a bed of old clothes in one corner of the bar-room on the floor, on which he told Mary that she and her child could repose until morning, when he wanted her to leave and not come into his house again. That evening a gentleman paid this landlord a $2.50 county order which she noticed he put into a vest pocket which hung on a nail in the wall near her cot, and she thought it would be no harm for her to take that order and buy some clothing for her child, as he had got away her father's farm and refused to pay her for husking corn. When morning came she set out for a lady friend's, ten miles away, poorly clad in snowy weather. On her way she came to a store where she stopped and exchanged that order for goods to make some clothes for her child. She arrived that day at her

friend's house, where she was welcome to stay and make the necessary garments for her child.

When the landlord found she had gone, and the order missing, he got out a warrant, armed the constable, and hunted down the poor girl like a greyhound does a rabbit. From the store he tracked her to the house of her friend, and there attempted to arrest her. The woman of the house told the constable that he could not take her away. He got a posse of men and was going to force an entrance and capture the girl. The brave woman met them at the door with a gourd of hot water, saying, "I will scald every devil of you if you enter my house; you shall not take away the poor girl until she makes some clothes for her child, then I will see that she is at the justice's office." The constable and posse then went away.

True to her promise, she went with Mary to the justice's; a trial was had and Mary was bound over to court; in the absence of bail she was placed in jail to await her trial at the next term of court. The time having come for her trial, with no money or counsel to aid her, the judge requested the Hon. A. B. Richmond to defend her. Mr. Richmond asked to have a consultation with the girl relative to her case, enjoining her to tell him a full history of the case. This done, Mr. Richmond was prepared for battle, and manfully fought for his client. When the tavern keeper was sworn and giving his evidence, he writhed and choked under the sarcasm of the gallant Richmond. The jury could do nothing less than to bring her in guilty, but recommended the mercy of the court. The judge, in his charge, said, "Mary you may go and when I want you I will send for you." Mary then asked the judge if she could have her child. "Yes," said the judge, "and take good care of it." "I will," said Mary. And as she was leaving the court room she turned around and said, "Judge, will you please tell that man not to sell my father and mother any more whisky?" "I will," said the judge, and he told the clerk to make out papers for the tavern keeper to appear in court and show cause why he should not have his license taken from him.

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

NOTED LIFE SWINDLER CAUGHT.

A RECENT dispatch from Prescott, Arizona, says that Under Sheriff McInery had lodged in jail one of the most noted swindlers in the Southwest, James M. Wilson, alias Mathews, alias Holley, alias Madison. Wilson has made a specialty of swindling insurance companies. His first venture was in Arkansas, some years ago, when he blew up a cottage in which he lived. The explosion occurred prematurely and as a result he was severely injured and now wears a silver plate on the top of his head. His supposed body was found in the wreck and buried by the widow, who recovered the amount of his insurance policy. In 1888 he settled in Dona Ana County, New Mexico, with his wife, and immediately took out a life insurance policy for $8,000 in the New York Mutual Insurance Company, and an additional accident policy for $10,000. A few months after receiving the policies a fishing excursion was organized on the Rio Grande and Wilson was reported drowned. A search resulted in finding his supposed body, which was buried. The suspicions of the insurance companies were aroused and an investigation was started, when Wilson's wife and other confederates became alarmed and fled from the country. Large rewards were offered for his arrest, and some of the best detectives in the country started in search of him.

During a recent visit to Jerome, Under Sheriff McInery identified Wilson there and made the arrest. Wilson admits his identity, but asserts that he fell out of the boat into the Rio Grande accidentally and floated a long distance down the stream before reaching the shore. Having previously had a quarrel with his wife he thought it would be a good way to avenge himself by pretending to have been drowned. When found he was living in a gulch some distance from camp.

CHAPTER CXXXIX.

THE SHENANGO RAILROAD.

THIS ROAD opens up extensive bituminous coal fields in Mercer and Butler Counties, Pa., and runs a good portion of its way on the old tow path of the Erie & Pittsburg Canal and taps the Nickel Plate about one mile east of Girard, and affords an easy, cheap grade and a good investment for its progenitors, Messrs. Dick, Huidekoper & Co., of Meadville, Pa. This road will be something of a competitor to the E. & P. Railroad in the coal and passenger traffic, also a great factor to the commerce of the beautiful and rich Shenango valley for time to come.

The famous bituminous block coal is found on the east and west sides of the Shenango and in the vicinity of the Mahoning valleys, Mercer and Lawrence Counties, Pa., and Mahoning County, O. The pioneer operators or coal producers were: C. G. Carver, Sharon; Messrs. Joy, Fruit, Scott & Rankin, Clarksville; Gen. Jas. Pierce, Sharpsville; M. C. Trout and others, Middlesex, Pa.; Messrs. Powers, Andrews, Hitchcock and others, Youngstown, Hubbard and vicinity.

The section of country contiguous to the Shenango and Mahoning valleys has produced some of the best quality of bituminous block coal yet mined in America. A coal that will bear shipment and sell readily in any market in the world; containing but little sulphur, comparatively clean to handle, would burn to white ashes and could be split, with the grain, into flakes or slabs and burn free as wood, yet adhesive and would not break up in shipping like other brands of coal; hence its commercial value. Block coal is not found in such vast quantities as other brands of coal, such as is extensively found in Butler

County, Pa. There is, however, a fine quality of block coal underlying the Cox farm, situate about eight miles northeast of New Castle, Lawrence County, Pa., on the Younstown road. A shaft was first sunk by the Cox Brothers in a sag or sunken spot on the farm near the south side, to a depth of about 12 feet, when a nice vein of block coal three feet thick was found, then a strata of fire clay 12 or 15 inches thick separated the upper from a lower vein about three and one half feet thick. Large blocks of excellent quality of coal was taken from this shaft. Eastward from this shaft the land gradually rose considerably higher, with every indication that these veins of coal would continue to exist as found at the shaft under the entire 100 acres.

This property was leased by the writer in 1861. Thereafter C. G. Carver, the pioneer coal operator, of Sharon, purchased an interest in said lease and drilling was commenced in different places on the farm to depths ranging from 45 to 65 feet. We found the veins of coal to be but two to two and one-half feet in thickness and the strata of fire clay separating the two coal veins to be from three to five feet in thickness. There being two miles of railroad to build to transport the coal to the Erie & Pittsburg Canal, it was thought best to abandon the enterprise.

Coal operators and miners are well aware that strange freaks exist in block coal fields. Mr. Carver related an incident he experienced while operating his famous coal mine at Sharon in 1840–50. All at once the entry driver struck what is called a "horse back," which is a hard substance almost impenetrable; $2,000 was expended in driving through this horse back and the coal was found to be of a very different quality, containing much more sulphur, more seamy and would not bear shipment to distant markets. Only at the home market could he use it. Thus ended the famous Carver Mine.

Thus it is not in your kaleidoscope, nor in mine,
Nature's law and treasures to define;
And if you will allow me so to speak,
There exists in nature many a strange freak.

CHAPTER CXL.

THE ROUND-UP.

THE Montana, Kansas and Texas ranchman makes his yearly round-up, that he may ascertain the condition and value of his stock. The merchant also makes his yearly round-up, or invoice of his stock. The railway, vessel and steamship companies, the telegraph and mining companies, the insurance companies, and in fact all corporate bodies on the face of the earth, make their yearly round-up, that the status of their institution may be known, though generally best known to themselves.

Over four thousand years ago the Lord commanded Noah to make his round-up and take into the Ark people and animals of every living species on earth, that they might be spared to start anew, to propagate and replenish the earth. Things don't come by chance. Laws inexorable and immutable as the Rock of Ages, transcendently

> Come down to yours and mine,
> The hand that made them is divine.

How magnificent and grand the work! Not a particle of matter lost. The steam, smoke and vapor arises, passing off through space, clarifies, and returns to us in other forms. Since the creation of the world on great occasions the hour comes for the round-up of the day.

Nineteen centuries ago Jerusalem had become a great city. The Jews and their king, Pontius Pilate, saw a miraculous Christ, and He must be nailed to the cross. Swift justice, through inexorable law followed in the hands

of an inscrutable Providence. The round-up came. "O, Jerusalem, where art thou!" And thence traveling down the ages the immutable law seems to have been meted out to us without stint or favor, and to man as the instrument has been delegated on the field of relentless strife to make the round-up.

In Young America first by George Washington. The next great part played in the drama was by Abraham Lincoln in 1861–5, and the grand round-up by an heroic army under the command of General Grant.

Ah, says one, this cruel war looks to me like anything but grandeur. Very true, but when it comes with all its horrors upon us, threatening annihilation, and to sever and destroy forever our greatest boon—liberty and union—then a result like that of our American conflict may well be called the grand round-up.

And now, young man, as you start out in life in any honorable pursuit, and there are many in which to engage, when upon your journey you will find different roadways to take in making your round-up—be sure to take the straight road and you are bound to make a grand round-up.

CHAPTER CXLI.

FOSSIL MINES OF THE WEST.

RECENTLY there was started for Washington the most extraordinary procession of animals ever seen on the face of the earth. In this wonderful parade were gigantic reptiles as large as good sized houses, some of them one hundred feet in length; flying dragons with a twenty-five foot spread of wings; huge birds with teeth; mammals two or three times as great in size as elephants; sharks as large as the hughest whales; other fishes clad in mighty plates of armor, and countless specimens more of equal strangeness, and enormous dimensions, such as actually inhabited the world before man arrived in it. For nine years past the government has been digging up and putting together the skeletons of these strange creatures, and now the vast collection stored in New Haven, Conn., has been got ready for shipment by rail to the national museum. The whole of it would occupy one-half of that building.

The business of digging for these fossils is carried on pretty much like any other mining. In various parts of the west there are great deposits of them, into which the scientific enthusiasts eagerly delve for relics of epochs thousands of centuries old. One of these chosen hunting grounds is the region between the Rockies and the Wastch Mountains. Ages ago the upheaval of these hills by the geological action cut off a portion of what had been sea between these ranges from the ocean, and the water thus shut away

formed many big lakes. A typical one of this sort existed in Wyoming and around it the mighty antedeluvian animals gathered in herds to crop the succulent vegetation of what was then a tropical climate in that region.

They died natural deaths or became mired in the mud when they went to drink, and the sediment slowly deposited in the water covered up their bones and preserved them from decay. This sediment reached a mile in thickness, holding between its layers these ancient skeletons distributed like currants through a cake. At length the water draining off left the land dry, and in the case of the Wyoming lake referred to, subsequent floods washed away much of the sediment previously deposited, leaving what are now called "Bad Lands," picturesque with cliffs, peaks and columns, carved out in fantastic shapes and of various coloring. Through such a region as this the scientific explorer travels with his eyes as wide open for fossils as the gold hunter keeps his for the shining metal. If from the face of some rocky cliff he chances to see a bone project, exposed by the action of water that has cut away the hillside, he sets a party of men to quarrying with drill, blast and pickaxe until whatever is there in the way of remains is taken out. Possibly some great deposit of some prehistoric monster may be struck, in which case the find is kept as secret as possible, being regarded by the discoverer as his private mine.

Professor O. C. Marsh, who directed the gathering of the government collection referred to, has such mines of his own all over the west, from which he can draw to order the most astonishing variety of gigantic creatures. He made the remark recently that there was one small valley he knew of where relics of the ancient monsters were so

plentiful that passing through it one day he noticed the skeletons of six of those mighty swimming lizards, each 80 feet in length.

Usually these amazing fossils are found imbedded in rock. After they have been roughly quarried out the sandstone or other matrix enclosing them is carefully chiseled away from the bones. The latter are given a coat of glue, to keep out the decomposing air, and any that are broken or splintered are bound up with twine, after which they are packed for shipment. When one of these beasts of antiquity died, its carcass being covered with sediment that afterwards became stone, the skeleton was apt to be preserved entire and with the parts in position all ready for mounting in a museum.

There was a new reptile found in Wyoming the other day in such a complete state, which was named the Prontosaur. It was 60 feet long and stood 15 feet high when alive, and weighed 20 tons. Cast in the rock from which it was taken was a perfect mould of one of its eye-balls, with which it looked upon the world 3,000,000 years ago. It had a very small head, a long and flexible neck, a short body and a huge tail. In the same neighborhood has also been discovered recently another monster. called the Triceratops, which had an enormous bony frill around the back of its neck. This surprising development, measuring six feet across, was intended for the attachment of great muscles that were necessary in holding up the huge head. The animal, though tremendously massive, was only thirty feet long, but it was covered with plates of armor and had a sharp and horny beak, not to mention a horn on its nose and another on its forehead, the latter two and one-half feet in length.

In Colorado have been found great deposits of the bones of the Tetanosaur, the largest land animal that ever existed. They grew to be forty feet long and sixty feet high when erect upon their hind legs. Instead of browsing, as did the Brontrosaur and Triceratops, upon the luxurious and aquatic vegetation around the lake borders, they fed upon the foliage of trees on the mountain sides. Likewise did the Inguanadon, several times as heavy as an elephant, which had a nipping beak like a turtle's, and also walked erect, using its huge tail for support, and towering to the height of forty or fifty feet. In the Mesozoic epoch, or "Age of Reptiles," when the creature described lived, these and other herbineferous animals were the largest of the beasts. One of these, the Atlantosaur, was 100 feet long, its thigh bones measuring eighty feet in length and twenty-three inches through. They had various ways of pursuing existence. Some went on all fours and had back bones that were mere shells filled with warm air from the lungs, which served them as boats while they walked in the sea shallows in water deep enough to cover their backs, extending their long necks to crop vegetation along the shore. Of this sort was the Camera-Saures, eighty feet in length. Others had enormously long hing legs, on which they were able to wade far out into the ocean after sea weeds, and were provided with not fewer than 2,000 teeth for grinding their food. Such was the mighty kangaroo-like Hadrosaures. Yet other species dwelt on land like the Triceratops, and these were usually provided with armor and horns for defense against their enemies.

It would seem as if such monsters as are above described need have feared no living foes, but in fact they were common prey to great numbers of frightful carniver-

ous reptiles smaller in size but of tremendous activity and fierceness, which fed upon these unwieldy vegetable eating giants.

Most terrific of all, perhaps, was the incredibly ferocious Laelaps, which were twenty-five feet long, stood forty feet high on its hind legs, and was built like a kangaroo. It was the most astonishing jumper that ever existed, with teeth for cutting and sharp claws on the front feet that were evidently designed for tearing out the eyes of victims or adversaries.

Hardly less formidable and equally large was the Stegossaur, which was sheathed in armor plates from two to three feet in width and employed as a weapon of offense its powerful tail armed near the end on both sides with sharp spikes two feet long. This animal walked erect also, and one of its peculiarities was a great enlargement of the spinal cord of the lower end of the back. In fact this expansion of the brain material intended to provide for the wagging of the mighty spiked tail, was ten times as big as the brain in the skull itself.

Equally large and dangerous were the Meyolasaur and the Dinosaur. Their jaws were armed with huge sabre-like teeth, and they went about on their hind legs looking for something to devour. Specimens of all these are included in the collection for permanent exhibition at the National Museum. Of course they represent but a few of the countless species of giant beasts that roamed over the earth in droves during this vanished epoch. They walked upon land, swam the seas, flew through the air, climbed trees, and did everything the mammals do nowadays. There were many kinds of crocodiles 50 feet from snout to tail, whereas the largest ones now are not more than 15 feet. It is supposed that

those strange antedeluvian water fowl were wiped out by the mighty swimming lizards.

The turtles attained a length of 20 feet and measured seven feet in height.

It is not only the age of reptiles, however, that is represented by the unparalleled collection described. Before that came the epoch of the fishes, when they ran the world and had things pretty much to themselves. Of this era the government has gathered together a vast quantity of fossil relics. The face of the earth did not then look at all as it does now. Most of what are now called continents had not been upheaved above the ocean; nearly everywhere was sea, with comparatively small land masses elevated out of it. The atmosphere was hot, moist, and loaded with carbonic acid, so as to be unbearable.

In the ocean swam enormous armored fish, such as the tymisthys, which were fifteen feet long and had such tremendous jaws and teeth and they could have bitten a man in two as easily as you could a radish. Later on came sharks of the fiercest type, which must have been as much as seventy feet in length at least. The biggest tooth of a man eater to-day is about an inch long, while the teeth of the ancient sharks, which are found in enormous numbers, measure more than six inches.

This was the golden age of the scaly tribe. The great reptiles that appeared on the scene in a subsequent epoch were wiped out of existence by the great cataclysm which upheaved the Rocky Mountains, the Alps and the Himalayas and brought to a close the Mesozoic epoch. Then came the age of mammals, at the end of which we are now, man being the last arrival on the scene.

The age of monsters has pretty nearly passed away, only a few remaining like the elephant and the whale. Small animals with plenty of sense will always survive stupid giants in the long run, because they require less food and know better how to avoid danger. Observe in illustration how the doom of extinction has fallen upon the gigantic mammals which roamed over the earth by myriads only so short a time ago, comparatively speaking, as the beginning of the present era called Cenozoic. There was the Dinoceras, which lived in herds about the lakes, as the deposits show, big as an elephant, but in appearance somewhere between the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, with three pairs of horns on its head and huge tusks that fitted into sheaths in the lower jaw. Others might be mentioned.

For years the government has been engaged in excavating their bones, which are now to make part of what is destined to be the greatest zoological show on earth, upon which, in the near future, at the great Columbian Exposition at Chicago, millions of Europeans and Americans will gaze with astonishment.

CHAPTER CXLII.

BIG SALARIES AND INSURANCE.

THE following list of big salaries paid in New York will be interesting. It will be especially interesting to those persons who are scratching gravel quarterly to get money enough together to pay their big premiums in old line insurance companies.

Chauncy M. Depew, President New York Central Railroad, $75,000; Henry B. Hyde, President Equitable Life Assurance Society, $60,000; Richard A. McCurdy, President Mutual Life Insurance Company, $60,000; W. H. Beers, President New York Life Insurance Co., $60,000; Frederick P. Olcott, President Central Trust Co., $60,000; John A. Stewart, President United States Trust Company, $60,000; Richard King, President Union Trust Company. $50,000; James W. Alexander, Vice-President Equitable Life, $40,000; D. O. Heald, President Home Insurance Co., $30,000; John W. Murray, Vice-President German-American Insurance Co., $30,000; R. A. Grannis, Vice-President Mutual Life Insurance Co., $30,000; Henry Tuck, Vice-President New York Life, $30,000; Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, President Mercantile Trust Co., $30,000; Col. W. M. Trenholm, President American Surety Co., $20,000; President Williams, of the Chemical National Bank, $20,000; President Perkins, of the Importers' and Traders' Bank, $20,000.

This list of "high rollers" is confined to New York city. Other territory could be invaded which would include

old line insurance men whose salaries will average up well with those mentioned.

These overgrown salaries mean a great deal of hard scratching on the part of persons insured to keep their premiums paid up. Level premium insurance comes high, particularly when the level is placed at such a high altitude to start with.

No one professes to believe that these high-priced insurance men are paid according to services they render their respective companies. That is not the fact. There are excessive profits in their business, and excessive salaries are necessary to absorb them. Old line insurance might be very much reduced in cost to the insured if this same wanton extravagance did not prevail in every part of it. But there is not likely to be any reform in this direction. These gentlemen have become too accustomed to sleeping on flowery beds of ease. Every officer of the old line insurance company is a Prince Fortunâtus and the public "pays the freight."

CHAPTER CXLIII.

THE INSURANCE AGENT OF THE FUTURE.

"EVER STOP to consider what the insurance agent of the future may be?" An insurance agent addressed this question to a Broadway merchant who had declined to take out a policy and at the same time mildly intimated that insurance agents were not an unmixed blessing. "No," said the merchant, "I have not considered the insurance agent of the future, nor the future of the insurance agent." "I thought not," replied the agent, in his blandest manner. "The fact is, the people now on earth do not know how fortunate they are in regard to insurance agents." "Fortunate in regard to insurance agents! how in thunder do you make that out?" "Easy enough," said the gentlemanly agent. "Here I come to you to-day to insure your life; you don't want any insurance and that is the end of it. But observe, if you please, the tendency of the times. The insurance business is becoming so popular that it is taking on a hundred different phases, and the insurance agent of the future will go equipped to write a policy for a hundred different objects. If you don't want to insure your life he will tackle you for a risk on your growing crops. Refuse that and he will come at you with an accident policy. If you have all the accident insurance you can carry, he will fish up some literature from another pocket and talk burglar insurance to you. If you are willing to carry your own risk on burglars he will meet your refusal with an argument that you ought to take out a policy against breakage by the servant girl.

The merchant began to get interested.

"Perhaps you don't keep a servant," continued the urbane agent. "Very good. We will assume that you keep a dog, and the future agent will expect to insure the dog against hydrophobia or incarceration in the pound. Allowing that hydrophobia has no terrors for you, the agent will offer to insure the dog against fleas."

The merchant looked skeptical.

"True, every word of it," went on the polite and courteous agent, "and the insurance man of the future will do more than that; he will be prepared to offer you indemnity for dog bites, cat bites, snake bites, the bite of bugs, insects or the sting of bees; in brief, the insurance agent of the future will be a composite fiend, a hydra-headed monster; escape him at one point and he will nail you to the cross at another, he will be a Niagara of volubility; a terror astride of a tempest; while I am simply a life insurance agent," and he turned away with a sad and injured air.

"Come back young man," said the merchant, kindly, "Come back and fill out my application blank for $20,000, and accept my humble apology besides." And it was done.

CHAPTER CXLIV.

THE WATERWAYS—THEIR IMPORTANCE—COMMERCIAL VALUE.

HE principal natural inland waterways of North America are the great chain of lakes, the Mississippi, Missouri, Hudson, Ohio, Delaware, Cumberland, Tennessee, James, Potomac, Yucon, Sacramento, the Columbia and the Rio Grand Rivers; the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wabash, the Miami Valley and the Illinois Canals.

These waterways, diversified as they are, coursing through and draining a vast area of country, and floating an immense tonnage are susceptible of a great commercial increase. These waterways are a very important factor in the commerce of our country, and America owes much of her commercial greatness to these natural waterways. Their future worth and usefulness is of incalculable benefit. First, in these waterways those gigantic railway monopoly rings don't exist. If A or B desire to build vessels to plow the lakes or rivers or to run a line of boats on the canal, he can do so for the common benefit, to himself and mankind generally.

Some say the railway is the thing. So it is for passenger and express traffic generally, but the railroad don't always give the best dispatch in the shipment of heavy goods. For instance, a steamboat may load iron at Esca-

naba or Marquette and discharge her load quicker at Lake Erie ports than the railway, and with much cheaper transportation too. Again, A at Chicago wants to ship B 200,000 bushels of wheat to Buffalo; 100,000 bushels he ships at once on board a steamer, and at the same time he orders a train of 200 cars in which to ship the other 100,000 bushels. Before these cars are placed at the elevators and loaded the steamer is loaded and made a good leg toward Buffalo and beats the train, and at a cheaper rate of freight, too. In transportation, like anything else, we can't get all the best things embodied in one system. Hence, our great waterways are fully as essential as our great railways.

And now I will mention two important connections that should be made, which I verily believe will be at no distant day, viz.: A ship canal from Erie to the Ohio River. Also an outlet, by ship canal, from Chicago to the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers and the Gulf of Mexico. The growing business of our country soon will demand that these waterway connections be made. Chicago, the great central city, soon will desire to load ships at her wharves for Europe on a larger scale than it has been wont to do via the Welland Canal through Canada and down the St. Lawrence. It will not be satisfied until it has a better outlet to the Atlantic and to the great sea ports of the world, by water the cheapest line of transportation.

We hope to live to attend the World's Fair at the Garden City (a couple years hence) when we shall expect to see New Yorkers and foreigners alike wonder at Chicago's marvelous growth, and to notice that her parks are as grand, her hotels as spacious, her business blocks as large and high and her future prospects as promising as any city on the globe.

Greeley said "Young man, go west," and he did go west, and that's what's the matter; the great prolific west is full of the best young men of our land, with good bone and sinew, pluck, energy and money, with plenty of room to operate, a healthy atmosphere to breath, among an intelligent and wide awake people, centrally located with Chicago for their headquarters. Give her a ship canal and Chicago will boom the boomers and thus not long remain the second city of the continent.

A ship canal from Lake Erie to the River Ohio
Would suit the Buckeye and Pennymite I know;
However such improvement to be made I think probable,
But it will be from Chicago to the Mississippi River,

Chicago, soon to be the greatest city in our land,
The great fertile west centering in from every hand,
Booming Chicago until she will demand
An outlet for her shipping to Dixie's Land.

Chicago, the chosen site for the great World's Fair,
Where will congregate Johnny Bull and lion in his lair,
Asiatic, Turk, the Hindoo and the Russian bear,
French, Germans, Chinese, Japs and all creation will be there.

And when the people of all creation come together
A scene to be remembered later and forever,
That Chicago's facilities were fully adequate
To feed the world and feather her nest at any rate.

THE SHIP CANAL SURVEYS.

The vast, increasing amount in heavy commodities to be transported, iron, coal, lumber and agricultural products, naturally calls for a ship canal from Chicago to the Mississippi River, and from Lake Erie to the Ohio River.

It has been demonstrated in France and in New York that railroad competition cannot destroy the utility of large canals.

Again, it has been demonstrated that it is not best for any corporation or combined systems to control the commercial traffic of America than it is best for any political or religious faction to hold the reins of our government forever.

Referring to the regions of the interior embraced in the basin of the Mississippi, there are few localities where ship canals are feasible, and fewer still where there is a sufficient traffic of the kind usually transported on canals to warrant their construction. A careful study of the dividing region separating the waters of the Mississippi and the great lakes will disclose the fact that there are but two points where the natural conditions are favorable for the construction of large canals. One of these points is at Chicago, where it is comparatively easy work to make a canal draining the waters of Lake Michigan into the Illinois River.

From the town of Hennepin, on the Illinois, by a series of locks of about 250 feet aggregate lift, it is possible to cross from the Illinois to the Mississippi at Rock Island; this is the Hennepin Canal proper, or annex of the Illinois and Lake Michigan Canal project. Its advocates propose a steamboat, rather than a ship, canal, for it would be not to exceed nine feet in depth, although quite wide and of almost unlimited business capacity. Its western connections would be the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, and it is thought that steamboats would annually gather up in the Northwest and take to Chicago 2,000,000 tons of agricultural produce. A great extent of the country at the western extremity of the canal would have to be gleaned to produce such a traffic. Congress has already made the first appropriation for this project.

The other point where it is possible to obtain practically an unlimited water supply, for canals connecting the lakes and our interior rivers, is the one now in the hands of the Pennsylvania Ship Canal Commission, whose report has been recently made and ordered to be printed by the Legislature, with maps. The length of the proposed canal is only 130.4 miles from Pittsburg to Conneaut Harbor, on Lake Erie. It has been proposed heretofore to enlarge the Miami Canal from Cincinnati to Toledo, and also via the Wabash River to Toledo, and surveys of both routes were authorized by Act of Congress in 1880 of the size of the Erie Canal of New York, viz.: seven feet in depth with double locks 110 feet by 18 feet. The estimated cost of the Wabash Canal enlargement from Toledo to Lafayette City, Ind., 216 miles, was $24,236,135.17. There were fifty-four locks with a total lockage of 448 feet, but as Lafayette is just about 200 feet above the Ohio at the mouth of the Wabash, and fully 250 miles distant, at least twenty-five locks and dams would have been required to extend a permanent seven foot navigation to the Ohio, which would have brought the total cost to at least $35,000,000. The length of the Wabash route is fully 400 miles longer than the Beaver-Conneaut route between the Lake and the Ohio River.

It is not conceivable that a ship canal in such an indirect route would prove of any but local advantage. The principal articles of Ohio River commerce in great demand on the lakes are coke and coal, and this route leaves the river too low down to be of much benefit to such commodities, and but little iron ore trade would be expected in return.

ANOTHER LAKE OUTLET.

The other route from Toledo was via the Miami River to Cincinnati, for the same sized canal with double locks. The elevation of its summit above Lake Erie is 370 feet; descent from the summit to the Ohio 512 feet; total aggregate lockage 882 feet. The estimated cost was $28,557,-173; its length 238 miles. This is probably as large a canal as ever will be built to the lake from Cincinnati. Other small canals have been proposed from Portsmouth to Lorain Harbor, a distance of 274 miles. The Ohio Canal from Portsmouth to Cleveland, 312 miles, is still in operation. On the Lorain route, or cut off, the lockage would have been about 1,069 feet, while on the Cleveland route it is about 1,130 feet, as compared with 750.8 feet on the Beaver route, which route is considerably less than half that of any of those named, and, besides, it possesses advantages in regard to water supply possessed by no other, save that from Chicago, while so far as prospective business is concerned, no rival project in the country can be compared with it.

There remains a possible rival to the Beaver-Conneaut route. We refer now to the route from the Beaver River below New Castle via. the Mahoning River and Warren Summit to Fairport Harbor, on Lake Erie. The report of the Pennsylvania Ship Canal Commission discusses its merits, and although the summit, near Warren, is about eighty feet lower than that on the adopted route, the canal would be from twelve to fifteen miles longer than the latter. The chief objection urged against it is the difficulty of supplying its summit level in volume sufficient for a ship canal by means of feeders or conduits extending from within the limits of this State, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles from Conneaut Lake, one of the chief reser-

voirs proposed for the Beaver-Conneaut route, and from which it is distant about twelve miles. To do this on the Warren route would effectually drain the head waters of Shenango, which would forbid therefore any branch canal from the mouth of the Mahoning up the Shenango to New Castle, Sharon and Sharpsville, in which places there are now two blast furnaces, numerous rolling mills, etc., whereas the Beaver-Shenango-Conneaut route leaves the water intact for the supply of a branch canal to Youngstown, and which branch would undoubtedly be built.

As designed, the canal from Pittsburg to Lake Erie will have a bottom width of 100 feet and at the surface 152 feet, and 15 feet depth of water; locks 300 feet long by 45 feet wide; the summit level will be 20 miles long. This long summit level is one of the characteristic features of the project; of itself it would be a very effective reservoir in maintaining the equilibrium of depth about the summit. The route is nearly on an air line from Pittsburg. The distance is 130.4 miles, of which 52 miles, in the Beaver and Shenango Rivers, nature has provided, so that only 80 miles of full canal construction is required. The greater part of the excavation can be accomplished by dredging and excavating machines. Thus the Beaver-Shenango-Conneaut route furnishes the shortest route, the longest summit level, the best reservoirs, the best natural water supply and the business route for coal, coke and iron transportation.

CHAPTER CXLV.

LEMUEL COOK—HIS ENCOUNTER WITH INDIANS—THE ARTIST, CHARLES H. GODDARD.

LEMUEL COOK removed to York State, where he took up a tract of land in the Township of Clarendon, Orleans County. He was a pioneer and a celebrated Indian fighter. He enlisted in the Revolutionary War at the age of 17, and served during the war. He was the oldest surviving pensioner at his death, which occurred at Clarendon in 1866, he having reached his 107th year. His long and useful career was full of incident, backed by indomitable pluck and Herculean strength. On one occasion, while at a tavern, he discovered four Indians (in the absence of the landlord) smashing up things generally in the bar room, thereby abusing and frightening the women occupants. He turned his attention to the red skins and laid them sprawling on the floor, and, lone-handed, tied their hair together in one big knot.

> And dragged 'em out of door upon the green,
> Where these red skins might be seen.
> A job but a few would have undertook,
> But an invincible, like Lemuel Cook.

In Revolutionary days the white men also wore long hair, tied together with a ribbon on the back of the head and called a cue. One day Mr. Cook was hauling stone with a yoke of oxen and a stone boat, and as he was passing a thicket of timber something went whizzing past his head; dodging his head quickly he found to his dismay that he had lost his cue, it being cut off close to his head

with a hatchet (he supposed) thrown by one of those bar room Indians who held a grudge at him. An Indian chief named Saucy Nick was suspected, as Mr. Cook afterward noticed that when they were to meet upon the road that Saucy Nick would turn out of the road into the field or wood to evade the gaze and probable chastisement from Mr. Cook.

The descendents of Lemuel Cook are scattered throughout the states, many of whom are living, some of them in Ohio. Mrs. E. C. Goddard, of Unionville, is a granddaughter and Charles H. Goddard, the artist, is a great grandson, who, no doubt, would surprise the departed spirit of his great grand sire to behold him with pencil as he draws.

Charlie Goddard, the young artist, aged nineteen,
Many years there are between
The philosopher and the sage,
Or a ripe old age.

Now Charlie, as you travel down the road of life,
Take along with you a happy wife;
And hope from your children you can draw,
The finest picture that you ever saw.

CHAPTER CXLVI.

WAR TIME HEROES.

PRETTY MRS. MASON—HOW SHE MADE HERSELF USEFUL TO THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

SOME of the most valuable as well as courageous secret agents of the South during the war were ladies, possessing, as many of them did, beauty finesse, the instinctive knowledge of human nature that enabled the sex to penetrate the weakest point of man's armor, and a patriotism that made them proud to assume any risk that would benefit their cause. Many undertook missions so desperate that only their womanhood saved them from a short shift when discovered. A case in point occurs to me. We had fallen back from Fairfax Court House and gone into camp at Centreville. Winter was at hand, and smoke curled lazily upward from 10,000 clay-built chimneys. Every tree had been leveled by the soldier's axe; the old turnpikes were lost in a labarynth of foot worn paths and fields were only a little while before the wind played hide and seek among the growing corn, were as hard as the bed of a billiard table.

The headquarters of Beauregard were in a farm house unpainted and unpretentious, that once had been the home of famous Virginia hospitality. But, the boys had gone to the war, the old folks had retired to more congenial scenes in the interior of the State, and all around were signs of ruin.

The plans of General McClellan, whose army was encamped in the Confederate front, his fighting strength and the disposition of his forces, together with the new phase of public sentiment in the North, that was then beginning to take shape, were at that time subjects of grave concern to the Southern commander, and it was important to obtain more definite information than had been furnished by the regular spies. How to get it, however, and through whom, were the questions.

The problem was solved at breakfast one morning by a member of Beauregard's staff: "I know a lady in the neighboring county of Loudon who possesses every qualification of a successful secret agent; her name is Mrs. Virginia Mason; she is young, fascinating, highly educated, a welcome guest in many Washington families and acquainted with a large number of Southern people who spent their winters in the Capitol before the war. Withal she is a widow, her husband having been killed at the battle of Manassas, and brave enough to undertake anything that will save the country she loves."

Beauregard instructed the officer to ride ever to Loudon and invite the lady to visit headquarters, and in a day or two she appeared. In the interview that followed he told her what he required—a report from McClellan's army, its condition, the disposition of his forces and the plans discussed by the military authorities at Washington. For this purpose she was to ingratiate herself with prominent officers, visit New York and Baltimore, the various departments, or any other points where information could be procured. She was also to communicate with the representatives of the Confederate government in the different cities of the North.

The young lady readily accepted the proposition, and with an abundance of money started at once on the perilous errand, which meant glory if she was successful and prison if she failed. She returned after an absence of several weeks, crossing the Potomac opposite of Dumfries, and arrived at the camp of Colonel, now Senator, Wade Hampton; thence escorted by one of his officers she was driven to headquarters at Centreville.

I can see her now, as she alighted from the ambulance, on the piazza of the little brown farm house; a young but matronly looking lady, handsome, too, with glowing dark eyes that looked as if they had fireworks in them. She was dressed in black and her only baggage was a small hand satchel. She was also accompanied by a shaggy skye terrier, a mere armful, that made a soldier who hadn't seen a pretty woman for a month of Sundays, envious.

What occurred within the doors that closed upon her was related to me afterward by General Jordan, then and subsequently Beauregard's Adjutant General. Beauregard was of course delighted to see her, and, with a woman's volubility, she told him more in two hours than he could remember in two months. The verbal part of the interview being ended, he inquired for her papers, the record of her trip, and dispatches he expected from Confederates in the North.

"Why, General, I didn't dare bring them on my person," she replied, with a peculiar smile, "It was unsafe, you know; I might have been captured, and therefore I have told you all I know by word of mouth."

Beauregard could not conceal his vexation, and the more he showed it the more the little woman seemed to enjoy it. Finally, after teasing him to her heart's content,

she said, with affected demureness, "General, have you a pair of scissors or a knife? I'd like to use it for a minute." Beauregard handed her an ink eraser. "Come here, Dot," she called to the dog, and taking him in her lap, continued, "I told you, General, it was not safe to carry important papers on my person, and I have not done so; in fact I have been suspected and searched; but a woman's wit is something superior to a man's judgment; see," she said, with coquettish nonchalance, as she turned the little animal on its back and deliberately proceeded to rip him open, "here are the dispatches." As she spoke she held in one hand the hide of her skye terrier, and with the other smilingly extended a package of closely written tissue paper, while dancing about the floor was a pretty black and tan dog, happy at his deliverance from another dog's clothes. The deception was perfect, and the mission a success. Beauregard was enabled to anticipate McClellan's movements, and the charming spy not only received a handsome reward, but was led to the altar after the war as the bride of the young officer who sang her praises at Beauregard's breakfast table.

Mrs. Mason afterwards engaged in a number of perilous enterprises, visiting the North several times, and once running the blockade with the late Captain "Bob" Lockwood, so long identified with the New York and Charleston line of steamers. Whether she is still alive, I do not know.

CHAPTER CXLVII.

OUR COUNTRY—ITS POSSIBILITIES—GOLD AND SILVER VS. PETROLEUM, COAL AND IRON.

From the vast resources of our country's revenues we can raise,
When we attempt to compute it we are left in astounding maze.

GOLD, SILVER, petroleum, coal and iron, so extensively mined in America, are five of the principal factors which contribute to make this a great country. Divergent as they are, the former mined in the western, the latter principally in the eastern portion of our country, which, it seems, was well divined, to promote a general prosperity and industry throughout our broad land. New fields are constantly being discovered and America to-day is, as it were, only in its infancy, in the aggregation of its mineral productions. And during the next generation I verily believe that people will come up and say that Secretary Wm. H. Seward did not make so much of a mistake during Lincoln's administration in the purchase of Alaska at $5,000,000, then said to be so cold and sterile that nothing but a seal and a Norwegian could live. Already discoveries there up the Ukon River attest quite differently.

Many a spot once thought to be so bleak and barren,
When its rugged sides and hills are tapped wealth is found therein;
Neither you nor I, nor the prophetic seer,
Can approximate America's growth for a future year.

Our North American continent stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Gulf of Mexico to

the Behring Sea, with its vast domain of its undeveloped country. And when we contemplate the wonderful strides of progress, improvements and wealth during the past half century, our maritime relations on the sea, our friendly commercial intercourse with all nations of the globe, we can only predict a great future before us, and exclaim with the poet—

America, 'tis of thee I sing,
Sweet land of liberty.

This has been too often attested by the great influx of people from all nations to our shores, who saw the declaration of our forefathers, engrafted in our American Constitution, that all men were created free and equal, and here they could enjoy the privilege of possessing some portion of God's green earth, on which the sire for his family could earn a comfortable subsistence.

The avenues to wealth lead out in all directions to the industrious, frugal and temperate citizen of America. The English farmer, gardener and mechanic; the German farmer, merchant and restaurant keeper; the French and the Hibernian in their diversity of occupations, can attest to the fact that in America they can breath the consolation of possibilities stretching out before them to encourage and speed them on in an heroic endeavor in the acquisition of a fair competency that in declining years will serve to smooth the pathway down the journey of life.

Then when the people of America shall fully realize or comprehend the magnificent proportions her young giant has assumed, then, as a nation, they will be satisfied that America possesses a greater area of arable lands, a greater area and diversity of minerals and excellent timber, an intelligent people, great genius, indomitable pluck and go-

aheadativeness. Then let us rest easy, and try to behave; live down, outgrow all secession elements, that we may enjoy a full heritage of a great people, of a vast country, full of resources and possibilities. Then let all the people of the different nationalties now inhabiting our land proclaim with one accord their loyalty to the land of America, which affords them equal rights and a comfortable existence.

"John," said a New York school teacher, to a boy who had come from the west, "you may parse the word town." "Town is a noun," said Johnny, "Future tense." "Think again," the teacher interrupted, "a noun couldn't be in the future tense." "I don't know about towns here," said Johnny, stoutly, "but half the towns out where I came from are that way."

Bereaved Widow.—"Why, doctor, you have the effrontery to charge me $500 for treating my poor, dead husband, and he died after all."

Doctor.—"Well, didn't you collect $25,000 life insurance?"

CHAPTER CXLVIII.

THE FORCES OF NATURE.

IT IS SAID that the shores of France are sinking so rapidly that in twenty centuries the French will have become entirely submerged. During one year the sun attracts toward the skies and make clouds of fourteen feet of the entire sea—oceans everywhere—much of which is precipitated as rain on land, and flows back by rivers into the sea.

A recent survey has established the number of glaciers in the Alps at 1,255, of which 249 have a length of more than four and three-fourths miles. The French Alps contain 144 glaciers; those of Italy, 78; Switzerland, 471, and Austria 462.

Tables of the density of the atmosphere, calculated from telegraphic weather reports, have been found to give a better clew to the movements and origin of cyclones than the usual method of a comparison of the Isobars and Isotherms alone.

The most recent observations as to the amount of heat the earth receives from the sun, show that in clear, pleasant weather 63½ per cent reaches the soil; this figure rises in October to 41 per cent. and sinks to 28 per cent. in January.

CHAPTER CXLIX.

AMERICAN CONFLICT.

WHEN brother meets brother on like fields of Trafalgar,
Then comes the mighty tug of war.
A host of kin and countrymen their battle axe did wield,
On many a hard fought Southern battle field.

But, ah, the sad requiem at close of battle and roll call,
The cause and manner which many brave men had to fall.
Forever should a Christian nation sternly abhor
The awful scenes of carnage in cruel war.

The reader is already aware of the causes which precipitated our great American conflict, and able historians have gone on before to delineate its precipitancy to a finality, and we shall only attempt herein to make some allusions thereto, and characteristic of the American people. Their quick response to the call of their government; the fiery ordeal which they underwent; the financial abyss thereby into which they were plunged; the wonderful endurance and tenacity of purpose, in coming out of such a struggle to minister in healing its gaps and wounds (as far as possible) and soon again to take its place in the galaxy of nations to shine as the brightest star in the firmament and the greatest nation on the globe.

During the tame administration of James Buchanan, 1857 to 1861, the South having seceded from the Union, and having the Secretary of War, Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury, who were among its prime

movers in secession, and manipulators, they hastened to take advantage of that political power and abstract the funds from the treasury and the armament and munitions of war and at once appropriate it to the use of the Southern Confederacy, thus leaving the North wholly unprepared for war. During her struggles one year later in the act for the maintenance of the Union, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who had been sent to England to solicit aid for the Southern Confederacy, were captured by the Trent on the high seas. England appeared on the scene and claimed protection for these men. The diplomacy which followed between Secretary Seward and the English Premier on this matter, will long be remembered by the loyal people, in the surrender of these men. The North had an elephant on its hands which they thought a good deal of, born and bred in America, and they proposed to take good care of it, and proposed that Johnny Bull might take care of himself, too, provided he would stay at home and let the North alone.

England no doubt wanted to see the South succeed in her secession from the Union, and had she taken further steps in that direction you would have seen—

The Green Mountain boys, also the State of Maine,
Likewise from California and the Kansan plain,
From Oregon to Alaskan sealing strand,
Throughout the Atlantic States to Dixie's land.

What England thus to claim a beligerent right,
To array her forces in an ungodly fight,
Because she had free trade in her eye and cotton for a king,
No, sir; America would not stand any such a thing.

CHAPTER CL.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

WOULD NEED THEM.—Husband (going to a rich uncle's funeral)—"Put a couple of large handkerchiefs into my grip, dear; the old gentleman promised to leave me $20,000, and I shall want to shed some appropriate tears."

Wife—"But suppose you find when the will is read that he hasn't left you anything?"

Husband—"In that case you had better put in three."

INSURANCE APPRECIATED.—"How is your daughter Sarah gittin' on since she married and moved to California?" said the first man from Jayville.

"Why, bless ye, she's getting on fine; her first husband died leaving her $5,000 life insurance, and it wasn't six months afore she was tied to another chap that has a policy on his life for $10,000, and runs a buz saw. She's a rattler, my gal is."

Jordan L. Mott, the well known iron merchant, and a friend were seated at Delmonico's the other night. The friend said: "Oh, I should so much like to order a beefsteak and onions, but I am afraid to as I am going to call on some ladies bye and bye."

"Never mind," said Jordan, "go ahead and order the onions. When you get Delmonico's bill it'll take your breath away."

MET HIS MATCH.—Clerical Gent (to fellow passenger) "Have you ever thought that in the midst of life we are in death?"

Fellow Passenger—"Often."

Clerical Gent—"Have you ever reflected that at any moment we may be hurled into eternity, and that we ought to be prepared for that event?"

Fellow Passenger—"I've said so a million times."

Clerical Gent—"Is it possible that I am talking to a brother clergyman? I judged from your dress"—

Fellow Passenger—"I'm a life insurance agent. Just let me show you a few figures of insurance at cost."

On a west side street car—Conductor—"Madam, this boy is certainly over five years old, and I can't let him ride for less than full fare."

Passenger—"Well, it is the fault of this car being so slow."

Conductor—"I don't know what you mean by that."

Passenger—Willie was under five when we started, but I reckon he must be eight or nine now."

Sunday School Teacher.—"And when the wicked children continued mocking the good prophet, two she bears came out of the mountain, and ate up forty of the wicked children. Now boys, what does this lesson teach us?"

Jimpsey Primrose.—"I know."

Teacher.—Well Jimpsey?"

Jimpsey Primrose.—"It teaches us how many children a she bear can hold."

Perseverance in more than one instance has been a virtue, and proper pertinacity will be rewarded. A secretary of an insurance company advertised for a canvasser, and his test of candidates' fitness as they applied, was to tell them to get out of the office that instant, or he would kick them out. Several timid young men turned tail and left him, with great disgust; but one, more brazen-faced than the rest, nothing daunted by the threat, coolly sat himself down and said he would not go until his testimonials had been read. So he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and handed in his papers.

"Ah!" said the advertiser, "you'll do, I can see. I don't want testimonials, your style is enough for me No one will ever succeed as an insurance canvasser who will be influenced by a threat to be kicked out of any place."

Yarsley—"Wickwire, we were just discussing the question whether married women really do go through their husband's pockets; does yours?"

Wickwire—"Of course, I can only give you my own experience and that is she don't; when she gets to the bottom of them she stops."

She—"Did papa ask you about your income?"

He—"Yes."

She—"And you told him that little fib about the large salary?"

He—"Yes."

She—"I'm so glad."

He—"Well I am sorry, he borrowed five dollars."

CHAPTER CLI.

THE OUTLOOK.

F THE CONDITION of a people and a government, we may reasonably judge of the future by the past. The present outlook of old countries, Europe and Asia, is plainly visible, and its history easily comprehended. The present condition of affairs in England and Ireland is but a repetition of many similar scenes heretofore enacted there.

The unhealthy dominant grip of kings and emperors poisons the body politic, disturbs its equilibrium and prevents it working in harmony for the realm. This dominant spirit dates back to olden times. King Solomon, the great, could send a couple of thousand of Jews onto his hills of valuable wood to snake down like beasts his valuable timber. King Pontius Pilate swung his sceptre over a multitude, and sent them off to nail Christ upon the cross with the same impunity that they would kill a sheep and hang it up in the shamble.

In London to-day there are thousands of people suffering and starving, while they notice all around them untold wealth. In New York you will notice the lady passing in rich attire and bedecked in jewelry and diamonds to the value of thousands of dollars; the next moment you may notice the poor street sweep begging for a penny and the boot black and newsboy singing lustily for a nickel. In

yonder mansion sits the Crœsus, Astor, with a daily income of $24,000; yonder is the big oil prince, Rockafeller, with an income of $18,000; there, too, is Vanderbilt, with $15,000 per day; while Jay Gould comes up with $7,000 of a daily income. A pretty nice allowance for dress, bread, and pin money for their wives and daughters.

Powerful syndicates are being formed in most all branches of business, and as you travel over the great prairies you can ride for miles on the lands of the European and the American syndicates, and ere long they may undertake to corrall these magnificent prairies and stock them with hens and geese and compel them to lay golden eggs to enhance their riches, and let the locust, the grasshopper and the poor peasantry starve to death. Well now, is it not about time that this sort of a circus should come to a halt and wipe the sweat from its avaricious brow and cool its fevered pulse and greedy gizzard, and consider well that ere long they will only occupy about 2x6 or 8 feet of God's earth at last, when they give up the ghost.

Let us look at some of the unhappy conditions of the people. Free trade, the cause of the suffering told of by General Booth; again the plague spot of free trade, England, is uncovered and the gaze of the civilized world is turned upon scenes of poverty and destitution which can be witnessed in but few other lands. The new book by General Booth, in London, bearing the title, "In Darkest England," merely corroborates the statements of Kay, Mayhew, the Rev. Stopford Brooke and other writers and speakers, who have endeavored to describe the terrible condition of the poor of both town and county of Great Britain.

General Booth presents, as the total number of paupers in Great Britian, 3,000,000, or to put it roughly, one-tenth of the population. But Mr. Chamberlain says there are 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 in the realm, a mass of people equal to that of the metropolis of London, who have remained constantly in a state of abject destitution and misery. Mr. Isaac Hoyt furnishes an argument showing that the whole pauper class of the community is somewhere near 7,000,000, or one in every five of the population. This exceeds the total reported by government officials.

Free trade is said to be the cause of this wide-spread pauperism in Great Britain. Sir Edward Sullivan, Henry C. Carey, Stephen Colwell and Robert Ellis Thompson, are among the writers who have taken this position. They maintain that since the doctrines of Richard Cobden were put in practice in every land, in 1849, the people have been visited with destruction. Small proprietors and minor industries are disappearing. The boasted cheapness of products does not alleviate the general misery caused by the want of employment. In a total population of 35,000,000, only about 1,300,000 have fixed incomes of £100 a year, and there are 33,700,000 who depend on some kind of labor for their support. With no protection this vast mass of people is brought into competition with both continental and barbarian labor. Free trade demands cheap labor, and does not foster diversified industries or seek to furnish employment for the people as does protection. Free trade destroyed British agriculture. Before the repeal of the Corn Laws, the landed interest ruled the country. The agitation for rescinding these laws was begun by Richard Cobden and other manufacturers in

order to obtain cheap food for their workmen and keep at the lowest point the natural and necessary rate of wages.

The cotton barons and the iron lords are now in the ascendant, and the landed interest is fast going into decay. Foreign importations of grain are causing the land to go out of cultivation. The small farmer is unable to subsist and he is selling his holding to the large proprietor, to be used for grazing purposes.

The effect on British commerce and industries, as shown by statistics, reveal the remarkable fact that the commerce of protectionist countries has grown more rapidly than that of free trade England. Sir Edward Sullivan presents in his "Free Trade Bubbles" the following percentages, which are probably gathered from Mulhall, showing the proportionate growth of commerce in the countries here mentioned, during the period from 1868 to 1879: In the United States the increase has been 68 per cent; in Holland, 57; France, 51; Italy, 48; Germany, 39; British Empire, 21.

Free trade is undermining the manufacturing interests of Great Britain. Norway and Belgium having abundant forests and cheap labor, supply England with window frames, doors and other carpenter work. The result is that the British joiners are compelled to emigrate. The duties on silk goods were abolished in 1860 and the silk manufacturers of Macclesfield and Coventry were destroyed. The workmen either entered the poor houses or left for foreign countries.

The English cotton trade is also suffering from competition with Germany and Belgium.

"Forty years ago," says Sullivan, "Great Britain produced two-thirds of the dry goods of the world; at present she produces barely one-third." The manufacturers of Manchester declared not long ago that either lower wages or protection must be had. The lace industry of England has been destroyed by admitting the cheaper fabrics of Saxony free of duty, and thousands are starving in Nottingham. Free trade has closed every sugar refinery in England, and 30,000 workmen have been thrown out of employment.

Much more might be added on this subject, but suffice it to say that we don't want any of it at our American tea party.

While this sad spectacle and state of affairs exist to-day in old wealthy dark England they liberally contribute their funds and missionaries to enlighten the heathen of India and Africa. Would to God that the Indian and the African would in turn contribute to the sufferings of the worthy millions of willing toilers in darkest England to-day. Reader, let us take heed and solemn warning from this outlook, and by precept, hope and labor that the same unhappy condition may never occur to the workingmen of America.

We should notice that there is a great difference between the strike and the demands of the willing, honest toiler, and the anarchist and communist. We have witnessed the former, and sparks of the latter have already appeared on this side of the Atlantic, proving that the same element has made its debut and exists amongst us.

Let us try to remedy this as far as possible by proper legislation, a more fraternal spirit among capital and labor, thereby not extending encouragement—

> To trusts, monopolies and rings,
> For such belong to potentates and kings.

CHAPTER CLII.

THE GIANTS.

THE COMMERCIAL giants of America are Astor, Vanderbilt, Rockafeller and Jay Gould. They have moved upon the checkerboard every way and have made from $7,000 to $20,000 a day.

> Next they'll rig a purchase and make the sun stand still,
> And try to win the world to gratify their will.

Jay Gould's daily income is estimated at $7,446; Cornelius Vanderbilt's at $15,249; John D. Rockafeller's at $18,715, and Wm. Waldorf Astor's at $23,593. These giants, with their colossal yearly income, can load a train of cars with silver bricks, sufficient to pave the street from the Battery to Central Park, or to the cemetery for their funeral cortege to pass over, to lay away their departed souls in a silver casket in the tomb, but alas, to finally occupy no more square feet of God's earth, under the canopy of heaven, than will you or I.

If these magnates keep on in the same ratio, piling up their millions a score of years, that they have in the past decade, it will be hard to compute their accumulations. Yet it has not been haphazard affairs, nor a matter of mere good luck that has landed these men to the zenith upon which they now stand. It has required incessant labor, a bold, indomitable will, a shrewdness of action and a brilliant brain to perfect plans by which to accomplish such great results.

Commodore Vanderbilt, when a boy, worked out by the month, and finally worked his way up to a Commodore and the owner of a steamship line across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and finally the owner of a vast system of railways.

Jay Gould also started out a poor boy, and has worked up and become a railway king.

John D. Rockafellar has become the oiliest man in the world, and controls more of the oil interest than perhaps all others combined, hence his vast income.

William Waldorf Astor has inherited much of his great wealth, the foundation of which was laid by his ancestors in the Northwestern fur trade and Hudson Bay Company and real estate in New York City.

But if the business of these men was to be wiped out, annihilated, especially that of the three former, thousands of men would be unemployed, and the wheels of commerce would stagger for some time to come. Then we will say to the Old World that Gould, Vanderbilt, Rockafeller and Astor are the "big quadruple," and duplicate them if you can.

"Young man," said the theatrical manager, "would you like to join my company?"

"Any inducements?"

"Would you try a star part?"

"Anything but star-vation."

CHAPTER CLIII.

WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

DURING the last decade there has been added to the Union six new states, 200 new counties, 20,000 new railway stations, 40,000 new post-offices, 68,000 miles of new railway built, 90,000 miles of telegraph, and a change of population in 100,000 cities, towns and villages. The increase in population are many millions, the creation of capital immense and millionaires and syndicates are many.

This can be attributed to America more than to any other nation on the globe. With this view, facts and results, what possibilities lie stretching out to the American in coming decades?

The illustrious Sherman said that when in the field that General Grant always done more than was expected of him. And so it has been with the American people. The growth of population in the last ten years has astonished the world. For instance, Chicago during that time has outgrown her boots several times, and now her imprints reach nearly across Cook County—

> From heel to toe,
> And declares she has just began to grow.

CHAPTER CLIV.

THE MORNING TIME.

THE MORNING is the time for all animate and inanimate nature to be up and dressed, ready for the coming day.

The morning warbler with enchanting song,
In myriads greet the early morn;
Arise and hear from their melodious notes
Harmonious music from ten thousand linnet throats.

Whomsoever else were made
To hear the morning songster's serenade?
You and I and all mankind
Should hear their melody in the morning time.

Paris may have aided us in etiquette and her fashion school,
But to become fashion's votary is not the best of rule;
To merely do as somebody else doth do,
For instance, in wearing a giper narrow shoe.

Then, the practice of late hours in toil,
Late at night, to burn the midnight oil;
Do as you will, say what you please,
Daylight's the time for work, night's the time for ease.

Again, the practice, 8 or 9 a. m. to rise,
'Tis practice nature's laws defies;
The bird and fowl teach a lesson to mankind,
To be happy and rise in the early morning time.

Young man, if you want to become a stalwart business man, and one who can digest well your Johnny-cake, be industrious and rise early. Young woman, whether you be a domestic or a piano thumper, if you wish to enjoy life, rosy cheeks, health and vigor, rise early and hear the song of the morning warblers—

Singing praises for the coming day,
Which will benefit you in every way;
That beautiful flower, the morning glory.
Caps the climax, and tells the story.

CHAPTER CLV.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

THE soldier, sentinel, cavalryman and cannoneer, all while on duty must be at their posts, but no more than must the locomotive engineer. Nor is there in any industrial department or branch of service a man on whom more really depends than upon the locomotive engineer. He is frequently the guardian of a whole train load of human lives, therefore the importance of his being a cool, temperate and brave man, of good judgment and quick perception on all emergencies.

Like the pioneer, he has to pave the way,
Though disaster frowns at him every day;
Throughout the country far and near,
No better nerve than the locomotive engineer.

He mounts and stands upon his iron horse,
Pulls the throttle, onward he flies the state across
Much quicker than anyone would think,
If he didn't have to stop for his horse to drink.

Whether his horse is very dry or not
He has got to speed him on to Conneaut,
And when he pulls into that station
He kindly offers him his ration.

The noble horse looks fresh, not a wet hair,
Therefore there is no use waiting there;
The engineer mounts his steed and out he pulls for Erie,
This town to make in forty minutes, looking fresh and cheery.

This untiring horse, ready to onward go,
To pull his driver and train on to Buffalo;
The driver said, "To reach Buffalo in two hours we must,
And I will fill your nostrils with black diamond dust."

The black diamond chunks and dust were freely given,
To that black charger, fresh as the first mile driven;
And he and the engineer went through to Buffalo
On time, fast as the passengers cared to go.

As the enemy's column charges the cannoneer,
Grim death stares in the face the locomotive engineer;
Dan McGuire and Pap Folsom, at the close of this year,(1876)
Yes, on the 29th of December, it doth appear,

These stalwart engineers, at Ashtabula, were to go down;
McGuire wide opened his throttle and jumped to the ground,
Pap Folsom, with the Ashtabula bridge, went down
Aboard of the Columbia, to that fatal icy ground.

Down that awful chasm his locomotive, Columbia,
Carried its driver, who is alive to-day;
But the whole train rush down with a fearful crash,
Soon all was ablaze, with lightning flash.

Engineer Folsom was taken out of the wreck in a helpless condition, with many others, and given the best attendance. For his injuries he received from the Lake Shore Company $6,000. For further description of this horror see "Ashtabula Disaster."

CHAPTER CLVI.

COST OF LIFE INSURANCE.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURES.

THE Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association has issued a neat brochure under the caption "The Fundamental Principles of Life Insurance," which is certainly a gem well worth treasuring up by every natural premium life agent. It is edited by J. Thompson Patterson, who adds force to the arguments he has advanced by the assertion, "The author has carefully guarded against making a single statement that is not substantiated by indisputable evidence," starting out by saying that "in any system of life insurance the insured are the insurers, and from them every shilling expended, whether in management or in payment of death claims, must be first collected." Then by means of charts produced in colors the premiums collected annually per $1,000 by the level premium companies are compared with the actual death rate experience. Nor does the comparison by any means sustain the position which these companies have assumed in this matter. The average premiums collected annually by the New York Life from 1845 to 1849 are shown to have been $30, while the average mortuary cost is shown to have been $11. Quite a nice little margin from which to pay an occasional dividend.

The query in this connection, "Is it any wonder that the accumulated funds of insurance companies now exceed $1,500,000,000?" is certainly a most pertinent one. The history of the New York Life on this subject suggests the

manner in which these funds have been accumulated, and the depleted purses of those who have created them corroborate the suggestion. Statistics show that $1,000 could be paid to every man, woman and child who dies in this country at an annual cost not exceeding $18 per person. The necessity, therefore, of charging nearly double this amount on the lives of selected adults is not so clear as it might be.

The book is replete with other facts and information equally as lucid as the above. It is well worth the study of every one advocating or interested in insurance, and we commend it to the perusal of those who have been taught to think the burdensome Legal Reserve a necessary adjunct of safe life underwriting.

On another page of the issue is given a brief summary taken from the New York insurance report for 1891, showing the assets, liabilities, incomes, expenditures and policy record of the various companies reporting to this department. These figures, supposed to represent actual condition of those reporting, are of especial value in showing the relative cost of insurance. The total income of the level premium companies doing business in New York State during 1890, was $187,424,957.81. There was paid out during the year, under the heading "for claims," $58,608,614.88, while "cost of management" walked away with $39,546,188.22. Thus for every $100 received from policy holders, the magnificent sum of $31.20 was paid for claims, $21.30 was absorbed by expenses and the balance found its way into the rapacious maw of reserves, dividends to stockholders, etc.

During 1890, the co-oporative associations reporting to the New York State Department received from their members $33,095,817, and paid out in death claims to beneficiaries of deceased members $26,906,435; expenses aggregated $5,234,730, and $1,650,734 was added to the emergency reserve. By the same basis of estimate as is employed in the foregoing paragraph, it is learned that out of every $100 received $81.28 was used in the payment of death claims. The contrast between the amounts paid out under the different systems is quite marked, and the reader will here find ample opportunity for investigation as to the various elements which are combined to make up the old line premiums. Thirty-six dollars were used for expenses, to $58 for claims, a ratio which policy holders, if they knew it, would hardly be inclined to look upon with favor.

During the year the Old Line Companies issued 285,797 policies, while the Associations issued 336,435. The amount of insurance represented by these policies written has not been given, but estimating each policy at $2,000, the new business will approximate $700,000,000. These are big figuers and represent the transactions of a stupendous system.

"I never jump at conclusions," said the pastor; "No," said an elderly member of his congregation, "I have noticed that from your sermons, you reach a conclusion very slowly."

CHAPTER CLVII.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

WHAT A wonderful invention the telegraph. How could we get along without it in this fast day and age of the world? And when contemplating its magnificence and usefulness we realize that its great inventor, Morse, will go down the countless ages in history as the great benefactor of his day to all the races and the nations on the globe, of the Nineteenth Century.

The telegraph operator, too, must come in
For his share of the laurels, in the wonderful art;
When you have news of great import to impart,
Don't you see how much there is at stake,
Should the operator make a mistake.

There must be no guess work with the operator,
He must be expert, a correct manipulator;
Strange, it is, with such means for a translator,
Nothing equals since the day of our Creator.

The operator has learned the art of making lightning tame.
Beside his machine, whether he be blithe or lame,
He there transmits messages of great import,
Correctly to the remotest parts of earth.

CHAPTER CLVIII.

THE HAIRY CHICKEN.

THE owner of this peculiar chicken, Eliza Humphrey, who is well known to the Ashtabulian for her excentricity, living as she did on an island on the flats of Ashtabula River known as Eliza's Island, about a mile from its mouth, in her little cabin, with her chicks and her white cattle, (goats) and dog for company. Occasionally lads from town and now and then a fisherman would visit her abode out of curiosity.

In time of a flood or a big rise in the river Eliza would climb a tree with some provisions, and defiantly sit perched upon it until the waters subsided.

Occasionally she attended the county fair with her white male cattle, but her late curiosity, the hairy chicken, capped the climax. While up town the other day she informed some of the inquisitive young men that she had a curiosity. "What is it?" they asked. She replied, "A chicken with hair on." These curious young men, anxious to see such a strange freak, called at her place, about a mile away, on the East Side, to see the hairy chicken.

Eliza informed them that she could not "raise and exhibit curiosities for nothing," and that they must put up 50 cents for the sight. The gallant young men were not going to be outdone. They had started out to see the elephant, and were going to see it anyhow, and up went the money. Whereupon they were escorted to the chicken coop and out came a chicken, nicely feathered—

And they couldn't see a bit of hair;
The boys came right away from there,
Feeling relieved and somewhat the wiser
From their little experience with Miss Eliza.

Truman Martindale, who lived on the county line, Crawford County, Spring, Pa., was a farmer and shoemaker, and he liked the juice from corn and rye as a daily beverage. One day in the fall of 1830, being pretty full of corn juice, he was stubbing around on his place near to where he had an unfinished well dug about ten feet deep. His brother-in-law, Harry Nicholson, warned him to keep further away from the well, as he would fall into it. Martindale, however, felt his oats, and was going to enjoy his liberty that day. Presently he made a lurching reel toward the well, and in he went. Nicholson exclaimed, "There, I told you you would fall into the well." Martindale—"Whose business is it? It's my head and my well." They got him out of that well unharmed. Had he been sober he would probably have broken a leg or his neck. However, I would not advise one to get full to prepare for like mishaps, but would advise you to keep sober and take out an accident insurance policy.

"Hello, Brother Mackley!" Hello, Record!" "Have you got that article ready on the Past and Present of the Life Insurance Business?" "Yes." "Where is it?" "Here it is. Twenty years ago the applicant got the policy, the company the premium, the agent the commission; later the applicant got the policy, the agent the premium and the company the commission; now the applicant gets the policy and the premium and the agent the commission." "Well, but what does the company get?" "Gets left."

CHAPTER CLIX.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

JUST AS HE DID AT PRESENT.—Mrs. Nubbins—"Josiah, are you going to get up?" Mr. Nubbins (yawning)—"Well, I have one consolation; I shall have sleep enough when I'm dead." Mrs. Nubbins—"Yes, and you'll find the fire lit when you awake, just as you do now."

Cornelius Lovell—"Don't address me as Mr. Lovell, Maud, it is so formal, you know; call me Cornelius."

Miss Maud—"I'd call you Corn—if—"

Mr. L.—"If what, darling?"

Miss M.—"If I thought you'd pop."

Mr. Lovell is now engaged.

Teacher—"What part of speech is "but?"

Michael—"But is a conjunction."

Teacher—"Correct; now give an example of its use."

Michael—"See the goat but the boy. 'But' connects the goat and the boy."

Advertising the enterprise—A poor country congregation found itself badly in want of hymn books. The clergyman applied to a London firm and asked to be supplied at the lowest (church) rates. The firm replied that on condition that the hymn books contained certain adver-

tisements, the congregation could have them for nothing. The minister sorrowfully complied, thinking to himself that when the advertisements came they could be removed from the leaves. The hymn books arrived and they contained no interleaved advertisements. At the Thanksgiving service the parson gave out the Christmas hymn, and the congregation sang the first verse. When they reached the last line they found that this was what they had been singing—

Hark the herald angels sing,
Dash's Pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child.

Edward Bellamy has earned $16,000 by "Looking Backward." This is better than Lot's wife, who only earned her salt.

Mechanic (catching a pickpocket rifling his pockets)—"What are you doing there?"

Pickpocket—"Raising your wages, that's all."

Dude (posing for a bold bad man)—"How does water taste, Miss Belasye?"

Miss B.—"You don't mean to say they've brought you up all this time on milk?"

Women do not suffer as much now as they used to in olden times from contraction of the chest. Just look at the size of the Saratoga trunks.

CHAPTER CLX.

"NOW AND THEN."

IN TAKING a retrospect of the past, back to the primitive days of the Pioneer of this country, the day of wooden clocks; wooden plows and wagons, and a woollen factory at every fire-side—where, by the hand of the pioneer woman, wool and flax was carded, spun and wove into cloth to make garments for the family. Cotton cloth was a luxury at seventy-five cents a yard, and salt at fifty cents a quart in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

There were a dozen wolves for every head of sheep, and a half dozen bears for every hog in the land; an enemy across the water, to exact from the American pilgrim (a Stamp Act) revenue for any kind of business transacted,—and Indians lurking in the forest to take the scalp of the Pioneer. These were scenes that tried the soul of the heroic Pioneer, and finally culminated in a seven year struggle with their mother country for Liberty and Independence. At last, victory having crowned their superhuman efforts, they betook themselves to the different pursuits of agricultural and commercial life, preparatory to making this a great country. Success and wonderful progress was achieved, when a little more than one score years the iron hand of the mother country again sought to grapple Young America by the throat. As before, she found her Ameri-

can son plucky and long-winded, and in the course of a couple of years she was forced to let go her grip.

Again the wheels of commerce were set in motion, and during those seventy-seven years wondrous results in all kinds of improvements have been accomplished, notwithstanding those dark days of '61 and '65 threatening a dismemberment of our Union,—she still stands to-day the brightest star in the galaxy—the greatest country on the globe—none pretending to be its equal or its peer.

In view of this we can truly say, by the fruit we shall know the tree. The American tree was planted in a prolific, virgin soil, and became firmly rooted, not to be upturned by adverse winds, nor cut down by ruthless hands, or to be baptized in a living hell, but in a healthy, living stream which will flow onward as long as time and nationalities doth last.

This was a decree and the benediction of those heroic sires of Bunker Hill, Trenton and Valley Forge, when famished and shivering, from dire necessities of life, barefooted and bleeding, they held the fort and vanquished the enemy.

They were imbued in the principle to render due respect to all nations, but to fear none. The noble bone and sinew and principle of those Pioneer men and women of America have moulded a country and a people who have come to stay—who court no smiles nor heed no frowns—

"Who must be recognized in the throng,
Already are sixty millions strong.
Let us cherish in our memories ever dear,
The heroic struggles of the American Pioneer."

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